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CONTENTS.

"Bertram" (Saint) of Ilam.— <i>Louise Imogen Guiney</i> ,	23	Iceland, The Catholic Revival in Denmark and.— <i>J. Faber Scholfield</i> ,	353
Carra and Tirawley, County Mayo, In.— <i>Wilfrid St. Oswald</i> ,	37	Irish Sisters, The Work of.— <i>Wilfrid St. Oswald</i> ,	180
Catholic Conscience of History, The.— <i>Hilaire Belloc</i> ,	1	Japan, Family and Divorce in.— <i>Joseph Freri</i> ,	464
Catholic Layman and Social Reform, The.— <i>Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.</i> ,	185	Journal of My Life, The.— <i>A Nun</i> ,	300, 449
Catholic Revival in Denmark and Iceland, The.— <i>J. Faber Scholfield</i> ,	353	Lambert, Father.— <i>R. S. F. L.</i> ,	328
Charities, The National Conference of Catholic.— <i>William J. Kerby, Ph.D.</i> ,	145	Looking for a Job.— <i>William M. Leiserson</i> ,	603
Chesterton, G. K., "What's Wrong With the World."— <i>W. E. Campbell</i> ,	205	Master of Language, A.— <i>Edward F. Curran</i> ,	796
Christian Science, Reflections on.— <i>Francis P. Duffy</i> ,	721	McClure's, Archer, Ferrer.— <i>Andrew J. Shipman</i> ,	376, 521
Christmas Carols, Anglo-Irish.— <i>W. H. Grattan Flood</i> ,	318	Meynell (Mrs.): An Appreciation.— <i>Katherine Brégy</i> ,	494
Church Schools, State Aid to.— <i>Michael H. Lucey, Ph.D.</i> ,	789	Nations, The Beginnings of the.— <i>Hilaire Belloc</i> ,	765
Commonplace, The Worth of the.— <i>Walter Elliott, C.S.P.</i> ,	514	New Books,	96, 246, 382, 529, 673, 818
Communion, Frequent, for Young and Old.— <i>James A. Moloney</i> ,	633	Oases of the Souf, The.— <i>L. March Phillips</i> ,	612
Denmark and Iceland, The Catholic Revival in.— <i>J. Faber Scholfield</i> ,	353	Passionsspiele of 1910, The.— <i>Katherine Brégy</i> ,	42
Dialogue, A.— <i>Vincent McNabb, O.P.</i> ,	315	Picturesqueness and Piety.— <i>Agnes Repplier</i> ,	730
Divorce, Family and, in Japan.— <i>Joseph Freri</i> ,	464	Pillar of Cloud, The.— <i>Walter Elliott, C.S.P.</i> ,	780
Episcopal Church, The General Convention of the.— <i>John F. Fenlon, D.D.</i> ,	645	Religions, The History of.— <i>C. C. Martindale, S.J.</i> ,	767
Eucharistic Congress, The Montreal.— <i>John J. Burke, C.S.P.</i> ,	84	Roman Empire? What was the — <i>Hilaire Belloc</i> ,	289
Events, Recent,	127, 268, 413, 556, 705, 847	Roman Empire? What was the Church in the.— <i>Hilaire Belloc</i> ,	433
Faith, How Ireland Kept the.— <i>H. P. Russell</i> ,	786	Roman Empire? What was the "Fall" of the.— <i>Hilaire Belloc</i> ,	617
Ferrer, McClure's, Archer and.— <i>Andrew J. Shipman</i> ,	376, 521	Thompson, Francis, His Life and Work.— <i>A. B. Purdie</i> ,	223
Foreign Periodicals,	118, 261, 404, 550, 695, 839	Vandalism of the Reformers, The.— <i>Caryl Coleman</i> ,	196
Hamilton, The Intimate Life of.— <i>Charles H. MacCarthy</i> ,	752	Vaughan (Cardinal) in America.— <i>Henry E. O'Keefe, C.S.P.</i> ,	75
History, The Catholic Conscience of.— <i>Hilaire Belloc</i> ,	1	Vaughan, Henry, Cardinal.— <i>H. H. Kent, O.S.C.</i> ,	212
How Ireland Kept the Faith.— <i>H. P. Russell</i> ,	786	"What's Wrong With the World."— <i>W. E. Campbell</i> ,	205
		With Our Readers,	137, 277, 423, 570, 715, 857
		Worth of the Commonplace, The.— <i>Walter Elliott, C.S.P.</i> ,	514

STORIES.

A Lowland Tale.— <i>Margaret Kerr</i> ,	505	Patricia, the Problem.— <i>Esther W. Neill</i> ,	10
A Night Adventure.— <i>Mary Austin</i> ,	157	The Mace Bearer.— <i>Helen Haines</i> ,	476
Cords of Nature.— <i>Christian Reid</i> ,	591	The Star of the Sea.— <i>Katharine Tynan</i> ,	62
Noel.— <i>Christian Reid</i> ,	359	The Wayside Stations.— <i>Jeanie Drake</i> ,	340
Notre Dame de la Miséricorde.— <i>Katharine Tynan</i> ,	739	The Will to Live.— <i>Katharine Tynan</i> ,	662

POETRY.

Chaunting Mysteries.— <i>R. M. Burton</i> ,	374	The Colloquy.— <i>Katharine Tynan</i> ,	492
Saul.— <i>John Jerome Rooney</i> ,	672	The Heat of the Day.— <i>Caroline D. Swan</i> ,	95
The Call of the Sea.— <i>Julian E. Johnstone</i> ,	178	To the Savior.— <i>Julian E. Johnstone</i> ,	787
The Coliseum.— <i>Julian E. Johnstone</i> ,	325		

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Book of the Christ Child,	388	Forest and Town,	837
A History of the United States for Schools,	115	Gounod,	396
A Life for a Life,	542	Graduale Romanum,	114
A Manual of Church History,	99	Groundwork of Christian Perfection,	116
A Minister's Marriage,	396	Handbook of Church Music,	114
A Poet's Way and Other Stories,	693	Heavenwards,	98
Andros of Ephesus,	117	Heroes of California,	829
Art, Religion and the Renaissance,	403	Heroic Spain,	533
Astronomical Essays,	99	Hints for Catholics on Instructing Converts,	829
Back to Holy Church,	680	Home Life in Spain,	679
Belief in a Creative Power in the Light of Science,	694	Houseboating,	98
Bishop Potter,	115	Industrial Insurance in the United States,	831
Blessed Mary of the Angels,	694	Imitation of Christ,	259
Brazil and her People of To-Day,	692	Jeanne d'Arc,	388
By Inheritance,	102	John Cecil Rhodes,	109
Carl Marx : His Life and His Work,	690	Joseph de Maistre et la Papauté,	260
Catholic Religion,	252	Joseph Hayden ; the Story of His Life,	687
Catholic Theology,	824	Keith of the Border,	260
Christian Apologetics,	254	Knighthood in Germ and Flower,	537
Christianity and Social Questions,	676	La Correspondance d'Ausone et Paulin de Nole,	117
Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science,	826	La Sainte Vierge,	549
Christian Origins,	105	La Vie de Saint Benoit,	117
Christmas Tales,	258	La Vie Privée de Talleyrand,	548
Church and State,	110	La Vieille Morale à L'Ecole,	8:8
Comrades of the Trails,	113	Le Pontificat,	117
Criminal Psychology,	827	Les Pères Apostoliques,	260
Dieu : Son Existence et Sa Nature,	548	L'Heure du Matin,	400
English Accentuation,	402	L'Histoire des Religions et de la Foi Chrétienne,	117
Eric, or the Black Finger,	686	L'Idée Individualiste et l'Idée Chrétienne,	117
Etude Historique,	549	Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul,	390
Eyes of Youth,	823	Little Books on Art,	389
Famous Scouts,	817	Mad Shepherds, and Other Human Studies,	395
Fénelon et Ses Amis,	693	Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy,	398
Ferré the Anarchist,	664	Marriage,	694
Flamstead Quarries,	225	Marjorie in Command,	399
Florida Trails,	679	Martha Vine,	689
Footsteps in the Ward, and Other Stories,	694		

Mary Aloysius Hardy, Religious of the Sacred Heart,	534	The Dweller on the Borderland,	257
Mary Magdalen,	540	The Empty House,	392
Medical Notes on Lourdes,	694	The Formation of Character,	115
Meditations for Every Day in the Year, according to St. Alphonsus de Liguori,	343	The Form of Perfect Living,	529
Mere Hints, Moral and Social,	837	The Friendly Little House,	393
Michael Servetus,	113	The Gospel According to St. Mark,	694
'Mid Pines and Heather,	694	The History of Church Music,	114
Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution,	384	The History of the Popes,	681
Modern Theories of Criminality,	827	The Holy Eucharist,	114
Mysticism,	387	The Holy Land,	401
Ned Reider,	400	The Iliad of Homer,	692
Oberammergau,	116	The Lead of Honor,	393
Ordo for 1911,	403	The Life of Reginald Pole,	96
Our Catholic Heritage in English Literature in Pre-Conquest Days,	834	The Life of the Lady Saint Clare,	818
Our Lady in Art,	389	The Liturgical Year (Historically Explained),	116
Our Lady's Lutenist,	398	The Lives of the Popes,	536
Outlines of Bible Knowledge,	830	The Lost Ambassador,	258
Peggy Alone,	400	The Man and the Dragon,	256
Pentateuchal Criticism,	111	The Middle Age,	583
Père Jean,	402	The Mirage of the Many,	104
Problems of Your Generation,	402	The Mount of Vision,	529
Qu'est-ce que le Quiétisme,	117	The Old Mill on the Withrose,	686
Rituale Romanum,	838	The Pittsburg Survey,	391
Romantic California,	678	The Poetry of Ireland,	246
Royal Palaces and Parks of France,	690	The Prodigal Pro Tem,	685
Saint Augustine and African Church Divisions,	541	The Promise of American Life,	100
Saint Léon le Grand,	403	The Science of Art and the Philosophy of Language,	389
Saint Teresa of Spain,	547	The Scourge,	539
Service Abroad,	115	The Small People,	823
Shelburne Essays,	831	The Song Lore of Ireland,	675
Sicily in Shadow and Sun,	830	The Spaniard at Home,	384
Simple Catechism Lessons,	116	The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales,	251
Socialism and Success,	688	The Story of Old Japan,	675
St. Clare of Assisi,	818	The Story of Our Lord's Life,	833
State Socialism in New Zealand,	687	The Tariff History of the United States,	684
Story Telling; What to Tell and How to Tell It,	538	The Turn of the Tide,	537
Tales of Irish Life and Character,	393	The Vedic Religion,	403
The Arizona Canyon,	113	The Whistler Book,	546
The Attributes of God as Mirrored in the Perfections of Mary,	835	The World and the Prime Cause,	694
The Battle of the Wilderness,	821	The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged,	684
The Boy's Cuchulain,	399	Three Wise Men,	387
The Catholic Encyclopedia,	545	Trails Through Western Woods,	110
The Charity of Christ,	383	Twentieth Century Socialism,	382
The Christ Child in Legend and Art,	401	Under the Ban,	114
The Christmas Angel,	402	Unemployment and Trades Unions,	685
The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints,	834	Venezuela and Columbia,	108
The Cost of a Crown,	535	Vie de Sainte Radégonde,	117
The Devil's Parable; and Other Essays,	544	Victor Hugo, Apologiste,	838
The Divine Minstrels,	100	Voices from Erin,	549
The Durable Satisfaction of Life,	248	Watchwords from Dr. Brownson,	693
		What Eight Million Women Want,	684
		What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer,	826
		Why I Am a Catholic,	694
		Within the Soul,	838

OCTOBER 1910

THE

Catholic World

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Hilaire Belloc

Patricia, the Problem

Esther W. Neill

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THE

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THE CATHOLIC CONSCIENCE OF HISTORY.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.



IT is a modern habit to talk of "aspects." It is little more than a fashion in the clouded philosophy which insists upon the multiplicity of ways in which a thing may be regarded, and concludes that any one way, and all our ways are imperfect.

The way of speaking is modern and therefore ephemeral; let us not fall into it even for the space of this short article, nor talk of the Catholic "aspect" of history.

I will rather do homage to my own conscience by saying that I am profoundly convinced that there is no such thing as a Catholic "aspect" of history—I mean a Catholic "aspect" of *European* history. There is a Protestant aspect, a Jewish aspect, a Mohammedan aspect, a Japanese aspect, and so forth. But there is no more a Catholic "aspect" of European history than there is a Jones "aspect" of Jones. True, false philosophy does pretend that there *is* a Jones aspect of Jones; but in nothing does false philosophy prove itself more false. For Jones' way of looking at himself when he looks straight and true is in line with his Creator's, and therefore with reality: he looks from within.

Let me pursue this metaphor. We Catholics believe that man has in him conscience, which is the voice of God: not

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VOL. XCII.—I

only that the objective world is real, but that a personality is self-consciously real.

When Jones, flattered by the voice of another, yet says within himself, "I am a mean fellow," he has hold of reality. We believe that though Jones does not know an infinite amount about himself, yet that the finite amount he does know is all in the map; it is all part of what is really there. What he does not know about himself would, did he know it, fit in with what he does know about himself. There are "aspects" of Jones to everybody else, except two, Jones and God Who made him. These two, when they regard Jones, see Jones wholly as he is: all creatures other than Jones have their aspects of Jones, and their aspects differ, but Jones' view of himself is not an aspect: it is a comprehension.

Now then, so it is with the Faith and the story of Europe. A Catholic as he reads that story understands it not from without but from within. He cannot understand it altogether, because he is a finite being; but he is also that which he has to understand. He brings to history (and when I say "history" in these pages I mean the history of Christendom) self-knowledge. As a man in the confessional accuses himself of what he knows to be true and what other people cannot judge, so a Catholic, talking of European civilization, when he blames it, blames it for motives and for acts which are his own, which he could have committed in person, and which in committing them he would have understood. He is not relatively right in his blame, he is absolutely right. As a man who is unjustly accused can testify to his own motive, not relatively but absolutely, so can the Catholic testify to unjust, irrelevant, or ignorant conceptions of the European story, for he knows why and how it proceeded, while others, not Catholic, look upon it externally. *They* have to deal with something which presents itself to them by its phenomena: *he* sees it all in its essence.

The Catholic conscience of history is not a conscience which begins with the development of the Church in the basin of the Mediterranean; it goes back much further than that. He understands also the soil in which that plant of the Faith arose. In a way that no other man can, he understands the Roman military effort; why that effort clashed with the gross merchant empire of Carthage; what it derived from the light

of Athens; what food it found in the Celtic tribes and their dim but awful memories of immortality; what analogy it had with the ritual of false but profound religions, and even why and how the Jewish people, the little violent corporate tradition of Palestine, was so essential that he has a right to call it, in the old dispensation, divine. For the Catholic the whole perspective falls into its natural order; nothing is distorted to him, and the procession of our great story is easy, natural, and final.

This being so, the modern Catholic, especially if he is confined to the use of the English tongue, suffers from a curious, and it is to be hoped, a passing accident. No book, nor even as yet the writings of one man in that tongue, gives him a conspectus of the past; he is compelled to study authorities, North German or English copying North German, whose view is never that of the true and balanced European. He comes perpetually across phrases which he sees at once to be absurd, either in their limitations or in the things they connote, but, unless he has the leisure for an extended study, he cannot put his finger upon the precise characteristics of the absurdity. In the books he reads—if they are in the English language at least—he finds things lacking which his Catholicism tells him should be there; but he cannot supply their place, because the non-Catholic who wrote those books was himself ignorant of such things, or rather could not conceive them.

Let me take a particular example to prove what I mean: to greater examples I will come in a moment.

I defy any man to read the story of Thomas à Becket in Stubbs, in Green, in Bright, in any one of the hundred handbooks to medieval history, and to make head or tail of it. It is a highly limited subject of study, it concerns only a few years, a great deal is known about it, there are many contemporary accounts, and the Catholic may well ask: "No matter who tells the story, why is it I cannot understand the story?"

The story is briefly this (and all non-Catholic authorities of any sort of value have told it, according to their lights, quite justly and have certainly told it most amply): A certain prelate, the Primate of England at the time, was asked to admit certain changes in the administration of criminal law. The gist of these was that men attached to the Church in

any way by minor orders (not necessarily priests) should, if they committed a crime amenable to temporal jurisdiction, be brought before the ordinary courts of the country. The claim was, at the time, a novel one. The Primate of England resisted that claim. In connection with his resistance he was subjected to many indignities, many things outrageous to custom were done against him; but the Pope doubted whether his resistance was justified, and he was finally reconciled with the civil authority; on returning to his See at Canterbury, he became at once the author of further resistance and the subject of further outrage, and within a short time he was murdered by his exasperated enemies.

This death raised a vast public outcry. His monarch did penance for it. But *all the points on which he had resisted* were waived by the Church, and the monarch's original claim was almost immediately recognized. To-day it appears to be plain justice.

So far so good. The non-Catholic will say, and has said in a hundred studies—from one as admirable as *The Memorials of Canterbury*, by Stanley, to one as worthless as *England Under the Normans and Angevins*, by Davis—that this resistance of St. Thomas was but an example of the resistance always offered by an old organization to a new development.

Of course it was! It is equally true to say of a man who objects to an aeroplane flying over his back garden without leave, and smashing in the top of his studio, that it is the resistance of an old organization to a new development; but such a phrase in no way explains the business; and when the Catholic begins to examine the particular case of St. Thomas, he finds a great many things to wonder at and to think about upon which non-Catholic historians are hopelessly silent.

I say "hopelessly," because their attitude *is* hopeless; they have to record these things, but they are bewildered by them. They can explain St. Thomas' action simply enough: too simply; yet when they are asked to explain what followed his death, they have to fall back upon the most inhuman and impossible hypotheses, that "the masses were ignorant"—that is as compared with other periods in human history; that "the Papacy engineered an outburst of popular enthusiasm." As though the Papacy were a secret society, with a machinery for "engineering" such things, as though the type of enthu-

siasm produced by the martyrdom was the wretched mechanical thing produced by "engineering" to-day, and as though nothing *besides* such interference would have roused the populace.

As to the miracles which undoubtedly took place, the non-Catholic historian had and has three ways of dealing with them: First, to say nothing about them (which is the easiest way of telling a lie); secondly, to say that they were the result of a vast conspiracy in which the maim, the halt, and the blind, etc., were connected; and, thirdly, to give them modern journalistic names, which he hopes will get rid of the miraculous character, notably to talk of "auto-suggestion."

Now the Catholic approaching this wonderful story, when he has read all the original documents, understands it easily enough from within.

He sees that the stand made by St. Thomas was not very important in itself, and was probably (taken as an isolated action) unreasonable. But he soon gets to see, as he reads and as he notes the rapid and profound transformation of all civilization which was taking place in that generation, that St. Thomas was standing out for what had been the concrete symbols of the Church's liberty against a movement that might have done what was done in parts of Europe four hundred years later, to wit, destroyed the unity and the discipline of Christendom. He had to fight on ground chosen by the enemy, he fought and he resisted in the spirit dictated by the Church. He fought for no dogmatic point, he fought for no point to which the Church five hundred years before or five hundred years after would have attached the slightest importance, he fought for things which were purely temporal arrangements, which had until quite recently been the guarantee of the Church's liberty, and which were in his time upon the turn—soon to be negligible; but the spirit in which he fought was the determination that the Church should never be controlled by the civil power, and the spirit against which he fought was the spirit which either openly or secretly believes the Church to be a merely human institution to be subjected, as an inferior to a superior, to the processes of civil law.

A Catholic sees, as he reads the story, that St. Thomas obviously and necessarily lost, when he died, every point on which he had stood out, and yet saved the thing for which he was standing out. A Catholic perceives clearly why the

enthusiasm of the populace rose; the guarantee of the plain man's healthy and moral existence against the wealthier classes, and the all power of the State—the self-government of the general Church had been defended up to the point of death.

Further the Catholic reader is not content, as is the non-Catholic, with *a priori* and dogmatic assertion with regard to the miracles. He reads the evidence, he cannot believe that there was a conspiracy of falsehood (in the lack of all proof of such conspiracy), he is moved to a conviction that the events, so minutely recorded and so amply testified, took place.

The miracles for a Catholic reader are but the extreme points fitting in with the whole scheme; he knows what European civilization was before, he knows what it was to become, he knows why and how the Church would stand out against a certain spirit of change, he appreciates why and how a character like that of St. Thomas would resist; he is in no way perplexed to find that the resistance failed on its technical side, and succeeded so thoroughly in its spirit as to prevent, in a moment when its occurrence would have been far more dangerous than the sixteenth century, the overturning of the connection between Church and State. The enthusiasm of the populace he particularly comprehends, and he sees, without very much difficulty, the connection between that enthusiasm and the miracles that attended St. Thomas' intercession; not because those miracles depended upon the fantasy of those who enjoyed them, but because a popular recognition of deserved sanctity is the later accompaniment and the recipient of miraculous power.

It is the details of history which require the closest analysis. I have, therefore, chosen a significant detail with which to exemplify my case.

Just as a man who thoroughly understands the character of the English squires and of their position in the English country-sides would have to explain at some length and with difficulty to a foreigner how and why the hardships and the injustices involved in the English system of land ownership were yet not anti-national but national, and just as a particular case of peculiar complexity or violence might afford him a special test, so the martyrdom of St. Thomas makes for the Catholic who is viewing Europe a very good example whereby he can show how well he understands what is to other men

not understandable, and how simple is to him, and how human, a process which to men not Catholic can only be explained by the most grotesque assumptions, such as: that universal contemporary testimony must be ignored; that men are ready to die for things in which they do not believe; that the philosophy of society does not permeate that society; or that popular enthusiasm, widespread, ubiquitous, and unchallenged, is mechanically produced by order from some centre of government. All these absurdities are connoted in the non-Catholic view of the great quarrel, nor is there any but the Catholic conscience of Europe that plainly explains it.

The Catholic sees that the whole of the à Becket business was like the struggle of a man who is fighting for his liberty and is compelled to maintain it (such being the battleground chosen by his opponents) upon a privilege inherited from the past. The non-Catholic simply cannot understand it and does not pretend to understand it.

Now if we turn from this one small point, highly definite and limited, to the general aspect of history, we can make a list of the great lines on which the Catholic can appreciate what other men only judge, and can determine and know those things upon which other men have no more than a puzzled guess. The Catholic Faith spreads over the Roman world, not because the Jews were widely dispersed, but because the intellect of antiquity, and especially the Roman intellect, accepted it in its maturity.

The material decline of the Empire is not co-relative with nor parallel to the growth of the Catholic Church, it is the counterpart of that growth, and, as one of the greatest of modern scholars has well said, "the Faith is that which Rome accepted in her maturity; nor is the Faith the heir of her decline, but rather the conservator of all that could be conserved."

There was not so much an awakening of civilization by the advent of barbaric blood, as the imperiling of civilization in its old age by some infiltration of barbaric blood; that civilization so attacked did not permanently fail we owe to the Catholic Faith.

In the next age the Catholic proceeds to see Europe saved against a universal attack of the Mohammedan, the Hun, the Scandinavian: he notes that the fierceness of the attack was

such that anything save something divinely instituted would have broken down. The Mohammedan came within three days of Tours, the Hun to within a week of the Rhine, the Scandinavian into the mouths of all the rivers of Gaul, and almost overwhelmingly over the island of Britain. There was nothing left of Europe but a nucleus or an island. Nevertheless it survived. In the refflorescence which followed that dark time, the Catholic notes not hypotheses but documents and facts; he sees the representative system and the parliaments springing up from the great monastic orders, in Spain, in Britain, in Gaul—never outside the old limits of Christendom. He sees the Gothic architecture arising spontaneous and autochthonic, he sees the Universities inheriting much but copying nothing—and, in a word, he sees the marvelous new civilization of the Middle Ages rising as a transformation of the old Roman society, a transformation wholly from within, and motived by the Church.

The trouble, the religious terror, the wild, mystic mad-nesses of the fifteenth century, are to him the diseases of one body in need of medicine. The medicine being too long delayed, there comes the disruption of the European body. It ought to be death; but since the Church is not subject to mortal law it is not death. Of those populations which break away from religion and from civilization none (he perceives) were of the ancient Roman stock save Britain. The Catholic, reading his history, watches that struggle, not for its effect on the fringes of Europe; he is anxious to see whether Britain will fail. He notes the keenness of the fight in England and its long endurance; how all the forces of wealth are enlisted upon the one side, how in spite of this a tenacious tradition prevents any sudden transformation of the British polity or its sharp severance from the continuity of Europe. He sees the whole of North England rising, cities standing siege, and ultimately the court, the great nobles, and the merchants victorious, and the people cut off, apparently forever, from the life upon which they fed. Side by side with all this he notes that, next to Britain, one land only that was never Roman land, by an accident quite miraculous, preserves the Faith, and, as Britain is lost, he sees side by side with that loss the preservation of Ireland.

To the Catholic reader of history (though he has no Cath-

olic history to read) there is no danger of the foolish bias against civilization which has haunted so many contemporary writers, and which has led them to frame fantastic origins for institutions, the growth of which are as plain as an historical phenomenon can be. He does not see in the Pirate raids which desolated the eastern and southeastern coasts of England in the sixth century the origin of the English people. He perceives that the success of these small polities dated from their acceptance of Roman Christianity, and that the ultimate hegemony of Winchester and London over Britain depended upon this early picking up of communications with the Continent. He knows that Christian Parliaments are not dimly and possibly barbaric, but certainly and plainly monastic in their origin; he is not surprised to learn that they arose first in the Pyrenean valleys during the struggle against the Mohammedans; he sees how reasonable such an origin was in one of the chief centres of European effort.


In general the history of Europe and of England develops naturally before the Catholic reader; he is not tempted to that succession of theories self-contradicting and apparently put forward for the sake of novelty which has confused and warped most modern reconstructions of the past. He does not, above all, commit the prime historical error of "reading history backwards," which is the main error of our time. He feels in his own nature the nature of its progress.

But with all this the Catholic has no Catholic history to read if he is English-speaking; and this it seems to me it should be our next business to supply him with at a moment when in nearly all other branches of learning, the reaction towards the Faith is making itself so plainly felt, even in the English-speaking world.

PATRICIA, THE PROBLEM.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER XII.

HE next week Patricia and Mrs. Delarue left for Europe. Hugh was at the dock to see them start on their long journey. His aunt clung to him tearfully. "I've grown so fond of you, Hugh," she said. "Somehow poverty seems to bring relatives closer together."

Hugh patted her pompous back a bit awkwardly. He hated to appear conspicuous, and the gleam of humor in Patricia's eyes showed that she enjoyed his discomfiture. When Mrs. Delarue allowed him to escape from her affectionate demonstrations he turned to say good-bye to Patricia. She gave him her finger tips for a moment.

"You will come back to me?" he said; and his tone held more of a conviction than a question. "Perhaps, if I can beg, borrow, or steal the money, I may join you in the spring."

She seemed to wince at the words. "Don't," she said, and she turned quickly from him, her eyes upon the sea.

"Is it such a painful proposition?" he asked.

"You don't understand," she answered. "Oh, how can you understand?"

"Well I would like my weak intellect to make the effort"; he smiled. "I don't want to remain in a state of invincible ignorance. I feel that you are at least an—acquaintance."

"An enemy," she said.

That was their parting; many friends surrounded her. She seemed lost to him—a whirling world in which he had no voice. He felt that he had returned to his old rôle of a mere interested observer, with the difference that he rebelled against the part and he realized, with a sense of surprise, for introspection was not natural to him, that his poverty for the first time appeared poignant—it seemed to place Patricia at such an unattainable distance, Europe was so far away, travel so ex-

pensive, and Patricia's money a barrier between them unsurmountable if Tom Cuthbert's last confession was not true. And if it was true, there was no proof; and if there was proof, he had refused to hunt for it. His position was difficult and most uncomfortable. All his life he had given little thought to his own individual happiness. He had been so engrossed in his work, and a satisfaction with life had come with his energetic endeavor. He had had no time for women, and now he was amazed to find Patricia's image following him all through the long days.

Patricia's stateroom was piled high with boxes of candy and flowers. She opened them indifferently, looked at the cards, and threw them aside. One she lingered over, it held a small bunch of violets; there was no name, but on a slip of paper inside the little envelope was written: "This is a promise of the spring. You will come back to me some day, and then you will tell me that you are sorry."

Sorry for her trifling words, her rage, her laughter—as she buried her face in the flowers these things seemed more real than robbing him of his inheritance—and when Mrs. Delarue came puffing into their narrow quarters to examine the gifts and the cards, Patricia had pinned the violets on her coat and the bit of paper was crumpled quickly in her hand.

There was something about her expression that roused Mrs. Delarue's motherly interest.

"Who sent the violets?" she said, with a well-tempered mixture of sympathy and curiosity.

Patricia hesitated. "There was no name," she said.

"It makes a poor showing in the midst of all these American beauties," continued Mrs. Delarue, feeling free to criticise an admirer who was nameless, "for my part I do not care for violets, they seem funereal and dismal and dark, and they do not seem to suit you, Patricia. You were never intended for shady woodland places, you should live in a blaze of glory."

"Where?" she said dully.

"I wish you would marry a title," went on Mrs. Delarue. "I am so disappointed in Marie."

"Why?" questioned the girl, "I thought you could see things."

"See things? My dear Patricia I see many things; but I

am no saint, and when I think of the life of continual self-sacrifice that Marie will lead—so many privations and no pleasures—I am not pleased, I am frightened.”

“But you must feel that she is so—safe”; and she smiled at the thought of her championing a cloistered existence. “She seems so happy; while I—I am miserable.”

“But you ought not to be,” said Mrs. Delarue, who could not frankly understand why any one should grieve greatly over the removal of Tom Cuthbert from a world that had little respect for him. “Of course,” she added quickly, “I know you feel your father’s loss, but we must be resigned. We have all got to die.”

“Oh, I know,” said Patricia, flinging herself down amid her scattered flowers, “and I am so afraid. Come, let us go up on deck, this little place is like a tomb, and the flowers—can’t we give them to the captain, the steward, or somebody?—I can’t stay shut up in this tiny place all night with all these flowers.”

“Of course. I’ll attend to it at once. You go on deck, my dear. No doubt there are some interesting people on board. What you need is distraction of mind.”

But Patricia could not find forgetfulness. Europe was an old story to her; and though she went sight-seeing with all the feverish energy that her Baedeker seemed to demand, she showed little interest in people or places. She grew tired of England in one week and crossed to the continent. Mrs. Delarue hoped that she would be contented in Paris, and she suggested renting an old chateau just outside of the city and remaining there a year or more; but Patricia, much to the good lady’s disappointment, refused to settle anywhere.

“I cannot rest in one place,” she said. “I want to travel—travel. Let’s go to Russia. Life might be interesting if we could get arrested as anarchists.”

“Oh, no, not there”; it was the first time that Mrs. Delarue had offered a protest. “I really am afraid of Russia; and the winters are so cold.”

Patricia laughed and put her arm affectionately around her friend. “Then we won’t go,” she said, as if she were tolerating some childish whim. “But I’ve always thought it would be so simple to be blown up and not enough fragments left or a funeral.”

"I wish you would be serious dear."

Patricia held her friend's chin in her hands and made her look up into her face. "Now, aren't you hard to satisfy?" she said. "You have been telling me that I was too serious of late."

"You are hard to understand," said Mrs. Delarue, forced into candor. "So much of your old Western indifference and recklessness is coming back to you, I don't know what people will think of you."

"And I don't care," said Patricia. "That idiotic little count you want me to marry is such an aristocrat that I told him all about my life at the Golden Eagle, just to watch his fervor fail; but he regarded it all as a child listens to a fairy tale. He wants my money no matter how I got it or—kept it."

"But, Patricia dear, don't you intend to marry?"

Patricia was silent, she looked through the parted damask curtains of her window at the hurrying crowds on the Paris street.

"Never," she said decidedly. "I cannot—I cannot." There were tears in her tone and Mrs. Delarue, who always felt incapable of dealing with Patricia in her rare emotional moods, hastily changed the subject—a confusing habit she had acquired in her effort to ward off momentous issues.

"If Hugh would only join us in Rome," she began.

"He can't."

"Why not?"

"He has no money."

"Oh, dear," sighed the older lady, "I believe that poverty is the worst of all evils. Hugh has always been accustomed to doing exactly as he pleases. He could make some of his miserable patients pay him if he tried. He has so many friends in Rome. You know his mother had relatives living there. A man can make it so pleasant for two women traveling alone. I know you don't care much for each other, but you might become better acquainted—you wouldn't have much sympathy with Hugh's notions of slums and settlements, and of course Hugh wouldn't dream of falling in love with any one who was not a Catholic, so we could have a platonic kind of a time together, with some one to look after the baggage and get us an audience with the Pope." She was too much in earnest to see the humor of the combination.

"I don't want an audience with him," said Patricia. "He is a holy man—he would make me feel so wicked."

"But that is no reason for remaining away. Every one who goes to Rome wants an audience with the Pope."

"Then let us be different."

"There is no doubt about your being different," said Mrs. Delarue resignedly, "but I must write to Hugh and see if he will not come."

"Please don't," said Patricia beseechingly. "He cannot come, he told me so—he has his work. We cannot ask him to leave everything for us. We can be very comfortable alone."

Mrs. Delarue sighed. Patricia was fast becoming a real trial. Heretofore she had been so amenable to suggestions; but now she failed to fall in with any restful, sensible plan. The good lady would not have confessed it even to herself, but she experienced a real sense of relief, tempered by affectionate anxiety, when Patricia, after having been in Rome a short time, was taken ill with the fever and had to remain in the hospital for many weeks. Meanwhile Mrs. Delarue, after hearing Mass to pray for Patricia's recovery, and spending a portion of each day at the hospital, felt at liberty to enjoy a much-deserved calm. She wandered joyously through ruins, visited all the churches without having to consider Protestant prejudice, and she passed many hours in art galleries ecstatically viewing her favorite pictures that she had not seen for years. Patricia had always been kind, even in her most wayward moods, but Mrs. Delarue found genuine pleasure in not having to consult the wishes of her charge.

CHAPTER XIII.

Father Chatard sat in the gloom of his study; a housewifely haze of twilight concealed the dust that lay thick on his open shelves of books and on the uncarpeted floor; a shabby rug, with raveled ends, lay in front of the fire, the cheerful blaze and the big Morris chair, full of friendly upheavals made by a human body and not by an upholsterer's art, gave a look of comfort to the dreary, high-ceiled room.

Father Chatard was dozing, his long, tapering fingers held a place in his worn breviary, since the light had grown too dim to see, and he was wondering dreamily whether his fat, for-

getful housekeeper had filled his student's lamp that morning, when some one knocked upon the door. He called out sleepily: "Come in"; and seeing a woman enter, he rose from force of habit, not recognizing his visitor in the shadow.

"Does a year blot out all remembrance?" she said, seeing his bewilderment.

"Patricia," he exclaimed, holding out both hands to her. "Bless my soul, I thought you were in Italy."

"And so I was," she said, warmed by his welcome, "but you wouldn't want me to remain in Italy a lifetime."

"I could," he said with a regretful, reminiscent look, "but, then, I am an old man, and it's restful to be where all things else are old; and then he added, with twinkling eyes, "a horseless city like Venice suits an equestrian like me."

"I should think it would," she laughed, taking the small stool on the opposite side of the fire. "What a ride I gave you. Remember the mountain road? Sometimes I believe that is where I belong, far away among those mountains. They seem to give me the right proportions of things—they are so eternal—they seem to tell me that 'nothing matters much.'"

"What pessimism!" he exclaimed. "Have you lost all your spontaneity, your freshness, your joyousness in one year's travel in Europe?"

"I lost it before I went," she said sadly, "and now I have grown tired of trying to be happy."

He watched her searchingly in the uncertain flickering of the fire.

"Can I help you?" he said.

"How?" she asked, throwing off her heavy furs with a nervous gesture.

"Well, I don't know that," he smiled. "Would you give an old man—a man old enough to be your grandfather—one guess?"

She looked frightened for a moment, then she said daringly: "I think I might; but I don't promise to tell you, even if you guess right."

"You have been living solely for yourself," he said, "that cannot bring you happiness. All women must spend their energies, their affection, on some one—something. It is the law of God. You should marry—"

"Whom?" she laughed, seeking to relieve the seriousness of his tone.

The old priest laid aside his breviary and began to make bridges with his fingers by touching the tips together, a habit that seemed to aid him in his hesitation.

"There is Hugh," he said.

"No, no"; she protested, and her face was white in the firelight. He would not want me—he does not care."

"Hasn't he told you the contrary?"

She felt forced into frankness. "He was sorry for me one afternoon and strove to comfort me by some meagre assurances."

"And you said?"

"I said many things."

"And that was?"

"Oh, I don't remember now, it was so long ago. I've tried to forget—I would not answer his letters—I suppose I have been very rude to him."

"I wish you wouldn't be," he said slowly. "He is not happy—he cannot understand you—he thinks that you mean all that you say—"

"And how do you know that I do not?"

"I am an old man, Patricia; the only benefit that old age brings is a little clearer vision."

She stared dreamily at the fire, apparently unmindful of his presence. "Sometimes," she said at last, "I see the reasonableness of the Catholic viewpoint of confession—"

"Sometime, Patricia," said the old priest, "you will ask me to show you the reasonableness of all our faith."

"I could not," she said, and the frightened look returned to her eyes. "Oh, I could not. I have come to ask you a question this evening. You know why we returned home, Marie is to take the veil to-morrow. Her mother wanted to be there; and I—I thought I would like to see. Marie has asked me to play at the Mass. I wanted to ask you if unbelievers, great sinners, are counted worthy, or perhaps I should say permitted, to be present at the solemn ceremony? You see, I spent a good deal of time delving among the catacombs in Rome, and I know in ancient times some people were not permitted to remain throughout the ceremonies."

"But we are not living in ancient times, Patricia."

"Then I may go?"

"Why not?"

"I am not good," she said, "and my music—you must lend me some Mass music. After six months spent in Rome most of the Masses are familiar, but I want to place the parts correctly in my mind. That is another reason why I came to-day."

"The music is in the choir," he said. "Come, we will go into the church and get it."

He rose and led the way across the narrow hall into the sacristy; the church was in darkness—only the red light burning before the white gothic altar relieved the gloom; the old priest knelt for a moment upon the marble steps before the tabernacle. Patricia stood with bowed head beside him.

"I learned many things in Rome," she said, as they passed down the aisle together. "Mrs. Delarue was quite convinced that she had me converted, but she did not know—"

"Did not know what?"

"That I could not be."

It was impossible to see her face in the darkness, and her voice was full of studied repose.

"Some day you will think differently; but I'm not going to preach, Patricia. We will turn on the light at the foot of these steps. See, the light is symbolic: we were staggering in the darkness, and now we see. Come, we will have to mount to the organ loft and find the music. Go ahead of me, dear child, and select what you please. The Masses are in the little cupboard on the right of the gallery.

He followed more slowly, the steps were steep and gave him an excuse for loitering. Patricia's words had roused thoughts that he put from him as wickedly unjust; but in spite of his struggle they kept returning with added force.

The scene in Tom Cuthbert's bedchamber seemed to be projected against the screen of darkness. Tom Cuthbert's last words kept repeating themselves in his ears. Did Patricia hold the proof of her father's iniquity? Was she concealing her knowledge so that she might reap the benefit? He watched her closely as she sorted the music. Her face had lost much of its color, but that might be attributed to the Roman fever. Her large hands seemed to tremble, and every movement proved the effects of long nervous strain.

"I think these are all that I need," she said. "Do you suppose"—she hesitated her eyes fixed on the red light that made the dark of the sanctuary more intense—"do you suppose I could ever turn my music to any practical account?"

"How—for what?"

He noted her confusion as she answered: "Concerts, recitals, choirs, the usual thing," she said.

"You have a wonderful gift," he answered slowly, "and perhaps when I tell you what I think you will say I am a strange old man. I do not like to see music commercialized. I wish that all great musicians could find patrons, so that they might use their talent freely, gladly, so that we might have more melody, more joyousness in this troubled world of ours."

"But—but suppose one must make money—to live?"

Again he was puzzled and he searched Patricia's face for a clue. "Ah, yes; we must live."

"But must we?"

"Why, Patricia—"

"Is life so valuable?" she asked.

"It is our greatest possession."

"I do not think so."

"Dear child, you have grown morbid. I shall telephone Mrs. Delarue to put you to bed and keep you there. She wrote me that you had been ill in Rome, and these low fevers often leave one strangely depressed."

"Perhaps," she said. "So many things are attributed to low fevers. I'll go now. You have been very kind and I fear I have delayed your dinner. You will come to see us some day soon; and some day I—I may come to—confession." She hurried down the steps and he opened the high church door for her, then he put out the lights, and going slowly up the wide, dark aisle he knelt again on the marble steps of the altar, and he spent a long time in prayer.

CHAPTER XIV.

The convent chapel looked as if it were prepared for a wedding. Mrs. Delarue had hinted that she wished that she could afford floral decorations, and Patricia had given some lavish order to her florist, who set his men to work transforming the austere room into a tropical bower. The little sister who had

charge of the chapel, and who had to depend upon the convent garden for her meagre flower vases, was prayerful with delight when she saw the change that two hours' work had made. For the last few months she had had to content herself with cedar boughs and dyed immortelles for her beloved altar steps, and here were palms, lilies, orchids, and other undreamed-of exotics blooming with the snow upon the ground; the profusion almost bewildered, and, as she unconsciously counted the cost, she felt that the donor had been almost sinful in her extravagance; even the black wooden grating between the sanctuary and the choir for the nuns was strung with white roses.

Mrs. Delarue was greatly pleased. If Marie insisted upon taking vows it was a great comfort to have her profession surrounded by all this grandeur to make it memorable.

"Patricia ordered it done," she said to Hugh, who sat in the front pew beside her. "She seems singularly sympathetic for a non-Catholic."

"Yes"; he agreed absently. He was glad that the sanctity of the place precluded conversation. He had seen Patricia pass on her way to the high organ loft, and he had been startled by her pallor and the listlessness of her expression. He had not been left alone with her since her return. She had plainly tried to avoid a tête-à-tête with him, and Mrs. Delarue unconsciously assisted her by assuming with maddening conviction that these two young people were distasteful to each other. All the time of Patricia's absence Hugh had planned for this first talk with her. He believed that she cared for him, and yet why did she refuse him this small mark of her favor? Why had she allowed his frequent letters to remain unanswered? Why had she sent him no word of hope or cheer when he had been tortured by anxiety during her long illness?

When the priest in his rich brocade vestments appeared in the sanctuary Hugh tried to follow the familiar Latin of the Mass, but his thoughts were difficult to control. Once he turned and looked up at the choir, to find Patricia's eyes fixed upon him—eyes full of tenderness, that made her attitude towards him seem more inexplicable than ever. To him the barrier of her money, which had first seemed to stand between them, had been razed. Father Chatard and he had discussed the matter so often, that he had almost convinced himself of the

truth of Tom Cuthbert's last statement. In retrospect the old man on his deathbed seemed so positive, so free from delirious fancy, and he had been so reluctant to confess his own dishonesty if Patricia could be saved in any other way.

Mrs. Delarue roused Dr. Hugh to some consciousness of his present surroundings by leaning weakly up against him, as if she needed physical and moral support in an emotional crisis. Marie had come forward to the opening in the grating. She was dressed as a bride in some soft, white stuff; her face was pale but radiant, her voice calm and even. Mrs. Delarue shook with excitement. It would have been difficult for the good lady to analyze her own feelings. One moment she seemed to experience a saintly ecstasy in sacrificing her only child; the next she was rebellious and angry with Marie for choosing such a life.

At that solemn part of the ceremony, when the young postulant is covered with a black pall, to signify her death to the world, a strange thing happened.

Patricia, who had been sitting motionless at her harp, intent upon the interesting spectacle before her, let her fingers stray mechanically over the strings, and suddenly from the little organ loft there seemed to come the wailing cry of a despairing soul seeking to express itself in a passionate melody.

The priest halted for a moment, the nun at the organ, who had accompanied Patricia during the Mass, was lost in admiring wonder—she had never heard such music—and she was too bewildered to protest. Old Father Chatard, kneeling within the sanctuary, guessed the truth. It was Patricia's confession. He buried his head in his hands and almost prayed aloud in the intensity of his purpose. Hugh could understand but one thing, Patricia was suffering—but, why? And why in this holy place should she improvise music so full of misery and hopelessness? Was she trying to express her sense of loss of Marie's presence. But the strains were wild, tempestuous, there was something more personal—depths that he could not fathom—

The music stopped more abruptly than it had begun. Patricia leaned over and touched the wide sleeve of the little sister on the organ bench. "I did not know what I was doing," she said by way of apology.

During the rest of the ceremony she sat white and inert,

and as soon as the priest left the altar she hurried down the narrow steps to Hugh's side.

"You must come home with me," she whispered hoarsely.

Mrs. Delarue, whose emotions had filtered down to a wet pocket handkerchief wiped her eyes and murmured: "Won't you wait to see Marie?"

"I cannot—not now, I cannot. Come—please come at once."

"You are ill?" he questioned tenderly.

"No; oh, no; but I must see you at once. Please come." She passed through the long corridor that led to the street door, Hugh followed anxiously; the few friends, who had been present in the chapel, stared after them in some amazement. Some of them nodded knowingly, as if they comprehended the romantic situation, others looked offended. Miss Cuthbert was a personage whose acquaintanceship they valued—she had never ignored them before.

A big touring car was drawn up to the curbing. Patricia stepped in and motioned Hugh to follow.

"It will be but a moment before we are home, and then—"

"Then, Patricia—"

She interrupted him. "Don't say it. Oh, please? don't. I cannot bear it."

"But, Patricia dear, I have waited so long to see you; I have something to say—"

"Don't," she said, huddling into the furthest corner of the car. "Don't say it. Oh, I wonder how long I could have kept up the deception—it has been a year of torture."

"Torture," he repeated in bewilderment.

"Life is so short, so terribly short," she went on, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. "It is what you Catholics all believe; you have it preached to you, read to you, talked to you. It fills you with a horror of sin, or it makes it seem not worth while, and I think—oh, I think it makes some of you intolerant with sinners."

His bewilderment was apparent now. "Patricia, you are talking wildly to keep me from saying—"

"You must not," she cried, "you must not—it will only make it harder for both of us."

They had reached the house; she again hurried away from him—up the wide steps, into the shadowy hall; he followed

her, with growing wonder. She appeared more baffling than even he had ever dreamed she would become. She led him into the library, and, going up to the gloomy Daubigny that he remembered so well, she pushed it aside with such force that the picture fell to the floor, but she gave no heed.

"Open the little door for me," she said, "my hands tremble so—oh, you do not know the combination—now, there—there is your inheritance."

She stood motionless before him, leaning against the paneled wall for support; her large black hat and black furs added to the whiteness of her face. "I have *robbed* you," she said, "my father robbed you before me; but, oh, you must believe one thing—it was because of him—because I could not have him called a thief—that I bought the papers and hid them—you helped me. You remember putting them here? The Larimee mine is yours—your father bought it, and my father leased it from him, and then kept it. Everything I have is yours."

He looked at her for a moment, made speechless by her revelation; then he took the papers from the safe and threw them in the fire.

"Oh, you must not"; she cried, making an effort to save them.

He caught her in his arms. "They are burning," he said, "the proof of my inheritance is gone. There is only one way to share it Patricia—one way."

She was trembling now. All her bravado was gone. "And—and you care for that way?"

"Listen—your father told me this story a year ago."

"And you did not tell me."

"I could not, for I found that I loved you. Now, will you believe that I love you?"

She looked up at him, surrender in her eyes.

(THE END.)

SAINT "BERTRAM" OF ILAM.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



ILAM,* in Dovedale, is one of the sweetest spots in England. It is in Staffordshire, just across the border of Derbyshire, cradled among the two ranges of hills which hem in a most romantic valley: the very high bleak tors, all stone, with the merest powdering of turf upon their gray flanks, and that thick plume of woods which hangs far up, and crowds low down, on the south. And in the fields below Ilam two exquisite rivers, the Dove and the Manifold, run together, flashing and singing. The soil, thanks to the deposits of these waters, which in spring become great torrents, and thanks to the abundant wells on every side, is most fertile and fragrant: a very playground for wild flowers and the flowers of cottage gardens. Many are the bridges, as is natural in a land of streams; they are all of stone, all arched, all picturesque.

Ilam is no huddled village, but spacious exceedingly. Most of the little houses are set rather shyly apart, well gabled, porched, bowered in roses, and with a distinct and real grace of privacy. Strange to say, there is hardly any visible antiquity about, such as delights the eye often in the adjacent countryside. The "restorings" and re-buildings, in Victorian Gothic, have been unobtrusive, however; and what more can one expect? The Tractarian note, so to speak, is struck at the very entrance of the village, near its second bridge, by the great Cross, like one of Queen Eleanor's, erected in 1840 to the memory of Mrs. Jesse Watts-Russell. Very near it are the gates of the Hall, just now tenantless: a magnificent modern Elizabethan manor on the site of an older one, with a wide range of oriel windows, open cloisters, and battlemented roof, set in a slope of close-cut lawn; the latter, while looking illimitable as to size, is beyond all the velvets of Lyons in compact smooth beauty of summer greenness. The Hall hangs on a knoll, just above the rocky, winding bank of the silver river.

* Accent on the first syllable, and long i.

There are terraces, there are vast dark isolated trees, besides coppices and sociable groves of them, and yonder, caught in among leaves, like a conical nest, is the Saxon saddle-back tower of the charming church. The house and the church stand open across the greensward, each to the other, in the sweet misty sunshine: the churchyard has no wall, and the sleepers within it lie beneath ornate crosses of stone, all copied from their local prototypes, those wonderfully lovely monuments of the far Catholic past such as abound in no country except northern England and her sister isles. The sounds which break this Sabbath stillness are in themselves an enchantment. A whole colony of bees is humming where they find uncut clover; a swarm of white doves is wheeling around the mower, as he moves with horse and dog, pleasantly clicking up and down; and the river rushes over its two little weirs, making the most glad-hearted *Laudate Dominum* in the world. It is all so ideal, such an unbelievable vision of peace! The vast yew, and the everywhere-climbing roses, the broken sun-dial, the trailing feathery clouds, the strange immemorial erect pillars near the church, fretted all over with braided or knotted ornaments—all these breathe upon the Catholic stranger who comes alone among them a sort of magic to make his feet unsteady, and "run up his thoughts upon the Ancient of Days." Very especially magical are the pillared stones, for they may be a saint's own work, set up, after a fashion old even in that old time, as his own memorial. Towards Bunster, nearer the channel of the Dove, is yet to be seen "St. Bertram's well"; and what was called "St. Bertram's ash" was examined and described by Dr. Plot sometime before the year 1686, when he published his *Natural History of Staffordshire*. It was evidently aged even then, and had particularly sharp-pointed leaves. According to the village superstition, it was highly unlucky to break a twig of it. This accounts for the assurance, in 1730, that it was "taken great care of" (Lysons' *Magna Britannia*, Vol. V., p. 118). In Nightingale's *Beauties of England and Wales*, 1813 (Vol. XIII., Part II., p. 975), Ilam is said to be noted for the tomb, the well, and the ash of St. Bertram, the latter objects having been "formerly much venerated"; but that "little, however, is now thought of the saint!" The great tree, flourishing as late as 1813, must have perished between that and 1844, as Harwood, editing Erdeswick's *History*

in that year, mentions only the tomb and the well among the memorials of St. Bertram at Ilam. No one now living in the neighborhood can remember the ash.

But who, pray, everybody will ask, is St. Bertram? The *Acta Sanctorum* does not tell. The holy men and women of the Heptarchy could not all be known to Continental scholars, and the solitary who is called "Bertram" was one of those canonized only by a local veneration kept up for ages, but duly and truly canonized thereby, according to the opinion of the Holy See. Now the name Bertram, an adapted Norman form by origin, is, in this case, merely a popular corruption. Almost all the Saxon saints underwent just such changes of nomenclature at or after the Conquest: Mildreda for Mildrith, Chad for Ceadda, Frideswide for Frithuswith, and so on.

Capgrave, in his hagiology, gives us one Bertellin or Bertelinus; Plot identifies him with the "Bertram" living in the memories of Ilam, though Erdeswick, writing a century before Plot, had been much at sea regarding his "Bertle," the Staffordshire hermit. An excellent antiquary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, F.S.A., who is now the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Bristol, suggests that Capgrave himself, or his predecessors, misread the Latinized name in the ancient manuscript, in a way entirely natural: Bertelinus for Bertelmus. There is no Bertelin, nor any such name, in the copious lists of Birch's *Cartularium Saxonicum*, but at the end of many a charter we get the signatures "Byrhtelm," "Birthelm," "Berhrtelm," etc. It is a perfectly recognizable Saxon name, this of a "King's" son, who at almost every step of his striking career can be traced by the singularly staying powers of English tradition. Two monastic writers have left us some account of him: Ingulf, Abbot of Croyland, in the late eleventh century, and Alexander, a Prior of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, who lived three hundred years after Ingulf. The latter tells us that in his youth Bertelm aspired to break away from the licentious court and camp of his earliest associations and took ship, therefore, for holy Ireland. But, alas, "in a strange land, he found the temptation, and fell beneath the sin, which had frightened him in his own." Uneasy beneath the sense of guilt, he started before long to return to his native country. His "princess," herself presumably also a Christian, though a faithless one (her name has perished), went along with him.

While they were pursuing their difficult journey through the woods, a wolf, in Bertelm's momentary absence, slew and partly ate the poor woman and her little child. This dreadful grief became to the man on whom it fell the turning-point of his life. Bertelm gave himself up to salutary contrition, resignation to God's will, and long silence, prayer, and fasting in that very spot, where he lived some time as a penitent in the wild. It was, says the medieval biographer, called after him Bertelmes-ley, the "ley" or place of Bertelm. The patient and critical Bollandists, willing to enroll him among their carefully authenticated saints, could find no such name upon any British chart. But it is quite obvious that it is Bartholmey in Cheshire (which appears as Bertemeleu in Domesday), unless, by chance, it should be the Betley near it. Chester was the port in those far-off days for persons crossing the Irish Sea; and the one road to Stafford ran hard by Bartholmey, which is itself actually on the Staffordshire border.

It is asserted by Ingulf that Bertelm afterwards went to Crowland, to be with the famous St. Guthlac, and that he remained with him in his Cambridgeshire fens until the elder solitary died in his arms. Of his life there, one semi-farcical and blood-thirsty incident is recorded by the good chronicler, but it need not detain us, as it is pretty certain that Ingulf confused Bertelm with Beccelin, known to have been one of the four disciples of St. Guthlac. What our hermit really did do, in the course of time, seems to have been this: he set out towards the more southerly domain of his father, and persuaded that noble to give him possession of Bethnei, where Stafford, the county town, now is, as an anchor-hold. But at Bethnei considerable disturbance soon arose. Erdeswick, an Elizabethan Protestant, makes the sympathetic guess that the young Bertelm may have been the butt of unregenerated neighbors and kinsmen, and "ridiculed for the severity and sanctity of his life." His father, who would have protected him, having died, the succeeding "King," or tribal chief, determined to drive the man of God away. In pursuance of this antagonism, he sent a champion warrior of gigantic size to wage combat against any single defender of Bertelm who should dare oppose the royal will. In answer to the saint's earnest prayer, there came from somewhere, according to the charming legend, an angel, a "little man" in white armor, who charged upon the giant

and overcame him! Bertelm, however, would not stay in the Bethnei thus won for him. Perhaps he now ran the risk of being held in too great esteem by those who flocked to his cell. The saint, at any rate, after the manner of saints, fled away, to more mountainous parts, going some sixteen or seventeen miles straight northeast. Half-way between Stafford, whence he is said to have started, and Ilam, where, having set up his tabernacle in the untenanted vale, he lived, labored, and died, is a village called Checkley. At Checkley there are some most extraordinary upright stones, chiseled on every side: these are now called, and have always been called by the inhabitants, the "Battle" stones. The word is surely a variant of "Bertelm." One may find it useful to remember that "er," in an English mouth, is never "ur," but something far more like "air," and frequently "ar." A "Bertelm" or "Bertel" stone was bound, under the wear and tear of language rapidly spoken, to become "Battle." That name, once formed and used familiarly, was bound, on its part, to breed folk-lore in its own uneducated neighborhood. And so among the common people all about Checkley, to this day, runs a tale, originally of three bishops, but latterly and more properly, of three kings, slain in an unidentified scrimmage of armed men! The provoking cause of it all is first the thousand-year-old popular label itself of the "Bertel" stones; secondly, the fact that there are three sculptured figures upon them. But to this point we shall recur.

At Ilam there are other stones unique in almost all respects, except that they are similar to those at Checkley. When the largest of these was discovered some seventy-five years ago, among the foundations of a cottage (probably consigned to that ignoble use at the Reformation) its presence there was not unknown: the people called that, too, a "Battle" of stone. There was little interest in archæology in those days; Checkley and Ilam had no intellectual communication; and it is impossible that the name could simultaneously in both villages have been invented by caprice. It is not uniformly wise to hang historical inferences upon place-names; yet one must recognize the very remarkable fact that a map of England is to this day marked all over with British, Danish, but more especially Saxon nomenclature, which is always worth study, and, in most cases, is richly significant. Says Dr. Browne

in his carefully worded and extremely valuable pamphlet on the subject (published by George Bell & Sons, London, 1888): "The straight line from Stafford to Ilam passes through Checkley about half-way, where are the only other stones like those at Ilam, and they are so like, in one remarkable detail after another, that it is quite certain there is a very close connection between them, such, for instance, as that a man wandering from Bethnei towards the recesses of the mountains might have stopped half-way to rest, and there set up sculptured stones, and then passed on to where now is the happy valley, and set up an almost exact copy of the stones he had left at Checkley."

Dr. Browne does not disturb his theorizing by remembering the existence, and the approximate resemblance, of other stones in the same district: those at Alstonefield and Norbury. All four are called by Mr. Romilly Allen "the Dove-dale sub-group of the larger Mercian group of pre-Norman crosses . . . priceless treasures of early Christian art in England." But it is quite true, though we know nothing of the exact chronology of any among them, that the double set of "Battle" stones stand together, and somewhat apart from the rest.

This stonework, may it not now very reasonably be believed to be, like much stonework of the morning of history, of a personal and even biographical character? Such is the tempting thought which besets those minds, naturally synthetic, who go through the annals of the world under a craze for putting two and two together. No reputable historian dare assert without proof (and proof will never be forthcoming) that the long-ago pilgrim of Checkley and hermit of Ilam, so recorded, with blunt instruments and through slow weeks or months, hints of his own sad human experience. But the probability must remain that he did so. The result is not conventional; no rules apply to it; such analogies as one can reach tend to confirm it. What are these hieroglyphics of a heart broken, then made whole in Christ, at Ilam?

There are three pillars and a baptismal font, of unknown antiquity; it might be a fair guess to attribute them to the eighth century, or thereabouts, and then be sure the date was too recent. One of the pillars, the smallest, is cylindrical and of red sandstone. All are broken and so greatly marred by time, weather, and misuse, that only a patient eye in a good

light can now make out the lines of the panels, which are in sections, and were once covered from top to bottom with carving. The ornament, were it symbolical once, or not symbolical, is in itself an absorbing study. Let it be enough to say here that that ornament consists chiefly of the old Etruscan key-pattern, the foliaginous scroll-pattern, rings and pointed loops, an arrangement of concentric circles and half-circles, and another interlacement, better known as the "Staffordshire Knot," which "has been used as a crest ever since there were crests." Serpents and bird-dragons also adorn the lower portions, in dim and nearly perished indentation. On two of the three pillars (the two which Dr. Browne suggests may have been set up at one time as the headstone and footstone of St. Bertelm's grave) are unmistakable human figures. They are very curious, being what is called "basket-work men." (Good accounts of these curious features of the pre-conquest crosses may be found in *Archæologia*, Vol. I., and in the *Journal of the Derbyshire Archæological and Natural Historical Society*, Vol. VIII.) The body is formed of inbraided bands, the ends passing up from the neck, making at the top a blank oval for the head, thus set as it were in a frame. There is no attempt to represent faces or even arms; but legs and feet, perfectly well-drawn, are appended to the interlacement, which ends at the knee. The whole is just such a convention as a very clever child might produce. Plait-work, especially the 8-figure, was used by the Romans in broad, unrelieved masses for the first five hundred years of the Christian era. The Celts, with their more subtle minds, brought it to greater perfection. The ancient Britons and their Druids were famous for their skill in basket-weaving, as Cæsar and the Roman poets tell us; and it does indeed seem probable that the early missionaries would urge their skillful converts to dedicate their peculiar art to the service of religion: wicker-work crosses would be a very natural result. (See a paper by Mr. G. J. French, *Journal of the British Archæological Association for 1859*, Vol. XV.) Among the early Angles stonecutting of this description would almost inevitably have been learned from the people whom they supplanted.

One only of these smaller figures on a south base in Ilam churchyard has arms, and with those short, stuck-out arms, themselves forming the ends of the knot which is himself, he firmly grasps his two long staves. "The early medieval paint-

ers represented hermits in coats of plaited reeds," Dr. Browne reminds us; and goes on to suggest that he would like to consider, if he dared, that the little figure was meant to represent "the original hermit of Ilam." There is also a strong suggestion of travel, of pilgrimage, about this primitively vigorous design. The other human beings are sculptured in threes, and, especially on the great mysterious Cross under the drip of branches in what is called the Ley, are fairly decipherable. They stand dressed in tunics to the knee, exactly alike, and very close together, head touching head, the six feet pointed one way. It has not been noticed by the few who write of such things, that the middle person is the tallest, and that of the others, one is appreciably less tall, and the other short by comparison. It has never been claimed, nor perhaps should it be, that here we have commemorated, in their rude forest dress, Bertelm, and the two loved beings whom he lost in so sudden and terrible a way. The design, if mere design it be, is thrice repeated, but the positions vary. The old Latin legendary states that the child slain by the wolf was but an infant newborn. However, the idea of sonship was very often conveyed under quite arbitrary forms, and as long as it did get conveyed, size and age went for little. This is true of almost all ancient art, and even of late medieval art, where the "chrisom-babes" of English tombs, set up chronologically in their tight little shrouds between other members of the same family, are often not appreciably smaller than their adult brothers and sisters, kneeling a-row. This lopped Cross just mentioned is not, of course, its original site. Some five minutes' walk away, is the churchyard (elder than the church) in which, at the end of his holy vigils, on the ninth of September, in some unrecorded year, St. Bertelm was buried, and the tall Cross was planted by his grave. The similar stones at Checkley, two in number, are now crowded up against the railing of a tomb, too close for a very successful inspection. But it is plain that on the reverse side of the larger one are three basket-work figures of varying heights, just as at Ilam; and below them, a design of three again. On the north side is what remains of a very long figure, alone, in the braided coat to the knee, with non-anatomical legs. Beside each foot is a round object difficult to identify. These might be called puddings or cannon-balls! But it is at least as possible to call them human heads.

Much knotted ornament adorns the surface. The next stone is quite as ornate. Only two figures, still rather boldly outlined, are distinguishable on two of its sides; but the coping is broken; the original design may possibly have held three. The west side of the column has the double row of three figures again. This constant playing, both at Checkley and at Ilam, on a design in which one, or two, or three persons figure indifferently, is rather curious.

The Ley at Ilam, where the Cross has stood since about 1835, is a remote, beautiful walk in the grounds of Ilam Hall, overhung by rocks and verdure. It is not without modern associations. Congreve, whose family were at one time seated there, wrote one of his amazingly brilliant but heartless comedies, and also his tragedy of "The Mourning Bride," in a leaf-hung recess of the natural wall. And a century later, Dr. Johnson hung over the foot-bridges, wondering disbelievingly at the perfectly attested natural phenomena under his feet: for there in the rock, gurgling up deep and cool, a few yards apart, the Hamps and the Manifold come from their underground caverns: each having entered its subterranean channel, three miles, and five miles, away. Drayton does not fail to note, in his accurate and quaint *Polyolbion*, how one stream lies here a moment in wait for the other, and then catches him "by the throat." The old bed of the river, bow-shaped, is there, too, now rather a sluggish backwater which dries up entirely in warm weather. But all this is a digression.

The interior of the church, to which we return, looks, thanks to the too-anxious intelligence of the "restoring" epoch, as if it had been built yesterday. It has some features good of their kind, but nothing of any interest comparable to that of the font and the shrine. The font is massive and rude, and has a deep band of absolutely distinct and almost barbaric sculptures, unique in their association, and all but unique in the presentation of any single figure. Between these are diverse pillars and capitals curiously grooved. Speculation about this font may well be endless. The one subject on it which will bear an authentic interpretation is the *Agnus Dei*, itself somewhat complicated by the extra and unusual symbolism of the Dove perched upon the top of the cross carried by the Lamb. Apart from a single inexpressive figure, with a looped belt, and the *Agnus Dei*, there are four incised representations

around the bowl which play into the hands of any one who comes to Ilam with the preconceived idea of finding memorials of St. Bertelm in everything old enough for the purpose which meets his eye. A certain monster with short ears, a long tail, and cloven, or rather fringed, hoofs, is repeated twice at full length. He may be a purely metaphorical concept; or he may be an historical annotation of a kind: for in one panel he is devouring a human head; in the other he holds, in a slightly different position, one human head in his jaws, and another under one of his vicious-looking forepaws. No explanation can be made to quite fit such a puzzle. Shall we say the whole thing is forgotten symbolism; or else that it bears upon a concrete tragedy? It seems to have passed unnoticed that the monster mauling the two heads has a slight noose or ring about three of his feet, which in the other sculpture are free. Need it be altogether absurd to surmise that such a feature may be meant to express the capturing of the Bartholmey wolf as he was in the act of accomplishing his second slaughter? If so, two delineations of the scene force us to assume that the crude artist could think of no way of conveying a record of the double destruction of mother and child, except by making the monster, as in a moving picture, first gnaw at one, and then, trampling that one under foot, seize upon the other. There is no appreciable difference in the size of the heads. The possible "heads" at Checkley seem to be a larger and a smaller one. Two more panels remain on the Ilam font. One has a skirted group, a man with a woman; his right hand is upraised, his right foot almost in a dancing attitude; his left hand closes on hers, which rests on the knot of her girdle. They are evidently going somewhere; the notion is clearly conveyed that he is the leader, and that she is being led willingly, as she inclines decidedly towards him. On the west side is a composition excessively primitive. Dr. Browne calls it a man "standing at ease." It certainly is not that, but a man under the greatest possible stress of grief, yet with hands clasped resignedly in front. The head is, in proportion to the body and the other figures on the font, enormous, and the turned-down corners of the large mouth have had blow after blow struck in deep, in order to emphasize their doleful expression. That expression is almost grotesque, but it is meant for nothing if not for heart-rending sorrow pure and simple. While it is

implied by no one that St. Bertelm himself made the font, the ornamentation on the isolated columns introduced into it is now known to date from very remote times, and as St. Bertelm is known locally as the founder of Ilam Church, the font may very well have been coeval with his life and death.

The one other thing associated with him in the place he once hallowed, is his grave. Though St. Bertelm was buried at his own Ilam, tradition has it that, centuries after he died, his body was borne back to Stafford, to a church dedicated in his honor, and under his name. And there, says the chronicle (whether at the translation or after it, or both, we know not), "the Lord made the lame to walk, the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, the blind to see . . . for love of the Blessed Bertellin." In the year 1486, when King Henry VII. was reigning, occurred there a renowned miracle: the complete restoration to sight of one Wilmot, a blind man, a cook by trade. It made such an impression that the contemporary writer of the legend concludes his manuscript by beseeching good Christians to pay increased veneration to so manifest a friend of God as "Bertellin." Dr. Plot makes the splendid guess (temp. Charles II.) that for that reason, and at that time, the shrine was set up at Ilam; and the architectural remains there surely bear him out. The gravestone lies in its old place. It had once been in the consecrated ground south of the first small church dedicated to the Holy Cross; when the church was added to, the builders were made to overarch and include the undisturbed sleeping-place of the saintly founder, only the upright crosses at head and foot being necessarily taken away. Even when the body was restored to Stafford, the Ilam priest and his people would have been sure to preserve relics; and these relics would have had their own feretory, and been set in an ornate and precious coffer on top of the existing base. The holes for the stanchions of the coffer yet remain, all around the stone sub-structure, in the well-lighted chapel to the south of the present chancel.

Shrines, or even parts of shrines, are far from common in England since "hateful Henry" put in such thorough work in destroying them. St. Edward's was spared at Westminster, and is entire, and in that unique, although all its glory is departed. The supports of St. Alban's shrine, those of St. Frideswide's, at Oxford, and those of St. Werburgh's, at Chester (in this

case only to be worked into the episcopal throne), have been found and pieced together; but, beyond these, there is no other base of a shrine extant except this far less-known one of St. Bertelm's. Unlike the two last, this has no lovely carving to delight the eye; but it resembles St. Edward's in having open quatrefoils through which devout clients might get access. In the case of St. Bertelm's, indeed, the approaches were made not only into a recessed shelter to harbor one through a night's vigil, or a day of prayer, as in Westminster Abbey, but here the quatrefoils were placed opposite and cut clear through, in order that the faithful might, if they wished to follow the penitential medieval custom, crawl in and out, over the actual burial-stone of their favorite saint. There are three of these large quatrefoils on each side of the altar-tomb, and one at each end; the old stone beneath, forming the floor of the structure, is ridge-shaped, six feet six inches long, and less than three feet broad, measured across the peak of the ridge. "There seems no reason to doubt," writes an authority already quoted, "that this stone covered the body . . . and that to this stone pilgrimages were made centuries before it was covered, as we now see it, and enclosed within the church." The stone has a rough and unequal surface; rubbings of it seem to prove pretty conclusively that at one time it must have been a mass of sculptures now obliterated.

At Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, some nine miles from Ilam as the crow flies, is a grave-cover familiar to antiquaries, which is shaped like this, but smaller, and which bears, carved all over its sloping sides, in bold relief, scenes from the nativity, public life, passion, and resurrection of our Lord, as like as can be to the great early Christian sarcophagi at Rome. The Saxon nobles were always traveling to Rome, and nothing would be more natural than for them either to bring home a sepulchral monument, or to copy what they had seen and admired in the Holy City. Had the Ilam stone been unincised to begin with, the generations, whose obsolete devotion prompted them to go over it on hands and knees, would undoubtedly have worn it to a smooth polish very different from its present lumpy and irregular appearance. Of the relics contained in the shrine proper, which must have stood upon the upper slab, we have no record. The little village in the dale lost these, in all probability, at the time of the national breach

with Christian unity, and lost with them its only real link with the world without. In its isolated beauty, it sees many a summer tourist whisking by in motor-cars which blanch the wild-rose hedges and profane the wayside streams. St. Bertelm, whose stormy youth was drowned in a torrent of sorrow, and whose mild, innocent age was passed in solitary communion with Him in Whom there is no shadow of change, seems far away indeed to the "tripper."

One point more. Every Catholic or Anglican reader, at some time or other, hears of a certain famous peroration in the series of *Lives of the English Saints* which Newman planned, and partly carried out, in his retreat at Littlemore. "And this is all that we know, *and more than all*—yet nothing to what the angels know—of the life of a saint of God who sinned and repented, and did penance, and washed out his sins, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven."

The passage just italicized has raised many a smile, friendly and otherwise. It was written of the Ilam saint; and it was not written, as many have supposed, by the young James Anthony Froude. The final authority on this subject is the Rev. Arthur Wollaston Hutton, editor of the six-volume reprint of the series which was published in London in 1901. Of the authorship of the passage in question, Mr. Hutton says (Vol. VI., p. 410):

John Henry, Cardinal Newman, the projector and, in the case of the first two numbers, the editor of this series, was the author of the *Life of St. Gundleus* (the Latin form of Gwynllyn), Hermit, and of the prose portion* of *St. Bettelin* (or Bertelin), Hermit, and possibly also of part of the *Life of St. Edelwald*. With regard to the authorship of *St. Bettelin*, Mr. C. Kegan Paul affirms that when he was an undergraduate (in 1845) it was commonly ascribed to Froude (who wrote *St. Neot*, that comes next in this series of *Hermit Saints*, which was issued as one volume), and, further, that it was commonly asserted that, in consequence of the touch of scepticism in the concluding sentence—"and this is all that is known, and more than all—yet nothing to what the angels know—of the life of a servant of God," etc. (Vol. III. p. 79), Newman had dubbed Froude Young Judas. Perhaps, how-

* The Scott-like ballad incorporated in the *Life* was by Dalgairns.

ever, the touch is rather humorous than sceptical; and Father Thurston, S.J., has pointed out that the gentle irony is instantly qualified; while, but for these words, the internal evidence is all in favor of Newman's authorship. Moreover, in a letter to the *Times* (27th December, 1897), Mr. Edward Bellasis has asserted that a letter in Newman's handwriting exists (he did not say where), in which his authorship of the *Life* is admitted. It is conceivable indeed that Froude in a cynical moment may have inserted the words "and more than all" when correcting Newman's proofs for him. But this is a mere conjecture, only suggested as accounting for the Kegan Paul tradition, and in itself unlikely, since Newman would at any cost have withdrawn the whole issue had such a trick been played on him. And he may very well have written the whole sentence as it stands; for, as Father Thurston also says, "the most devout must regard the story as mainly legendary."

Like Newman, Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., was never at Ilam, a lair of the beguiling spirit of poetry. His great scholarship might have received there some ticklish promptings towards "all that is known, and more than all," where a holy hermit called Bertelm was surely once an historical personality.

IN CARRA AND TIRAWLEY, COUNTY MAYO.

BY WILFRID ST. OSWALD.

II.—BY BALLINA AND CASTLEBAR.



NOT many miles, as birds fly, but miles many more of curving roadway, separate Crossmolina, on Conn's northern shore, from Ballina, a noteworthy town six miles from the estuary of the Moy, more easily reached from Pontoon by car via Foxford. Less mountainous, after passing the heights of Lissaniska, though hardly less rugged than the Moy country between Foxford and Pontoon, is the bleak land north of Foxford, a region rich in early religious memories; for there St. Patrick himself, once in danger of drowning in the swiftly flowing river near Bouleymadrick, south of Ballina, firmly planted the Faith, and founded, besides other churches in North Tirawley, those of Donaghmore, Killala, and Kilmore-moy; while local tradition has it that he baptized nine hundred persons at Tobernacreeva still further north. To St. Cormac, one of his successors in missionary work in Tirawley, is attributed the foundation of the Abbey of Killala which, though a great religious centre in the early days of Christianity, disappears from history in medieval times, probably from having been absorbed by one of the adjacent religious houses of later foundation.

If Ballina, as we know it, is of comparatively modern origin, dating only from the early years of the eighteenth century, when the Lord Tirawley of the time gave an impetus to local industry by establishing cotton and linen warehouses there, the district can have been by no means a desert in medieval days. The house of Augustinian hermits at Ard-narca on the Moyside, nearly opposite the modern town of Ballina, was founded before 1402; and coeval with it was the fine Franciscan Friary of Rosserk, now a venerable ruin, little more than five miles further north on the river bank; while

between Rosserk and Killala, also on the Moy, the Observantine Franciscan Friars had an important house at Moyne, founded in 1458 by Thomas Burke MacWilliam, and now in ruin, recalling more than a century of good work for God and the people. Some three or four miles yet further north was a Dominican Friary at Rathfran, a foundation of the de Exeters, dating from the thirteenth century. It would certainly seem, therefore, that before the dissolution of monasteries, these friaries by Killala Bay were, what we know the great Abbeys to have been elsewhere, not only centres of religious life and rural population but likewise hostels at which tarried traders as they entered or left the country, and wayfarers on their divers wanderings. In the days of the "MacWilliams of Mayo, great men in whose lands are many goodly harbors," there was commerce at Killala with France and Spain; and the road and river traffic on its way inland passed close by Moyne and Rosserk and Ardnarea; so that the site of Ballina was at all events in the track of the commercial activity which, here as elsewhere, was developing by seaboard and river, despite the continuous faction fights of rival local chieftains.

This part of the country comes into general history later on, in the Armada year, when of the twelve Spanish ships wrecked on the coast of Connaught four or five were cast on the rocky seaboard of County Mayo, and one of these was hurled ashore in North Tirawley, where William Burke of Ardnarea took seventy-two prisoners, and another strong man of the district was reported to have killed eighty Spaniards with his single gallow-glass axe alone. Neither then nor earlier do Spaniards seem to have been made welcome; nor is there any record or other evidence of Spanish settlements in Mayo, which in this matter is totally unlike its neighbor, County Galway.

Such prosperity as Ballina actually enjoys came to it apparently in the last century, when enterprising traders settled there, recognizing local facilities for carrying on the provision trade, which is still the town's most valuable commercial asset, though it is not without other sources of revenue connected directly or indirectly with the salmon fame of the Moy. On what we may differentiate as the Ardnarea bank of the river, is the Catholic Church, a modern Gothic building of fine pro-

portions, close to the ruins of an apparently ancient Gothic structure. A crowded post-office, busy banks, well-filled shops, a main street of generally slated houses, two of which are quite good hotels, give a look of prosperity to the Monday market days. The more interesting, if more humble, features are to be found in picturesque thatched houses and in the by-ways lined by barrows in refreshing topsy-turveydom of setting. Not far off goes on the greater business of the day, when after excited bargaining, which to unaccustomed ears seems to presage a fray, but is really merely good-humor and good business, crates of eggs, chickens, bleating lambs, and grunting little pigs change owners, and are triumphantly borne down the main street. Many were the French names and many more the French features we noted among the market day crowds at Ballina—reminders of bygone French trade, French raids, and French settlements in County Mayo, just as County Galway through its people speaks of Spain.

The last French raid in North Tirawley was also the last foreign invasion of the British Islands on August 22, 1798, when three French frigates suddenly appeared in Killala Bay, and landed about a thousand soldiers, veterans most of them, commanded by General Humbert, who issued a manifesto headed, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, Union," and proclaiming an Irish Republic. Gaining very few adherents among the peasantry on its way south, the invading army marched to Castlebar, and on the outskirts of the town surprised and defeated a small British force, when the laurels of the day were won by the valiant "Fraser Fencibles," a Scottish company of the vanquished army. The memory of this little battle lives in history under the name of the "Castlebar Races." Having sent to the French Directory a magnified account of his victory, Humbert issued another manifesto, proclaiming Castlebar the seat of the Republican Government of Connaught, and ordering every Irishman above the age of sixteen to repair to the French camp. Upon the prompt rallying of the British troops, however, Humbert wheeled off northward, and was overtaken and defeated, on September 8, at Ballinamuck, by Lord Cornwallis. That General Humbert's raid was intended to be the forerunner of more serious invasion, seems evidenced by the fact that, some weeks after his abortive fortnight in Ireland, several French frigates, having

on board more than five thousand fighting men destined to land in Donegal, were captured off County Mayo.

After skirting Cullin's water by a bleak mountain range, (whose name of seventeen letters baffles the capabilities of our Anglo-Saxon tongue), the nine miles of roadway between Pontoon and Castlebar pass through bleak bog-lands and stony wastes acquired of recent years by the Congested Districts Board, whose work is seen both in new roads connecting distant hamlets with each other and with the highway, and in a number of new houses. Of transient interest is the fact that this roadway was in the route of the raiders in 1798, that it passes the scene of the "Castlebar Races," described to us as "where once was a great battle between France and Ireland," and that a rude wayside cross marks the grave of a brave Irish peasant who, from his cottage door, fired at the whole company of French troops as they passed by, and was, of course, at once overpowered and killed. Here St. Patrick lived awhile, hard by the church he had built at Turlough itself.

Very little about its past tell the stones of Castlebar. The medieval fortress of the de Burgos, many times razed by their enemies and again rebuilt, and at a later period alternately held by the Binghamms and captured by their foes, Castlebar, as seen to-day, cannot in its oldest buildings be of earlier date than the eighteenth century, and it bears hardly a trace of its transient occupation by the French in 1798. Indeed, most of the town is much more modern, though it has a note of distinction usually associated with honorable record in earlier history. Castlebar stands serenely on the banks of the River Clydagh, prosperous looking, and almost guiltless of crime, for its assizes are innocent of local cases, while the weekly petty sessions hardly ever record any charge graver than an occasional "drunk and disorderly." Like Ballina, Castlebar has a fine modern Gothic Catholic Church by its riverside, but Clydagh's banks are of kinder earth than are the Moy rocks, and make a brave show of spreading trees.

Leaving them and noting, as we go, that streets wide and narrow, and shop-fronts great and small, have their names writ large always in Irish, and sometimes both in Irish and English, we are prepared to find that land richer than that near Conn and Cullin, lies south of Castlebar. The inviting prospect of seeing the sites or ruins of the Abbeys of Cong

(founded in 623 by St. Fechin of Fore) and of Mayo is, however, a possibility not yet actualized.* The famous Cross of Cong, now in the Dublin Museum, keeps alive the memory of the abbey where this witness to medieval Irish art was fashioned by one of the brethren early in the twelfth century. Interest of a different kind attaches to Mayo Abbey, which was founded in the seventh century by British monks from Inishboffin, where monasticism had been planted by Colman of Lindisfarne on his retirement from Northumbria, with a small body of monks. Mayo Abbey remained a great institution until the twelfth century; but the Columban House at Inishboffin was very soon lost to history. Still nearer Castlebar, and in the barony of Carra, are the Gothic ruins of Ballintubber, an Augustinian house founded in 1216 by King Cathal O'Connor,

In Carra too is Manulla, which takes us very far back into the old world, though we actually made acquaintance with it in most modern wise as a railway junction between Dublin and Foxford. "It's nothing to see, and it's nowhere to live; it's only a junction, is Manulla," we were assured by a railway official surprised at our interest in local lore. Not much is there to see, certainly; possibly there is nowhere to live, as he assured us; but there are memories of Manulla to hold in reverence—memories of St. Patrick who uncovered a dolmen built over the Holy Well of Manulla, in the presence of a crowd of Druids and other heathens of the country who had worshipped the Well. It was called Slan, and from it the church and parish were called Slanpatrick down to the sixteenth century. The uncovering seems to have marked the end of paganism, for the Druids and local tribes embraced Christianity. This is the last recorded incident of St. Patrick's tour in Mayo before his return to Meath. Surely there was inducement for us to bide awhile at Manulla, where Ireland's great Apostle had trod and tarried and brought to the people the glad gospel tidings of great joy.

* Cong is in the barony of Kilmaine; Mayo in the barony of Clanmorris.

THE PASSIONSSPIELE OF 1910.

AN IMPRESSION.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.



UP in the heavens the stars were keeping watch, and the quiet, fleet little Ammer tossed back their lights as she flowed beneath her low stone bridge. A something tense, expectant, unfulfilled, brooded in the air, as on the vigil of a great feast day. Within the quaint, thrifty shops of Oberammergau zealous tourists were accumulating pictures of the great play, or the peasants' handiwork in carved wood and pottery. Through the streets passed an ever-varying pageant: youthful couples in the heyday of the *lune de miel*; German families from up and down the Fatherland; English and Americans (those ubiquitous voyagers!); priests with their Roman collars—and priests equally recognizable without Roman collars; the alert, inquisitive Jew; a whole multitude of just and unjust men from every nation under heaven! All were eager, a few dreamful, as they threaded the dark yet sheltering streets of that picturesque Old World village. But at last the little streets are silent again; the most belated traveler has mounted, candle-lit, to bed. Only the unwearied moon, and upon Kofel's heights that towering cross, hold watch until the morning.

It is not long to wait. At five o'clock the sun is well risen, and a booming of bells, which might almost be heard across the Atlantic, calls the peasant actors to their Mass. The village is awake after that. Hour by hour the white-towered church is thronged with worshippers, and in the ancient graveyard, with its harvest of crucifixes, foreign men and women wander among the Oberammergauers of to-day and yesterday.

By eight o'clock we are gathered together in the huge, curious, mountain theatre, upon the curtain of which Michael Angelo's Moses breathes a silent message from the far-off Renaissance world. A few moments later the Prophet has given

place to a chorus of Guardian Angels—young men and maidens with honest, sunburnt faces, straight tunics of white, and vivid togas, which somehow harmonize into a sumptuous whole, primitive, barbaric, beautiful. Some of these, peradventure, have been our hosts of the night before; some may have served our breakfast this morning, and indeed shall return to serve our luncheon; for there is nothing more attractive in these peasant folk than the perfect simplicity and earnestness with which they turn from their sublime drama to the humble service of everyday.

Welcome to all, whom here the tender love
Of the Savior calls, mourning, to follow Him
Throughout His dolorous journey
To the place of His burial rest.

To Him lift up your heart! Lift up your soul!
Pray with us. Yea, pray as the hour draws nigh,
And the debt of our sacred vow
To Almighty God we pay!

Slowly, in a rhythm somewhere between plain-chant and primitive Wagnerian, the words float out upon the morning air, and the keynote of the Passionsspiele is sounded. The chorus draws back, and in the centre of the stage the Expulsion from Eden is revealed in tableau. There is a second symbolic group, the Adoration of the Cross; then the real action of the tragic play begins.

It is a street scene in Jerusalem. At one side rises the house of the High Priest, at the other the house of Pilate; but no premonitory shadow falls from either little tribune as the eager peasant crowd pours upon the scene. From every side they come thronging; men and women with simple, eloquent gestures, little children unspeakably lovely with their waving burden of palm—an endless and dramatic procession, the universal gaze focussed backward to some unseen central figure. There is a moment of fine suspense, while the pageant is arrested and every voice shouts its glad thrice-hail to David's Son. Then, very simply and quietly the Christus enters, a figure of surpassing dignity, already of surpassing pathos, riding upon the foal of an ass. God's sunshine is the only

limelight which falls upon the patient, manly face, the soft, light brown hair and beard, the sombre, serviceable vesture of gray. And there is nothing spectacular, nothing even sacerdotal about Anton Lang. There would seem a manifest purpose on the chief actor's part (as it were a *Domine, non sum dignus*!) to depict the *human* side of Jesus Christ—that Son of Man Who was also the Man of Sorrows!—as He must have shown to the dull eyes of His contemporaries. The eternal significance of it all is prefigured by symbol and allegory, by chorus and tableau: *he* comes not to be ministered unto but to minister! Only by inference, never directly, does the mystic Priest according to Melchisedech's order speak to us. And yet, one recognizes in the deep eyes of this Bavarian potter a something which knows the heart of man: which needs not that any should foretell the coming treachery and denial of these very throngs; which comprehends—with sadness, indeed, but without surprise—and which still blesses!

In silence, upon every side, the benediction is given. Then the scene changes suddenly, and in a storm of righteous wrath the traders and money-changers are driven from the Temple. An admirable Teutonic deliberation (very conspicuous to nations of other blood) marks not only the anger with which Jesus cleanses his Father's house, but likewise the indignant protests of merchant and priest. But *Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord*, persist the children and the populace, as David's Son withdraws into the inner court to pray. And meanwhile, without, is inaugurated that intricate drama of hatred and destruction which is so tirelessly developed during the following hours. "Children of Israel, will you cease to be God's chosen people?" cry the infuriated Jewish hierarchy. Innovation and sacrilege are urged—the curse of Jehovah—the practical argument of interrupted traffic; and a great council of deliberation is planned for the coming night. Mournful and ominous becomes the burden of the chorus; while a symbolic tableau, representing the sons of Jacob conspiring against Joseph, ushers in Act Second, the Plot of the High Council. It is a scene of high dramatic power, acted out with astonishing truth and vigor. The smiling urbanity of the fair-haired Caiphas, the less effectual, more aged and querulous expostulations of Annas, the alternate craft and desperation of the various priests and mer-

chants, combine to color a scene singularly real, and destined to bear its fruit with tragic promptitude.

But we are soon far off in spirit from the contentious plotters of Jerusalem. A touching little tableau brings before us the departure of the young Tobias; again, the Bride of the Canticles is seen mourning for her Beloved. One of the chorus—a little peasant maid quite ripe for human love, feeling strongly but a trifle shamefaced—steps forward to sing that plaintive, piercing, sweet refrain:

Wo ist er hin, wo ist er hin,
Der Schöne aller Schönen?

What does it all mean? one questions. Just—Bethany! Who shall say what spirit of poetry, profound and immemorial, has revealed to these humble people the hidden symbol of human love? Perhaps it was the intuition of a faith at once vivid, simple, and practical; perhaps it was Mary at the foot of the Cross!

Jesus, walking with his little band, approaches the scene. He is trying by quiet reiteration to warn the mystified apostles of the sorrow which shall overtake them at Jerusalem. Then Simon, the quondam leper, comes forth to welcome this Best of Teachers to his home; while Lazarus, Martha, and Mary Magdalen press about him in adoring greeting. Together, for the last time, they sit at table. It is a strangely evangelical scene: yet as we gaze at the simple breaking of bread, at the box of precious ointment spilt by the penitent Magdalen, at the baffled questioning of these toil-worn disciples, we are not thinking solely of the Gospel story. We are thinking of painted Tuscan canvas and painted Gothic glass—of all the centuries of patient art which have striven to immortalize the scene now being lived before us!

But Jesus is rising from the table. A weight of sadness and apprehension lies upon the faithful friends who crowd about him for farewell; to the women, Martha and Magdalen, comes a clearer foresight of this terrible journey. And then the one supremely pathetic figure of the Passion Play draws near—Mary, searching for her son! It is a wistful, tender, German Maria, youthful and very piteous as she flutters into the arms of Jesus. So soon the crown of sorrow is to rest

upon her bowed head, so soon the seven-times sharpened sword shall find its scabbard in her heart! The brief colloquy is poignantly natural and unoratorical. He goes to Jerusalem—whither once, as a little babe, she bore him in her arms!—to fulfill the will of his Father. The nature of that divine will, the extent of the coming sacrifice, are in this moment perfectly revealed to mother and to son. Mary has but one prayer, that she may follow her Well Beloved into the fierce struggle—on to death itself. And it is granted her. “Thou shalt combat with me my death-combat,” says the Knight of the Cross, “with me shalt thou celebrate the victory. Therefore be comforted.” And now we are thinking not at all of art, whether in pigment or marble, but just of the woman’s voice which rings out suddenly, brokenly: “O God, give me strength that my heart may not break!”

In every part of the Passion Theatre men and women are sobbing, as the infinitely suffering Christus gathers together his disciples, and hastens away from this Mother of Sorrows. *For He set his face to go up to Jerusalem!* And she, half-swooning, gazes after her son. Is there little hint here of the Deipara, the priestess who shall yet “stand” at Calvary’s foot, offering up her sacrifice with his? Peradventure: and yet this bowed and weeping figure is she who will lead many up to the heights of the Cross. *Regina Cæli, Regina Mundi*, we have learned to call her. But the wise, simple Bavarian folk have realized an equal truth: after all,

“A woman is a little thing,
And in things little lies her comeliness.”

As the drama unfolds, there are perhaps half a score of scenes which strike the mind like a thunderclap for their power and their poignancy. No one can forget the character study of Judas, so consistently and dramatically portrayed by that veteran actor, Johann Zwink—the father, as it happens, of this year’s Maria! It is not a subtle conception; it is not, as a fallen apostle, wholly credible; yet there is a haunting reality about this awkward, sinister, mercenary peasant. He is the *little* villain. He questions and soliloquizes and excuses himself. He is semi-humorous at moments—like the medieval devil, like the Gothic gargoyle! He is pushed on, half-hearted,

unwilling yet unresisting, from sin to sin: from doubt to treachery, from treachery to betrayal; then at last, Orestes-like, to despair and the final blackness. He is everywhere; he haunts the scene, never an evil angel, not even an evil genius, but a miserable human creature bound to destroy the Light he cannot comprehend. He is the discord in the harmony of Redemption, the tiny switch which wrecks the working of Eternal Love, the fissure through which the floods of Hate overflow. And withal, he is so humbly indigenous, so inevitably a part of the tragic story!

It is at the Last Supper that the terror and the pity of Judas Iscariot are borne in upon our souls. The apostles have fallen into one of their frequent disputes over supremacy, and while they question who shall be greatest in the kingdom of their Master, Jesus rises and lays aside his outer garment. Taking towel and basin, he kneels at the feet of Simon Peter; and that fathomless humility, which precept had not availed to teach, is driven home by one symbolic act. After Peter's vehement protest, there is no spoken word. In silence the Christus passes from apostle to apostle, prostrating his body for this most lowly service, while behind the scene women's voices are heard in solemn chant. There is scarcely a more beautiful moment in Anton Lang's entire conception. The wide, sorrowful sympathy of his eyes, the grave and unconscious grace of his movements, find their foil in the baffled surprise, the shame, the breathless expostulation of his peasant followers. The scene is as real as a sacrament to these men of Oberammergau; from the eyes of one white-haired disciple the tears are falling as the Son of Man kneels at his feet; and a thrill of responsive emotion shakes the vast audience.

All the while Judas, grimly mute and unresponsive, seems to stand as representative of those countless souls for whom the whole stupendous sacrifice must be offered in vain. Into the Christus' face he looks uncomprehendingly; from his reluctant hands he receives Communion when the primal Mass is offered up; the aching pity of his eyes falls upon him in rebuke. Involuntarily, one turns with a shudder from the prolonged sacrilege! And then, the cryptic words of dismissal being spoken, this son of darkness passes out—into the night!

"Kinder, meine kinder," Lang's voice proceeds with grave and encompassing tenderness, while the sublime Johannine

discourses fall from his lips: "*By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another. . . . Arise, let us go hence!*"

Perhaps the most dramatic of the old prophetic tableaux, which invariably precede these Gospel scenes, is that foreshadowing the betrayal in Gethsemane. It represents the slaying of Amasa in a desolate waste of Gibeon; and the lament of the chorus is taken up in echo by the surrounding rocks, lone witnesses to Joab's crime. One wonders which of the many hands that have gone into the building of the Passion Play—monk, meistersinger, or village *parochus*—may be responsible for this crude but finely poetic touch? And, listening to the solemn and impassioned strains of the music, one conjures up a vision of that one-time schoolmaster of Oberammergau whose genius was responsible for the score.

But the day wears on. The stillness and the heat of early afternoon are upon the actors as they tread the Way of the Cross. The endless arguments and inquisitions of the high priests, the wavering of Pilate, the cool mockery of Herod, the shouts of the blind populace, are over at last. Sentence has been passed: the Man of Sorrows, thorn-crowned and marred by his scourging, has stood forth, a spectacle to men and to angels. And now we see him falling there beneath the weight of the cross upon his shoulders—falling, and rising again, and staggering on without a murmur. It might almost seem that the summit of endurable agony had been attained by this terrible realism; did one not know that the extreme and ultimate of suffering is never reached until the victim *smiles!* Alas—the chalice is to know even that fulfilling! For at this moment Mary comes once again upon the scene, pressing toward Jesus in spite of those who would spare her mother's eyes the final tragedy. Seeing her, he halts: and which of us, in meditating upon the Fourth Station of the Cross, had conceived the pure and perfect pathos of the smile which for that second illumines Anton Lang's white face? Mother and son behold each other in an anguish of love too profound for word or sign. Then the crowd surges between them, and separately they travel on toward the Place of the Skull.

The ominous, pitiless stroke of the hammer falls upon our senses as, a little while before, the counting of Judas' coins

had fallen in the Temple treasury. It is the hoof of victorious Hate galloping apace; the blasphemous peal of Pandemonium suddenly audible to Christian ears! Not one detail of the deicide drama is forgotten. He is hanging there between two thieves, while the soldiers cast lots for his raiment, and the Jewish priests mock the impotence of him who, having saved others, cannot save himself.

Well, and all our lives we Catholics have been looking up at the crucifix! We have thought upon that Head bowed beneath its thorns; we have contemplated the Sacred Blood; we have kissed the wounded Feet. Why, then, does a sudden tremor of pain shake us—why is the heart faint all at once from the undreamed shock? Because the human *eyes* of the crucified are gazing straight into *our eyes*! Tearless, but dark with pain, they look down upon us, wearily, patiently, eloquently. They speak to us as once, by awful miracle, the crucifix spoke to Thomas of Aquino. For the reverent consecration of Anton Lang has won its own reward: into the man has passed something of the yearning, the pity, the infinite understanding of his God!

Consummatum est. The black-robed chorus has chanted its dirge; Joseph and Nicodemus are taking the still form down from his cross, even as the sun sinks down to twilight and to dusk. "Once again the beloved son rests in his mother's arms!" murmurs the youthful St. John, as the first Pietà is revealed to us; and quietly the last piteous ministry is performed. They do not at any moment *overact*, these calm yet impassioned Bavarian folk—least of all throughout the final scenes. Already they would seem to anticipate the peace so terribly purchased. And we ourselves no longer weep. The heart-subduing tragedy of Oberammergau has left us awed and speechless; clutching hard at the Faith once delivered to the saints—and to the sinners—of an Older World.

The curtain falls: rises again for a vision of the ascendant Christ; then, as if loath to shut him from our eyes, sinks slowly back into place. And so, with resurgent Hallelujahs, ends the Passionsspiele of 1910.

Not to favored Italy, not to fair, long-faithful France, not to the proud and loyal Spaniard, was it given to hand down this heritage of medieval Christendom; but to the quiet mountain folk of Southern Germany—"the pious Ammergau people,"

as good King Ludwig called them, "who have adhered to the customs of their fathers." Upon their little town has fallen, and is borne triumphantly, the mantle of York and Chester, of Towneley and Coventry, to mention but our English cycles of the great religious drama. And what a living, prevailing thing this Bavarian mystery is—nowise an experiment in aesthetics or archæology; not even, upon its own ground, an exotic; least of all a deliberate, mercantile revival! All the world knows the history of the votive drama. Back in 1633, while the Thirty Years' War was raging, a deadly pestilence threatened to annihilate Oberammergau; and the men and women swore then to perform the "Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ" once in every ten years if the good God stretched forth His hand to save. What if the Passion Play, which wrought once that miracle upon the body, works still upon the spirit of this people? We may, as we choose, explain the curious, apostolic, yet wholly human charm of the peasant actors. But how other than miraculous shall we name that blessed and beautiful phenomenon which has preserved a whole community from the sophistication, the unrest, the unbelief of that modern world which every decade knocks tumultuously at its gates?

TAULER'S PLACE AMONG PREACHERS.*

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



TAULER'S mortal remains, relics we would fondly call them, are still to be visited in Strassburg, his natal city. They rest where they were reverently placed by his brethren in what was then the Dominican Church, and now is a public library. On his ancient gravestone is seen sculptured the figure of a friar in his Order's habit, slender in frame and of refined, delicate features, different from the burly, spiritual athlete his powerful, vehement sermons generate in our imaginations. Above his head is carved the Lamb of God, towards which this faithful herald of divine union is pointing with his long finger. On Tauler's breast is placed a crown. His brother Dominicans would thereby express his triumph in the holy warfare for Christ and His Church, which he so dauntlessly waged in the stormy era in which Providence cast his lot.

Our readers are aware that Tauler has been loudly claimed by Protestants as a forerunner of Luther. But so has many another powerful preacher and writer of the two centuries preceding the Reformation. Whatever makes for Christian virtue in a Catholic teacher's writings is claimed as good Protestantism, while what makes for Catholic obedience is ignored, or it is explained away as a weak and momentary yielding to an evil environment.

Thomas à Kempis, a teacher who, from striking identity of expression, seems to have drunk deep of Tauler's sermons—which were preached only two generations before the appearance of the *Imitation*—is acclaimed by many Protestants as a true reformer of Luther's stamp. Tauler was, indeed, a reformer, but he was one like St. Bernard, whom some Protestant writers have not blushed to place in Luther's and Calvin's unsavory company. In the same spirit Fenelon and

* *The Sermons and Conferences of John Tauler, of the Order of Preachers, surnamed the Illuminated Doctor, being his Spiritual Doctrines.* First complete English Translation, with Introduction and Index, by Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers. Brookland Station, Washington, D.C.: The Apostolic Mission House. 812 pages, \$3 net.

even St. Francis de Sales are picked out and separated from the Church as being more Protestant than Catholic, because, forsooth, though they were stalwart missionaries of the truest Catholicity, they won all Europe's admiration for their gentle virtues. Nay, is not Christ Himself set up as founder of the motly congeries of societies, which, with their ever varying succession of errors, are called Protestantism?

Tauler in the very midst of the direst confusion of religious affairs, namely, at the time of the great interdict, demands obedience to ecclesiastical authority thus: "Men must conform themselves to the Holy Church humbly and patiently, with souls resigned, with most cheerful willingness, obeying with voluntary and docile subjection all the regulations and the doctrines proposed to them by preachers from the pulpit." Adverting to the presence of evil men in places of Church authority, he quotes our Lord's directions to His disciples to obey the Scribes and Pharisees who sat in the chair of Moses, however unworthy they might personally have been. And he reaches the very limit of Christian conformity when he says that: "Men must not only hearken to the voice of their heavenly Father speaking within them, but also to that of their mother the Holy Church speaking to the outward ear, for these two voices are one; therefore he who hears not their voices will perish eternally." And he drives this home by saying: "The voice of our Father sounds to us by the voice of our mother the Church, in all her doctrines, precepts, and counsels." The document from which these extracts are taken was written in 1348, and was a sort of address or rather admonition, published by Tauler for common circulation during the painful troubles of the great interdict. According to even the best Protestant authorities it is unquestionably genuine. It serves also to disprove the claim of earlier Protestant critics, that Tauler openly disobeyed the interdict, though that accusation is amply refuted by other and more direct evidence. A multitude of quotations of the very same spirit as those given above might be made from the Sermons.

The good in our own day of sermons modeled on Tauler's, and preached with his energetic sincerity, is shown by the character of the people he addressed; for there is much resemblance between the Rhineland Catholics of the fourteenth century and many a Catholic congregation of our own times.

Our people are not, indeed, actually infected with heresy, as were many of Tauler's contemporaries, but they are often somewhat tainted by the errors prevalent now-a-days. The clergy too readily forget that the men and women, sitting peacefully in the pews before them for a half-hour's Sunday discourse, spend all their week days in the midst of a population wholly separated from Christ's true religion, who, though not always hostile to, are yet totally ignorant of, Catholicity. Meantime they incessantly talk error; and they loudly maintain their right to question and reject any and all religious teaching, even Christ's own. And many of them have the easy glibness of scepticism, proposing indiscriminately every kind and quality of doctrinal difficulty, nor tarrying long enough to hear the solutions. Catholicity's official exponents must, therefore, supply our people with a good quality of teaching, delivered with force as well as kindness. A better model than the Illuminated Doctor for all this could hardly be desired.

Truly does the attitude of the figure on the gravestone typify Tauler's drift and tendency: direct discipleship of Christ, the Lamb of God; and his Dominican habit, as well as his ascetical features, proclaim the militant Catholic spirit that inspired him. His sermons are simply saturated with dogmatic Catholicity. To one in the least degree acquainted with St. Thomas and the earlier schoolmen, Tauler is immediately revealed as the perfection of a preacher trained in Catholicity's best atmosphere. Therefore he gives a finished product of mental culture. It is, indeed, simply the Gospel of Christ as embodied in His Church's dogmas and precepts; but it is advanced with those irresistible appeals to reason that distinguish the disciples of Aquinas, the angelic reasoner of the schools.

Like one of his successors in the long line of Dominican orators, Lacordaire, Tauler's power of exhibiting divinely certain truth and divinely attractive virtue, is exerted with the ease of a perfectly trained and entirely sanctified intellect. In the case of the modern Frenchman, it is framed and adorned with the refinement of taste which must minister to the sceptical Parisian audience of the nineteenth century; in the case of the medieval friar, it is the blunt, even brusque audacity of the master of a ruder people, dominating congregations of the arrogant German burghers of the fourteenth century.

No man can better impart the dogmas and maxims of Christ's gospel than one who has fathomed them by the scholastic method. Exception can be allowed for men of the supreme class, like St. Augustine among the Fathers, and Newman among moderns, a class made capable both by highest natural endowment and the grace of a special vocation, of being a method and a training unto themselves. But even these are better imitated by a school-trained mind than by one vainly striving to emulate their inimitable personal endowments. Tauler, then, imparts truth with the precision of a schoolman and the force of an apostle. He ends discussion because he is a reasoner, trained to be at home with reason's noblest heroes, familiar with reason's restiveness under authority, beginning and carrying to a finish the process of imparting a positively sane and sound religious belief. This is because the schools have fully revealed to him the ancillary and yet necessary office of reason ministering to divine faith and love.

The atmosphere of his time was just as palpitant with the doubts and scruples of independent thinkers as is that of our own day. And his success shall be ours, if by study of his sermons we assimilate his union of respect for reason and adoration of faith. To sway men's souls by downright personal force, projecting the divine message of penance for sin and love of Christ into hearts as unwilling as they are depraved—to achieve this high victory is the aim of all real preaching. The study of Tauler imparts both the spirit and the method of this high vocation.

Thus the depth of Tauler's learning and the clearness and conciseness of his style, are due to his training in the schools; the resistless force of his discourses is due to his native fearlessness and earnestness, driven on by the graces of his vocation; the peculiar charm of holiness so plain in them, is due to their author's mysticism. What is known in literature as mysticism is nothing else than an assemblage of the glimpses and hints and fragments of the inner history of saintly souls telling of their immediate contact with God. It relates to spiritual conditions lying beyond natural mental activity.

These, when carefully arranged, and when illustrated by comment and interpretation, form all that we know of the borderland between earth and heaven. Thus mystical theology is the Apocalypse of heaven's *atrium*.

No wonder that the better class of minds are fascinated with these curious chronicles; they tell of the satisfaction of the deepest want of created nature, immediate and blissful union with the creator; and the narrative is filled with events and with teachings, as startling and as poetical as they are instructive. Into this dreamland of God Tauler was personally ushered in his earlier public life, first by holy members of his order, and afterwards by the mysterious layman who disillusionized him about his style of preaching. He has been accused of mystical excess in his treatment of the more recondite degrees of prayer—unjustly and vainly accused. And furthermore, it is actually his mysticism which makes him the powerful persuader that he is. This is easy to demonstrate.

He is always quoted as an authority in practical asceticism as well as in mystical theology, even by such a quiet minded soul as St. Francis de Sales, and by as exacting a critic as Bossuet. The former thus speaks of him to St. Jane Frances de Chantal soon after assuming her spiritual direction: "For meditation books I recommend the spiritual exercises of Tauler and the Meditations of St. Bonaventure, truly excellent works, which it is impossible to use without being enlightened and affected, and which have been too much neglected in these latter days."

It is precisely because he is a mystic that Tauler's doctrine is always so very spiritual, dealing with the essential principles of religion; and for the same reason it is very direct, inducing an immediate access to God and showing the way to obtain it. For both of these high qualities require a more than ordinarily familiar acquaintance with divine things, namely, an experimental knowledge, which alone can guarantee an appreciative description of them. How can this really be had but by supernatural insight? Now the mystical state is variously defined as: "An experimental knowledge of God, obtained through the embrace of unitive love." Again: "A most divine knowledge of God, imparted to us through ignorance, and resulting from such a union that the soul, holding itself apart from all things, is united to the Eternal Splendor, and illuminated by the light of Wisdom."

Not by men and their words, therefore, is the best knowledge of God's messages either learned or imparted, but rather by mysterious inner experiences and secret sensations of the

nearness of the Infinite. Tauler was thus taught, as, indeed, had been taught the Apostles themselves, who learned how to preach better from their ten days' seclusion in the upper chamber, ending with the fiery mysticism of the Holy Spirit, than in their three years' company with the Son of God in a life limited to union with Him through the external senses. So was Moses taught; he was but an ordinary militant and public spirited Hebrew, till he saw God face to face. Then he was made at once both the meekest and most fearless of men, and chosen to be the Lord's lawgiver.

Such a teacher is every saint whose vocation is to preach and to write. Though Tauler is not canonized, he surely ranks with Blessed Henry Suso and St. Vincent Ferrer, of his own venerable order, and St. Bernardine of Siena and St. John Capistran, of the Franciscans, all of whom were called by God to oppose identical evils and satisfy identical aspirations.

This does not mean that Tauler simply amazed and mystified his hearers. No; he threw a brilliantly certain light upon the ordinary obligations of a Christian life, the keeping of God's commandments, and the reception of the sacraments of Holy Church. Especially did he continually point out the Christian's steps along the rough road of self-denial leading to Calvary. We believe that in all the great sermons in sacred literature, scarcely any will be found superior in power, more vivid in coloring, more unaffectedly pathetic, and withal more plainly practical, than those of Tauler on Christ's Passion. No one can read his First Sermon for Good Friday, without learning a spiritual doctrine so high, so penetrating, and withal so entirely realistic, as to make him thank God for such a preacher, one so pure of heart in the highest mystical sense, one who has seen so deep into the heart of God.

No theme better pleased this downright, simple-minded disciple of the Crucified, than the world's great event of Calvary. If he often led his hearers, whose rough natures he loved so dearly, into the serene regions of contemplation, it was always that he might lead them back again to the pathetic scenes of Good Friday, by turns consoling and firing their hearts, soothing and arousing their sensibilities, with his indescribably powerful appeals. Over and over again are we led by this master of silent prayer, from the high altitudes of contemplation into the uproar of the Lord's crucifixion, the tumults and clamors

and curses and prayers of Calvary. Nothing can exceed his vividness and pathos in his discourses on our Savior's sufferings and death.

It is by contemplatives alone that Calvary can be most correctly interpreted. Men who have been thrust into the fires of inner penance, and humbled and elevated and refined by Truth unveiled, are the best exponents of the death of God's Son. By such teachers does God rule this world for its saving. Who can tell the things of God equal to one who has an "experimental knowledge of God obtained through the embrace of unitive love"? It is the transit from the mystery of the Eternal Splendor of the deity enjoyed in supernatural prayer, to the infinite mystery of the deity's charity on Calvary.

Much the same may be said of the sermons on the Eucharist. In all of his discourses we are nourished by the strong food of God in the banquet of the interior life, and his words are always a rich repast, making the soul's virile blood. But the outward banquet of God in His Son's holy Supper is continually spread before us in the most attractive manner. In his many sermons on the Eucharist, and his countless references to it in other sermons, the frequent reception of holy Communion is joined with interior cleansing and refreshment as cause with effect. And one is astonished to find in Tauler's views about frequent Communion, a striking forecast of the beneficent legislation of the present Sovereign Pontiff on that subject.

The standing objection to mystical teachers is that their influence is a dreamy substitute for sensible, solid, Christian conduct. But even a superficial acquaintance with Tauler corrects this delusion perfectly. If he never said a word about the loftier states of prayer, his purely practical discourses would make him a great doctor of the spiritual life which is led by all reliable Catholics. But no such discourses could ever be conceived or delivered with the resistless compulsion he was master of, except by one who was a mystic.

Such a one, moreover, is the best corrector of unquiet devotionism, and of the delusions incident to misdirected pious observances. A man who has dealt directly with Christ in the higher kind of prayer is the right guide for those who confide overtrustingly in the wayside means of grace, and seem to rate the sacramentals higher than the sacraments, even pre-

ferring self-assumed pious obligations to God's commandments.* Devotional expansiveness usually exists at the expense of volume in the soul's life. Few rivers are copious enough to have both a deep channel and a wide outspread of waters. Not great area of pious observance but depth of motive, and of feeling, real strength, love, well-matured meekness and obedience, these are needed, if one is to be true to God under trials and safe under temptation. Christians must concentrate on a few great observances at the expense of many little ones. A royal supremacy must be ever yielded to the use of the Sacraments and the established worship of Holy Church, avoiding as a pest that "get-rich-quick" spirit which easily deludes the spiritual indolence of shallow or cowardly minds.

Tauler's discourses everywhere enforce this duty of emphasizing the essentials of religion. Practises of piety, outside of those that are common and approved, or such as are of obligation by one's state of life, are always discountenanced and sometimes roughly handled by him. Sobriety of taste in choosing voluntary devout practices is inculcated, and an iron adherence to one's rule of life and the guidance of superiors, is insisted on. Herein is Tauler most excellent spiritual reading for souls earnestly striving for perfection. Their bane is halting at the means when they should hurry onward to the end, which is entire conformity to Christ and God. With such persons devotions too often breed devotionism. The holiest practices are performed with a view to an exact record, so as to mark a mechanical progress in perfection; rather this than simply to deepen the love of God and make more effectual the love of one's neighbor. The result is not only a monotonous routine of spiritual existence, but too often obstinate self-will and vicious pride of opinion. Many a time does Tauler lead us step by step along the downward way trod by such souls, the way to ruin. We can hardly conceive of better descriptions of exactly how it happens, that men and women spend years doing good things and yet finally become bad

* But we sometimes meet with a type of universal devotionism which is no hindrance to safe and sound piety. There are souls who are enrolled in all accessible societies, eagerly run about to all shrines, and seek for all possible miraculous favors (mostly for others' sake rather than their own), nor feel the least embarrassment in the company of the panicky mass of inferior spirits. Yet on close acquaintance they are found to be high-minded in motive and of a truly Christian liberty of spirit. These, we say, are met with, but yet rarely, marvels of the union of solidity of virtue with versatility of religious taste, capable both of enjoying heavenly delicacies and gorging on the fodder of plebeian natures.

Christians, or at least totally fail to become good ones. With painful but most instructive minuteness, and with merciless honesty, he traces the declining path of a devout soul, gradually grown to be heady and disputatious, finally arrogant and intolerably censorious and quarrelsome; all from love of the devotional sweetness enjoyed in pious practises, undertaken without counsel and persevered in from motives of spiritual gluttony.

Tauler shows us how to sift the chaff of externalism from the wheat of interior meaning in the routine exercises of a devout life. Nothing is to be found in any single one of these seven score of sermons, save the pure evangel of interior virtue. He incessantly deals with motives of action. Reasons for conduct are his theme everywhere. Back and forth between God and the Church's teaching and worship, is the unvarying movement of souls under his spell. That this whole big book is free from monotony, is due not to variety of topics—though he loves to lead us from end to end of the Church's vast repertory of truth—so much as to the fertility of his imagination, and his dexterous and copious, his bold and novel, use of Scripture in treating of ordinary truths and commonplace duties. But the result is ever the same: interior virtue and external observance are blended into the unity of a Christian life as reasonable as it is supernatural.

Seek far and wide as you please, you will hardly find among the most venerable of our teachers, a better expositor of the spirit of religion dominating our outward life. More powerful invectives against conditions in which the lack of interior virtue produces a barren outward observance, cannot be imagined. That life should be holy externally, belief must be as sincere of heart as profession is loyal to the Church's spirit. Yet, with all his energy, Tauler is as gentle with timid souls as a mother with her babes, even when he is crowding them forward into the narrow ways of the Gospel. In fact his most vehement effort is bent to the inculcation of the more kindly and yielding virtues, a policy quite befitting an age and race, almost wholly given up to the barbarities of war. But it is hardly necessary to say, that in teaching the softening virtues of patience and meekness and obedience, it is without lesion to the stalwart manliness of an aggressive Christianity, exhibited both in resistance to public evil doing,

and in the practice of virtue in the face of all kinds of private difficulties.

Here, then, is all Tauler in a nut-shell. Detachment from mundane things, and entire abandonment to the loving care of Providence; such is his beginning of an earnest career of perfection. Upon this follows his wise counsel for that period of interior trial, in which God calls on the soul to love Him disinterestedly, rising above joy or sorrow as motives of inner or outer allegiance, thoughts of hell and heaven being relegated to a lower order of incentives to virtue and aversion from vice. Next comes an intense inner striving after divine sanctification, in distinction to over-reliance upon outward devotional practises. The powers of the soul, nay its very essence, are discovered as the field of God's best and therefore of His direct and immediate activity in the work of our sanctification. The practical means for responding to the divine purposes, are then plainly shown to be religious retirement and silence, meditation and devout reading, humility, self-denial in all its forms, the guidance of wise and peaceful spirits: all nourished by the frequent and wisely directed use of the sacraments.

The reader can easily trace this brief syllabus of Tauler's doctrine of a devout life, in his famous Interview with the beggar. It is not to be relied on as a record of fact, but it is undoubtedly a true if an allegorical summary of our great preacher's scheme of the highest perfection.

The Interview of Master John Tauler with a Beggar. There was once a famous master of holy learning, who for eight years prayed God to send him a man able to teach him the way of truth. It happened one day that this longing was more than usually earnest within him. And presently he heard a voice from on high saying: "Go forth to the church door, and thou shalt find the man thou hast been looking for." Going to the church door, the master met a beggar there. He was in a miserable plight, his feet covered with mud, and all his tattered clothes not worth three pennies. The master said: "Good-day, my friend." The beggar: "I never remember to have had a bad day my whole life long." The master: "May God grant thee prosperity." The beggar: "I have never known adversity." The master: "Well, then, may God make thee happy." The beggar: "I have never been unhappy." The master: "At any rate, may God save thee. And I beg thee to speak more

plainly to me, for I do not catch thy meaning." The beggar: "Thou didst bid me good-day, and I answered that I have never had a bad one. In fact when I am hungry, I praise God; when I am cold, or it hails, or it snows, or rains, if the air is clear or foggy, I praise God. If I am favored by men or despised, I praise Him equally. And all this is why I have never known a bad day. Thou didst wish me prosperity, and I answered that I have never known adversity, for I have learned to live with God, and I am certain that all that He does can be naught but good. Therefore, all that happens to me that is pleasing, or the contrary—sweet or bitter—I receive from Him as being very good for me. Thus I have never been in adversity. Thou hast wished me happiness, and I answered that I have never been unhappy, for I have resolved to fix my affections only on the divine will. Hence it comes that I desire only what God desires." The master: "But what wouldst thou say if God would will to cast thee into hell?" The beggar: "God cast me into hell? If He did it, I would embrace Him with my two arms. With the arm of humility I would embrace His sacred humanity, and with the arm of love, I would embrace His divinity. And would thus force Him to descend with me into hell. For hell with Him would be more happy than heaven without Him." The master concluded from this that resignation, united to profound humility, is the shortest road to God. Then he asked the beggar: "Whence comest thou?" The beggar: "From God." The master: "Where didst thou find God?" The beggar: "Where I left all creatures." The master: "Where is God?" The beggar: "In hearts that are pure and in men of good-will." The master: "Who art thou?" The beggar: "I am a king." The master: "Where is thy kingdom?" The beggar: "In my soul; for I have learned to order and govern my interior faculties and my exterior senses in such a way that I am master of all my affections and of all the powers of my soul. Now, that kingdom is certainly to be preferred to all the kingdoms of the world." The master: "By what means hast thou gained this degree of perfection?" The beggar: "By silence, meditation, and union with God. I have never been able to find rest in anything, be it what it might, that was less than God. I have found my God, and in Him I have found rest and peace eternal."

THE STAR OF THE SEA.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



JANIE WALSH was a humble dressmaker. She lived in a crowded street of an outlying bit of London, a noisy, busy, friendly, quarreling street, known to the better-class inhabitants of the place as the Irish slum. One would have said a dressmaker could find little to do in such a place.

However, not far from Warwick Street a Common widens, with a church-spire rising from the trees at its top. Round about a number of good, old-fashioned houses, with spacious gardens, are still occupied by old-fashioned people, wealthy, and of good position. From these houses Janie's revenue was mainly derived, although she occasionally made a dress for one of her countrywomen in Warwick Street. She had a French cleverness at the ends of her toil-worn fingers. Somehow the fame of it spread. From being employed by the servants of the big houses, she came to be employed by the mistresses for all sorts of renovations. Her fingers were incessantly busy. In time she employed an assistant or two; and, later, she might have realized, if she would, her dream of a home in a greener, quieter place.

By the time she was thirty, however, Warwick Street had become home-like to her. She hankered still, occasionally, especially in the summer heats and languors, after that dream of green fields, but she had no longer the intention of making a reality of it. After all, there was only herself. Did it matter very much where one solitary woman lived or died? And Warwick Street had grown dear to her. She had found her vocation there in a sense. The neighbors had been kind to her mother while she lived—indeed, the neighbors were always kind, if one needed them. It was a happy-go-lucky, friendly, noisy neighborhood. The toppling houses ought to have been pulled down long ago. Janie's customers on the Common were distressed because Janie would go on inhabiting Warwick Street—a squalid, over-crowded, riotous place in the estimation of its betters. But just around the corner from Warwick Street was a tiny, shabby little Catholic Church, the Star

of the Sea, built by the sixpences and shillings of Irish emigrants after the famine time. Warwick Street might occasionally get drunk and quarrel with its matrimonial partners. It might even fight to the drawing of blood. But there was a good deal of the supernatural as well as of the natural virtues flourishing in Warwick Street. Perhaps that and the little church and Father Mullany kept Janie where she was when she might have gone further out and found a cottage overlooking what was left of the market-gardens and orchards for which the district was once famous.

She sometimes looked back with a sigh to the days when she had her mother and had planned an escape to brighter, purer air and less crowded places for both of them. Now at thirty-five she was content to stay where she was. It wasn't as though she had a child to make the change for, or a man, or a dependent woman. In Janie's code things had always been well enough for herself. Now she would not have known what to do with herself outside Warwick Street.

To be sure her couple of rooms in Warwick Street were always kept bright and clean. There was an altar in the room where she fitted her customers, with a statue of our Blessed Lady on it and a couple of vases full of flowers. A smaller altar was on the staircase outside her door—she had the upper floor of the toppling house, whence one could get a glimpse of the sky and the river and the trees of the river-bank—with a lamp lighting upon it. The altars had given offence to some Evangelical ladies who were among Janie's best customers, but they had not withdrawn their custom, since she was very clever and very cheap. And the altars appealed to other customers, especially to Miss Vesey, who was an artist and said inexplicable things about the effect of Janie's altars and her face in the dark, toppling house—one of a hundred like it, and all crowded from top to bottom with human beings of both sexes and all ages, alike in being poverty-stricken and cheerful and happy-go-lucky—in this place that the Common ladies called the Irish slum.

Miss Vesey had painted Janie sitting sewing by the window, the high light on her neatly-braided hair, her face composed and sweet—Janie could never recognize herself in the picture—with the altar in the background. She called the picture "Prayer" when it appeared at a London picture-gallery, to which she took Janie one Saturday afternoon to see

it; an odd name Janie thought it, for she was certainly not praying; and she did not understand Miss Vesey when she laughed and said there were more ways of praying than one.

Miss Vesey had a wonderful way of making people talk, Janie found. She discovered herself saying all manner of things to Miss Vesey which she had never put into words before, though she had thought the things out while she cut out or ran her seams together. She was able to work while Miss Vesey painted her, which was a good thing, for the picture took a long while in the painting: and Miss Vesey never complained of having to come to a slum like Warwick Street, although her coachman did. On the contrary, she said something one day about the atmosphere of Warwick Street being something far finer and loftier than anything on the Common, which surprised Janie, for of course the Common had beautiful houses and gardens, and Warwick Street was only a slum, although a harmless one enough.

After that sitting Janie often went to have tea with Miss Vesey in her beautiful house or beautiful garden. Miss Vesey was as lonely as herself, or lonelier, having the great big house, which looked as though it ought to shelter a whole family of children, all to herself, with a whole troop of servants and horses and dogs and all manner of things. The house was full of beautiful furnishings, with an austere beauty that appealed to the artist's soul that was hidden away somewhere in Janie's stunted breast. She delighted in it; and yet the beauty of the gardens in summer used to set her to thinking wistfully of how good it would be for the babies in Warwick Street—for there were babies there to whom the journey to the Common was not possible when their enterprising elder brothers and sisters were at school: to say nothing of the fact that the children were discouraged on the Common as far as possible. They were apt to be chased away by guardians of one kind or another when they approached too near the houses, set amid the ancient trees, with their lovely gardens spreading about them. The lower part of the Common, from which they were not driven, became, as the summer passed, a sort of dust-bath, every vestige of grass trampled off it; so that, when the elder brothers and sisters had a holiday, it seemed hardly worth while to tramp all that way with heavy babies only to be chased off the grass into the dust-bath.

Miss Vesey got at this secret longing of Janie's and

straightway gratified it. The children of Warwick Street, with Father Mullany and the school-mistress to keep them in order, had, during an unusually fine and warm summer, a succession of Saturday afternoons in the garden of the biggest house on the Common, which for that summer certainly transfigured the lives of the children; for no sooner was one blessed Saturday over than another blessed Saturday was coming again. For a long time the Common had taken no more notice of Warwick Street than to pass by, with an averted eye, on the other side. But now that Margaret Vesey had set the fashion, others began to do likewise. A neighborly feeling sprang up between the Common and Warwick Street, which, as Father Mullany said, was likely to be as beneficial to one as to the other; and that was a saying which was a dark one to Janie Walsh, until she pondered it out for herself while she sat sewing in her room, which the statue and the light and the handful of flowers in a cheap vase seemed to brighten amazingly.

She came and went a good deal in those days between Warwick Street and the Common. Miss Vesey seemed always to have some pretext or other for bringing the little dress-maker to the house, where she lived in such a quietness that it was almost seclusion. It was as though she really, for some strange reason, wished for the company of the little dressmaker. She seemed to find so much sewing for her to do that little by little Janie found herself becoming detached from Warwick Street, or only going backwards and forwards to direct the work of her assistants. She gained in health from inhabiting the little slip of a room, close by Miss Vesey's own room, and looking into the beautiful gardens, rather than Warwick Street. But while she delighted in the pure air and the freshness and sweetness, and while her devotion for Miss Vesey grew, she was yet loth to part company with Warwick Street. There had been a time when she might have done it, but the time had passed. It was somewhat mysterious to Margaret Vesey's mind that a creature so much more spirit than flesh, could have been happy with the cheerful squalor of Warwick Street round about her; but so it was.

"You look so much better, my dear soul," Miss Vesey said to her one day. "Why not give up your rooms altogether, or leave them to that girl, Bridget, who seems nearly as clever as yourself, and stay here with me?"

"They're all I have of people," Janie said humbly. "They're very good poor people, though a lady like you mightn't imagine it. Not a bit of harm in them, unless it might be a little drink and fighting. And the children are lovely."

The children were lovely, not a doubt of it; they were even lovely when their faces weren't washed, which was a test in itself.

Miss Vesey began to understand better when she was intercepted one day in the High Street by a towzled-looking matron who was standing by a basket of flowers.

"Look here, my lady," she said, "you wouldn't be takin' away Jennie Walsh, the crather, from us? You don't know what a comfort a little tidy old-maid body like her is in the likes of Warwick Street. She's terrible good to the childher. An' if it was only to have her bit of a room wid the altar in it to dhrop into an' be quiet whin the min are troublesome, or maybe you've been a bit troublesome yourself, 'tis a thing we couldn't do widout, your Ladyship."

Miss Vesey mentioned it to Father Mullany, with whom she was on excellent terms, although, as the people put it, she went neither to Church nor Chapel. The priest looked at the delicate, ever so slightly faded, beauty of the woman, exquisitely clad, perfectly harmonious, with the tenderness which classed a woman with children in the mind of the priest. She did not belong to his flock, but she belonged he had no doubt to the soul of the Church; and she belonged to the good women who, whether they know it or not, stand between the world and destruction, guarding the holiness of love, guiding the feet of children, cleaving to the ideal, loathing the material and the sensual.

"That was Mary Anne Slattery," said the priest. "Mary Anne is quite right. We couldn't spare Janie from Warwick Street. You've no idea how much good she does. She has no idea herself."

"She is an elect little soul," Miss Vesey sighed.

"She is, indeed," assented the priest.

"And you think I must leave her to Warwick Street?"

"It needs her more than you do, Miss Vesey."

"I am not so sure," said Miss Vesey unexpectedly.

"She will not leave Warwick Street unless it leaves her," said the priest.

"You think there is a chance of that?"

Father Mullany sighed.

"It is a doom which has been hanging over us so long," he said, "that we may well be forgiven for forgetting it. It may not come in our time. On the other hand, it might come any day of any month or year."

"What would become of them?"

He shrugged his shoulders, with a reminiscence of his French seminary training.

"Don't ask me! That way madness lies. They would break up, be absorbed in worse places. I should lose them. Here they have held together since their fathers and mothers came from Ireland in the famine times. They have kept the virtues, despite the drink and other things. They have kept the religion. They would go deeper."

"And be lost?"

"God would keep count of them. But—I hope Warwick Street will not be broken up in my time."

After that conversation Miss Vesey gave up trying to persuade Janie Walsh to leave her rooms in the slum and come to her. She went more to Warwick Street instead. One day, to her delighted surprise, Janie met Miss Vesey coming out of the *Star of the Sea*. They stopped to speak. Miss Vesey was on her way to Janie, who had become her almoner of late. There was a case she wanted her to inquire into, with the discretion and delicacy which might be looked for from Janie.

They turned about and went back together. In Janie's inner room where the altar was—her assistants sat in the outer—Miss Vesey dropped into a chair and sat with clasped hands looking at Janie's altar.

"I like your Church, Janie," she said.

Janie, with characteristic delicacy would have made no reference to her meeting Miss Vesey in such a place. Now her little sickly face brightened wonderfully. A rush of color came to it. For the moment the little dressmaker was positively beautiful.

"'Tis a poor little place," she said, "but a deal of people do be sayin' their prayers in it. I don't know what Warwick Street would be without it. 'Tis so quiet, out of the noise of the street."

"I like poverty—of that kind," Miss Vesey said. "So clean and simple." In her own mind she made a reservation about certain gaily-colored pictures and statues which she did not

like; but she said to herself humbly that the children liked the gaiety, the children and their elders, the little ones of God. What did her preferences matter?

Janie looked up at her shyly.

"A deal of people do be sayin' their prayers there," she repeated.

Miss Vesey smiled. "I, too, said my prayer—to the unknown God," she said, "and to the Mother. He is not so unknown if one approaches Him through the Mother."

Janie ignored the first part of the sentence, at which she was vaguely shocked. The latter part she answered.

"Aye, to be sure, Miss Margaret," she said. "Pray to her. She'll get you all you need. You never need be afraid to ask her."

The most curious expression came into Miss Vesey's face, something shy and gentle; just a thought of laughter in it.

"Wouldn't it be the worst of manners for a stranger to go asking things of her without having proved himself or herself?"

"She wouldn't mind that," said Janie confidently. "Just ask away, Miss Margaret. For the matter of that, you're not a stranger. She hears your name often—in the prayers the people do be sayin'. There's some great old saints in Warwick Street, for all that they do be fightin'—the boys I mean."

Miss Vesey went on smiling gently.

"I think I'd rather ask through you, Janie," she said. "Perhaps, by and by, I might get courage to ask for myself."

"And what would you be askin' through me, Miss Margaret?"

The lady's tired, beautiful eyes lit up. Many a time Janie had thought to herself that Miss Margaret had a look at times of Our Lady of Sorrows in the picture Father Mullany had brought from Rome and thought such a deal of.

"It wouldn't be too much for her, Janie, I should think, if she were inclined to undertake it." Janie was a little afraid that Miss Vesey was not serious, after all, at least not quite serious.

"She'd do it easy enough, Miss Margaret," she said persuasively, "if you were to have the faith in her."

"I'm not sure about the faith—yet; so you'd better ask for me."

"And what will I say?" Janie asked with that quaint folding of her hands together, which was so characteristic a gesture in her.

"Ask her to bring home the one I've lost—some day, in her good time. Tell her I have patience to wait endlessly, if she sees that my lost one comes home at last. Ask her to look up through the glory, where I daren't look to pluck her Son's vesture by the hem."

"You could say it a deal better yourself, Miss Margaret; but I'll say it, if you want me to. You can be givin' her the thanks yourself, by and by."

"You think she'll hear me, Janie?"

"If 'tis for your soul's good, Miss Margaret."

A dreamy light came into Margaret Vesey's eyes. She clasped and unclasped her hands softly, while her lips smiled.

"Oh, indeed, Janie," she said, "if she was to be listening to me"—unconsciously she copied Janie's manner of speech—"I wouldn't know how to be thanking her all the days of my life."

"'Twould be a trifle to her, Miss Margaret, if so be 'twas for the good of your soul."

Janie set herself to pray ardently that Miss Margaret's lost one might return to her. There was nothing more said about it. Occasionally, when Janie ran into the church for a few minutes of rest and prayer, she would be aware of Miss Vesey sitting quietly in a dim corner. She was always sitting with her hands clasped in her lap, her face looking up towards the altar with its steadily-burning lamp, obviously not praying, for her lips never moved, and she never seemed to kneel. Others noticed her presence there besides Janie. Father Mul-lany had a new Sanctuary carpet given to him that autumn and a silver lamp, new possessions which delighted Warwick Street at least as much as they delighted him. "The donor prefers to remain unknown," he said, announcing the gift. Of course the people guessed that it was Miss Vesey; and many a "God bless her!" followed her as she went to and fro.

Janie was specially busy that autumn. There was an epidemic of weddings in Warwick Street and there had to be modest finery for the brides; and a lady with a family of grown-up daughters had come to live on the Common and their ball-dresses required a deal of making and re-making before the winter. Janie saw less of Miss Vesey for a time; but there was no diminution of her prayers or her tenderness. Now when she did go to Miss Vesey's house—Oakdene it was called—with its large, beautiful rooms, amid its spreading gardens, she was conscious, as she had not been before, of an

aching loneliness in the rooms and the gardens. Where were they, the children who should run and leap in the gardens, who should sit about the board, whose faces should light the great rooms, whose voices should have called Margaret Vesey mother? The house was meant for happy family life—not for one delicate woman, whose few requirements were nominally waited upon by a troop of servants, really the house's servants and not hers. She seemed all at once to have been admitted into a secret. The one whom Miss Vesey had lost was a lover, the one who should have been her husband. With the discovery Janie prayed more urgently than she had done before that, if it was for the good of Miss Margaret's soul that her lover should be restored to her, our Lady might see to it. She reminded her of a hundred benefactions. More and more Warwick Street had cause to bless Miss Vesey's name. Her purse was open whenever Father Mullany would dip into it for his church or his people. All manner of ready aid was given just at the moment when it was needed. Having this friend, winter in Warwick Street, with its recurring disemployment, lost half its power to frighten.

Somewhere about mid-November two things happened simultaneously. The doom long-dreaded fell upon Warwick Street. The whole settlement had notice to quit. Warwick Street was going to be leveled to the ground, to be replaced by a building of flats.

That was the first thing; and Warwick Street was as much disturbed and grief-stricken as though it were about to be evicted from Paradise.

Janie saw the darkness on the men's faces and the tears in the women's eyes as she went down the street on her way to Miss Vesey, who had sent her a summons over-night. She heard their threats and their denunciations. Father Mullany was coming down the street silently on his way to a sick-call. The people fell back before him as before the face of a king. He looked neither to right nor left, but walked circumspectly, as one bearing a precious burden. Janie, standing back to let him pass, caught a glimpse of his face and saw that he had heard the news. Behind the composure it was heavy and anxious.

What was to become of them? she asked herself, as she left the street behind and walked on by the shops to the distant trees which marked the foot of the Common. Sheep

without a shepherd, what was to become of them? On the whole, they had been kept wonderfully well, almost as well as an Irish village, despite the poverty and the squalor, the occasional drunkenness and quarreling. Now, it was not likely they could be removed *en bloc*. They would break up, disintegrate, be absorbed into the greater misery without, in which God was forgotten. Her heart was heavy as she walked towards the group of trees, now showing gold and scarlet under a blue sky. It was a beautiful morning of frost. There was a white network on the dead leaves that had drifted down the street towards her. The frost would bring down the leaves. Meanwhile they were in a splendor of color.

Next year the respectable flats would have arisen on the site of Warwick Street and the neighborhood would be cleansed of a stain—or so the neighborhood would consider it. Janie wondered drearly what was to become of the little church. With Warwick Street razed to the ground the church would have lost its congregation. Would it be closed? Sold for some other purpose than a church—the little church consecrated by so many Masses, so many Communions, so many prayers?

Her eyes were dim as she took the way up the Common towards Oakdene, where the other piece of news awaited her. She was looking downward and did not notice Miss Vesey coming to meet her, a tall gentleman walking by her side. They were close upon her when Janie looked up, startled. What had come to Miss Margaret? The shadows and the sadnesses seemed to have rolled away from her face. She was young, radiant, smiling.

Janie looked from her to the gentleman. He, too, was smiling and looked very happy. He seemed as though he had been recently ill, for he walked with a stick and his features were thin and sharpened.

"Your prayers have been heard, Janie," Miss Vesey said, and smiled radiantly at the gentleman. "My—friend has come back to me—by such strange ways, Janie. It is the most wonderful story in the world."

"It wouldn't be any trouble to the Virgin," said Janie, looking from one to the other. "'Tis more glad I am than I can be sayin', Miss Margaret"; and then, most unexpectedly, a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Don't mind me cryin', Miss Margaret," she said, trying to

wipe it away; but while she succeeded there came another and another.

Miss Vesey caught at her hand.

"Go away and smoke, Lance," she said, with the air of pretty imperiousness which was a new thing in her. "Only be sure and keep in the sun. And don't go out of call."

He went, looking back at her, as though he found it hard to go, even for a little while.

"What is it, Janie?" she asked kindly.

"'Tis that—joy and sorrow comes together; and, sure, while I'm rejoiced for you, Miss, my heart's broken for the poor people. They've got to go out of it. The place is comin' down about their ears. Sure, what's to become o' them at all, at all?"

"Ah, well"—Miss Vesey spoke with an unexpected calousness—"it is time for Warwick Street to go. It was no place for people to be living in—an old rat hole, saturated with disease."

"'Twas all the poor people had," Janie said, her tears suddenly ceasing to flow. "What's to become o' them? No one about here wants them. The Common has wanted to be rid o' them this many a day. I saw Father Mullany this morning and the grief was in his face. God knows what'll be happenin' to them, the poor, unfortunate people."

"I'm surprised at you, Janie," said Miss Vesey quietly. "Can't you trust God to take care of His own?"

She was smiling when Janie looked up at her, and Janie lost the sense that she was unsympathetic, for her eyes were wet.

"Come with me, Janie," she said. "I have something to show you. Do you know that it was through my picture of you that Mr. Strong came back to me? He is home from India for good. He has suffered so much, poor fellow, since we lost each other. I have a deal to make up to him for. Oh, Janie, I am the happiest woman in the world."

She went upstairs before Janie, smiling back at her over her shoulder, a radiant creature. Her floating scarf blew back airily in the little dressmaker's face. There was a faint, subtle odor of violets.

"The Mother did not turn away, Janie," she said, with the strangely radiant smile. "I remember in the French churches that they hang what they call *reconnaissances* at the shrines where they were cured. That means thanksgiving, my dear soul.

I am going to show you my *reconnaissance* to the Star of the Sea. I wish I could move the little church bodily. But—it will not be too far. It can stand where it is—dear, beneficent Star of the Sea.”

It was all something of a puzzle to Janie. She did not quite understand what it was about, beyond that Miss Margaret was happy and grateful, and that was something saved, despite the thickness of the cloud that lay over Warwick Street.

With a quick movement of her hand Miss Vesey drew up a blind. The view was down the Common and over a range of low houses at the foot to where building operations were in progress on what had been orchards last year. Houses were dotted here and there in various stages of being built. The one noticeable thing was that they were not huddled together in ghastly rows as most of the houses built on the old gardens and orchards had been. Each apparently was going to have its surrounding plot; and as far as possible the trees had been spared.

“Do you see anything?”

“I see the houses in the old orchards, Miss Margaret.”

“Can’t you guess?”

Janie shook her head.

“Why, it’s the new Warwick Street, you uncomprehending person. It will be ready by the time the old Warwick Street needs to be vacated. Not a charity, Janie, but a business venture. The people will pay me rent instead of the slum landlords, those iniquitous persons who take rent for such rat-holes. The Orchard houses will be well-built; they will be well-ventilated; well-drained. Oh, they’re not “faddy,” Janie I had a very practical architect. Don’t you think the Orchards will give Warwick Street a chance to be clean and sober and self-respecting? And the babies. I see the babies under those trees. Oh, I don’t expect them to become irreproachable all at once. But it will give them a chance. And they will be all together. Father Mullany need not lose them. I had planned it even before your prayers were answered, before I knew they were going to be answered—in my way. Oh, you dear soul, what you have done for me!”

Margaret Vesey was married to her old lover in the Star of the Sea Church a few weeks later, all Warwick Street assisting. By that time some of the houses in the Orchards were

roofed; and Warwick Street was already stirred with the happy trouble of impending flight. Perhaps Janie Walsh's example had been moving in them all these years; for there was a great routing out and destruction of old, bad rubbish and bad ways, preparatory to moving into the new, clean houses. Warwick Street was going to have a chance to be forgotten in the Orchards. There was a deal of making of good resolutions going on in Warwick Street. The "Irish slum" was stirred to the depths with hope and joy.

It was a very happy woman who kissed Janie Walsh in the church-porch before she stepped into the carriage with her bridegroom amid the shouts of the crowd—a woman for whom life had been made over again. She and her husband were going for a honeymoon tour in Italy before coming back to see the fruition of a good dream in the Orchards. Standing in the church-porch, Father Mullany waved them a farewell. Outer London held no happier man than Father Mullany. There were to be greater doings, when the bride and bridegroom came back, for the church and for the people. There had been such a pledge-taking as never was among "the boys" in preparation for the wedding.

As the carriage rolled away Margaret Strong sank back with a happy face.

"Dear creatures!" she said. "They think there will never be backsliding any more. But—you need not laugh at me, Lance—I am prepared for backsliding. I will not be hard with them. I shall leave them to the *padre* when they relapse into the ways of Warwick Street. But—what a gain for them, Lance! Think of Warwick Street and then of the Orchards."

Mr. Strong forbore to tease her with prophecy.

"They won't be perfect," he said. "But—you have kept them together with their shepherd. That is a great gain. And most of them will profit by the Orchards instead of Warwick Street—the children certainly. I am so amazingly, incredibly happy myself that I am very glad, my dearest, to feel that you have made so many other people happy. Your little friend, the dressmaker, will be well out of it."

"It is all her doing," his bride responded. "Without Janie Walsh I should have remained hopeless—prayerless. We should never have met—you and I—we should never have been led home by the Star of the Sea."

CARDINAL VAUGHAN IN AMERICA.

BY HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



HERE are some things in Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox's *Life of Cardinal Vaughan** which are of interest to Americans. Indeed, the English Cardinal had a more than superficial appreciation of our country. It was the present writer's happy privilege to have met and talked with him several years ago. Undoubtedly, kindness of heart provoked him to be more than gracious with a young priest from the United States, but it was very evident that he wanted to ask questions concerning the problems which confront the Church here. He was curious to learn all about what is now known as "the non-Catholic movement." He thought the historical antecedents and traditional bigotry of religious life in England would make the movement more difficult there than here. Was he right? Who can tell whether American indifferentism is more susceptible to religious direction, than downright, sincere prejudice?

He visited America in 1863 and again in 1870. He himself brought to Baltimore the first four missionaries for the American negroes. These young priests were the first fruits of his foundation of St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill. They vowed themselves forever to the service of the negro race. We are told in the biography that they met with a very friendly reception in Maryland, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore at once placed at their disposal a house and some sixty acres of land. The departure from England of these first American missionaries to the negroes, was marked by a special ceremony of farewell and by a sermon by Archbishop Manning.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward says, that although the epithet "great," often used of Newman, of Manning, of Wiseman, was denied Cardinal Vaughan, it cannot be now, after we have read his biography.

* *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*. By J. G. Snead-Cox. Two vols. London, W.: Herbert & Daniel; St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

In like manner, we in America will be prompted to decry any charge of his narrowness of mind and spirit, when we recognize that he, alone and an Englishman, could look upon one of our most acute problems with such hopeful eyes: we mean, the Church and the negro problem. "For," says his biographer, "already he saw visions as to the future extension of his work. To anticipate that it would overrun the South and in time minister to the needs of the negroes in all the old Slave States, was to look forward only to what might be regarded as a natural development. Father Vaughan's hopes went further. Might not America prove to be the half-way house to Africa, and negroes from the plantations in the Carolinas or Alabama prove to be the most effective missionaries for the conversion of the Dark Continent itself?"

The first task, however, was to study the negro problem on the spot as it presented itself in America. For this purpose Herbert Vaughan made a tour through the Southern States of the Union, everywhere eagerly asking for information, cross-examining his witnesses, and carefully noting down his conclusions. What he saw filled him with pity and compassion. For ignorance and spiritual desolation he was prepared, but it came as a shock to find how little was being done for the negro and how far he seemed left outside the area of philanthropic and religious effort. He had heard all this, had been warned of it before he left England, and by none more emphatically than by representatives of the Catholic Church in the United States. So conscious were the American bishops at that time of their inability to deal with the great problem at their doors, that at the Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, a special appeal was made to Europe to come to the rescue and to send out priests ready to devote themselves entirely to the colored population. And "in answer to that prayer Herbert Vaughan had come."

It may be wise to say, before we proceed much further, that this unhappy condition of the negro, which existed in 1872, has been somewhat bettered, but we cannot honestly believe that the problem has, by any means, been solved. Only recently has the movement been instituted in a systematized, practical manner, by an experienced priest, who directs the work, as it were, from a central bureau in New York, but with the official sanction of all the American bishops. For

this we must be grateful, but it is to be remembered that the work has only now begun on an organized basis, and many of the circumstances entered in the diary of Cardinal Vaughan in 1872 have their counterpart in this year of 1910.

No harm can be done now, and no sensibilities violated; if we quote a few entries, taken from the commonplace book he kept at the time:

A common complaint that white and black children are not allowed to make their First Communion on the same day.

A colored soldier refused Communion by a priest at the Cathedral. Delassize's inclination to shoot the priest.

In a church just built here, benches let to colored people which are quite low down.

A lady—colored—built nearly half the church, another gave the altar; both refused places except at the end of the church.

A Fancy Fair—colored people allowed to work for it but not admitted to it.

I visited the hospital where there were a number of negroes. Talked to many in it and in the street. All said they had no religion. Never baptized. All said either they would like to be Catholics or something to show they were not opposed to it. Neither the priest with me nor the Sisters in the hospital do anything to instruct them. They just smile at them as though they had no souls. A horrible state of feeling! How is it possible so to treat God's image?

St. Louis, January 25, 1872—The Archbishop thought all my plans would fail; could suggest nothing for the negroes, and refused permission to collect, and declined to give a letter of approval.

A few lines further down in the diary he adds:

Father Callaghan, S.J., who has for seven years worked for the negroes, disagrees with the Archbishop on this question. Speaks of the virtue and simplicity of the negro.

In Memphis he notes:

Negroes regarded even by priests as so many dogs.

One old man, who on being shown a crucifix and told it represented the death of Jesus Christ, looked at it steadily, and then said slowly: "How wicked of those Yankees to treat that poor Southern General like that."

It is to be noticed that Father Vaughan, as he prolongs his stay, grows more and more satisfied of the practical wisdom of separating the two races even in church. In Charleston he writes:

Father Folchi, the priest of the colored people. There may be two thousand nominally Catholic negroes in Charleston; about three hundred attend his little church. But he has admitted the whites, and this, the Bishop says, has ruined his chance of success with the blacks. He has a school in which there are about fifty children. Father Folchi very anxious for us to come and help him—so also the Bishop.

Father Mandini, of St. Stephen's Church, has got up a little chapel for colored people, which they highly appreciate. He says they like to have a place of their own without its being determined that no white shall enter. This is the common opinion of intelligent people and I think true.

Father Vaughan visited Mobile, Savannah, Vicksburgh, Natchez, Memphis, Charleston, St. Louis, and New Orleans. He then came North to New York, and went from there through the Eastern States, lecturing and preaching on the subject which had now taken captive his heart and soul. A curious picture indeed of some thirty years ago—a young priest from England struggling to teach the Catholics of America their responsibilities toward a race which was, and is now, in absolute ignorance of even the elements of Christianity. His enthusiasm may have led him to overlook the real difficulties of the problem and to exaggerate the intelligence and natural virtues of the negro, but one cannot but love and admire him for it. This aggressive zeal, coming, too, from a stranger, may explain why he received a somewhat mixed reception from the local clergy. We can imagine that he must have lost patience with those who worked unceasingly among the whites, but regarded the blacks as hopeless, or at least outside of their field of labor. It was characteristic of the man that he should seek an interview from the ex-President of the Confederate States. His opinions are given in the diary thus:

Called on Jefferson Davis. He said the negro, like a vine, could not stand alone. No gratitude, but love of persons—no patriotism, but love of place instead. He says that men

are warring against God in freeing the negro; that he is made to be dependent and servile; that in Africa wherever a community does well an Arab is to be found at the head of it. I urged that this was a reason in favor of our mission, that no one but the Catholic Church could supply the guidance and support the negroes need. Mr. Davis quite agreed with this. "The field is not promising," he said, "but you have the best chance. The Methodists and Baptists do much mischief among them; their religion is purely emotional."

Certainly, this opinion of Jefferson Davis, in reference to the emotional appeals of the Methodists to the negroes, is very interesting, but Father Vaughan's comment concerning it is more interesting and touched with practical suggestion. In one place in the diary he exclaims: "Why cannot we have catechists or brothers like the Methodist preachers?" Then in several places we find him suggesting the necessity of what we call "popular devotions," which he regards as essential for success among the negroes.

Finally we are constrained to say that this man, a stranger in our country, studied the nature of the Negro Problem by personal investigation. Although of a buoyant temper, he was not highly emotional, but a bluff, hard-headed, practical Englishman, therefore his golden hopes are, at least, worthy of attention. They are summed up in the following eloquent passage, describing his prophetic vision of the American negroes proving to be the willing means of evangelizing Africa itself:

We have come to gather an army on our way, to conquer it for the Cross. God has His designs upon that vast land. It may be a thousand years behind our civilization of to-day, but what were our forefathers a little more than a thousand years back compared to our present condition? They were sunk in an apparently hopeless barbarism. But God sent missionaries to them from a Christian nation, and they brought them into the light. Nation is dependent on nation, and we have to carry on the light. In less than a thousand years Africa may be as civilized as Europe or America. The mission of the English-speaking races is to the unconverted, especially to the uncivilized, nations of the world. God calls upon you for co-operation: His plans are prepared from afar. The branch torn away from the parent stem in Africa by our ancestors was carried to America, carried away by divine permis-

sion, in order that it might be engrafted upon the Tree of the Cross. It will return, in part, to its own soil, not by violence or deportation, but willingly and borne upon the wings of Faith and Charity.

It was now time to think of returning to England. In New York City he collected but four thousand dollars, yet he had many promises and doubtless some of them were duly fulfilled. All the money realized went to the founding of the Missionary College, Mill Hill, which was to educate missionaries to the negroes, not only in America, but in the Philippines, in Uganda, in Madras, in New Zealand, in Borneo, in Labuan, in the basin of the Congo, in Kashmir, and in Kafiristan. No records exist to tell the amount of money he gathered on his tour in the United States. At best it seems to have been a comparatively paltry sum, when the proportions of the undertaking are considered. His biographer thinks it to be about £11,000 in cash. Money may have had a larger value in those days, and it may have gone further, as we would say, in his own country, but we cannot help believing that, in this day, we would be more generous.

Yet, he must have been profoundly grateful, since, after all the years, he could take the trouble to speak to so insignificant a one as myself of "the generosity of Americans." He had a very distinct recollection (as did his secretary, the late Bishop Johnson) of the charm and influence of Father Hecker. He remembered the gracious hospitality and good fellowship of the older Paulists with whom he lived when in New York. He never forgot the Californians, and those of them who saw his handsome face or spoke with him never forgot him. I have in mind a woman of California, who, though very old, as the world goes, seems never to have lost the light and love and memory of youth. It was she who told me of Father Vaughan, whom she met in San Francisco in 1864. She was quite sure that all the money he took from California was not ordinary coin, but in new and glittering gold. Like Lady Butler and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, she observed the more-than-natural beauty of his countenance. Such are not to be blamed, when so acute a judge as Aubrey de Vere could exclaim, on beholding him: "Good Heavens! if you are like that, what must your sister be?"

In chapter six of Mr. Snead-Cox's work we are told that Father Vaughan sailed from Southampton for California on the 17th of December, 1863. Passage was difficult across the American Continent, so he went by way of Panama. In Panama he had to wait a week for a steamer, which was to take him along the Pacific coast to San Francisco—accordingly he "left for California January 14, on the steamer *St. Louis*." The voyage took several weeks. He immediately became the priest and friend of the steerage passengers, many of whom were Irish Catholics from the Eastern States, who were on their way to the goldfields, while others were avoiding the drafts then required for the Northern army in the Civil War. On the first Sunday morning he said Mass in the steerage, and in the afternoon he held service in the saloon under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. With the captain of the vessel seated by his side, he "preached his first sermon under the shadow of the American flag to an almost exclusively non-Catholic audience."

In San Francisco, at the beginning of his begging tour, he met with some disappointment. Archbishop Allemany at first refused to allow him to collect, giving six reasons for this refusal, which had the full approval of the Council of the diocese. One concession, however, was made—he was permitted to preach one sermon in aid of the Foreign Missions in the country parts of the diocese. He then "had recourse to prayer"—so he writes. "The Presentation Nuns all March implored St. Joseph," he again writes in the diary. Finally, we learn that the Archbishop somewhat relaxed his prohibition. Before it came, however, Father Vaughan wrote to Mrs. Ward a letter descriptive of the situation, which we will give in part:

The Catholics are very numerous in California. They are the largest and most important community. In the public conveyances nuns go free of charge and priests sometimes at half-price. . . . I thought, of course, the Archbishop of San Francisco would encourage my begging, bearing with me such a letter as I do from Rome, but, no—he called a Council and it was decided that I should not be allowed to collect in San Francisco, nor indeed in the diocese at all from house to house. . . .

Now I came to California simply to collect in San Francisco
VOL. XCII.—6

—a town of 150,000 inhabitants, immensely rich and generous. Without difficulty I could collect £4,000 in San Francisco, if I were permitted to go round to the Catholics, so the Jesuit Fathers tell me as well as others. . . .

The convents—excellent fervent communities—at San Francisco and here at Marysville, are busy praying for the work. . . .

I have come up here to Marysville, Bishop O'Connell's diocese. I have got about £100 only, but this was more than it was thought possible to collect here.

But, on the whole, Father Vaughan's "stay in California was both successful and pleasant." There is in the diary a very ingenuous account of his prospecting for a gold mine with the hope of acquiring all the money he needed for his Missionary College. Nothing ever came of it. It was now the month of May, and time for departure. Says the diary:

I went into Mr. Donohoe's bank to sit down. I told him my case; he had no sympathy for the work, and had given \$250 to please his wife. Said he would lend me \$400. "But I can't lend them to the Blessed Virgin," said I, smiling. I told him I had not come with the intention of begging from him—he had given generously already. Finally, I said: "What interest do you require?" "Never mind that," he answered. "When do you want the principal back?" "Never mind that, either," said he.

Cardinal Vaughan's efficient biographer makes us believe that he was delighted with California and loved the people. He says:

The only passage in all his writings, published or unpublished, in which, as far as I know, he ever speaks of natural scenery with anything like enthusiasm, occurs in the Journal kept at this time. It describes the Sacramento River as it rolls into the Bay of San Francisco, and declares that for sheer beauty there is nothing in Italy or anywhere in the Old World to touch it. All the rest of his days he was partial to everything American. And, to say the truth, there was something in his own nature which answered to the restless energy, the spirit of high adventure, and the willingness to risk everything for a good cause, which he noted then, and in

later visits, in the people of the United States. I find this passage in the diary at the time when the depredations of the Alabama were making bad blood between England and the United States: "The American is prodigal of money, health, home, lands, and all. So he will sacrifice all this for the success of an undertaking. If that be war with England, he will go to every imaginable length of exertion."

With this, for want of space, we must conclude, and perhaps it were well to do so with a happy, though somewhat flattering, entry in the Cardinal's diary. We cannot refrain, likewise, from quoting from what his biographer calls "one of the last entries in his diary before sailing" for England; it runs as follows:

Bishop Gibbons, who has just come from Baltimore, says our men are highly esteemed by the Vicar-General and the clergy. They are intent on their own business, and understand it and are very popular for their "simplicity and hard work."

This final tribute to the American Cardinal and to the American Josephites, is but a reflection of how he felt toward us all when leaving our country.

THE MONTREAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

BY JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.



Tis a most significant fact that in this age of doctrinal disruption and sceptical denial devotion to the Holy Eucharist is becoming more widespread among Catholics.

Outside the Church the honest thinker will see little else than the chaos of difference; the unlimited questioning of the fundamentals of all truth and all morality; a world that has almost frankly committed itself to the self-contradictory thesis that no such thing as positive, absolute, unchanging truth exists. And parallel with this he will see increased faith in, increased practical devotion to, that hardest saying of dogmatic Christianity, the Real Presence, in Body and Blood, in Soul and Divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the altar. Is it with such "foolishness," with such a "stumbling block," that the apologists for Catholicism will answer the deniers and the doubters of the non-Catholic and the non-Christian world? Or may it not be truly said that the Christian revelation and the Christian life have a worth and beauty supremely and absolutely their own—such a surpassing beauty, indeed, that the very vision of it carries the guarantees of its own truthfulness and leads captive the human reason and the human will? Those few who have been permitted to know in mystical union the beauties of Divine Truth, the surpassing goodness and power and love of the Incarnate Christ, have been lifted out of themselves and could but inadequately express in words what they had experienced in those hours divinely favored. God's power is not limited; nor His mercy restricted. To every one who believes in His revealed teachings, and who loves Him through the knowledge thus received, have come moments, perhaps very short, perhaps graciously longer, when the truth, the surpassing worth, and the consuming love of these things seized upon his soul and bore it high above the things of this world. According to his own limited vision, raised to a supernatural power by the grace

of God, such a one realized not only that Catholic faith and Catholic life have a unique and transcendent value for himself, but he realized also that Catholic faith and love are the seeds from which spring a life divine, seeds that have within themselves the potency of heavenly fruition, that can produce a power which transforms the passing things of the world, clothes man's temporal and spiritual hopes with the vesture of immortality, and, in a very true way, in the only true way, renews the face of the earth.

The deposit of Christian revelation under the guidance of her, the Catholic Church, to whom alone it was entrusted, has, therefore, unfolded itself according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who first gave it to her. It is in the final sense absolutely independent of human philosophy and of human science. It was unheard-of by men before its first announcement by the Apostles and was branded at once by the world as foolishness. Yet its weakness has confounded the strong. This has been characteristic of it, that when antagonistic human powers, whether physical or intellectual, waxed so strong as seemingly to triumph, it has conquered and prevailed, in spite of all probabilities to the contrary. The explanation of this paradox is the truth to which history, universal and personal, bears witness—that Christianity is not only most reasonable, but is the only reasonable philosophy as well as religion that the world knows. It not alone satisfies, it not alone fills the mind and the heart of man, but it fills them “to all the fullness of God,” for it grants desires and the fulfillment of desires of which the soul never dreamt nor had the power to dream. Once really known it can never be denied. Once possessed it will never be forfeited save by sin and shame. The glory of its life is the glory of sonship with God, a glory begun, and in a real measure consummated, here upon earth by the Real Presence of Christ, the Incarnate God, in the Sacrament of the altar, and by the reception in Holy Communion of that same Lord Jesus in Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, into our own bodies and our own souls. We are taken up and we are made one with Him, and He is in us and we in Him. In union with Him do we find our heaven. With Him comes a strength that we have not and cannot have of ourselves. “With Me you can do all things, without Me you can do nothing.”

Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar is not only

the centre of worship; He is also the source of life. The life of a Christian is sacramental and supernatural or it is no Christian life at all. Every faithful believer shares in that life, and directs his energies by its powers. And when we can witness the gathering of thousands who have partaken of that life, witness their works and their labors, presented in an orderly and an organized way, we behold a sight upon which our human eyes may well rest with amazement, and by which our human hearts may be stirred with an inspiration and an enthusiasm of which this world knows nothing.

Such a sight was presented in Montreal during the past month, at least to all those who went there to see with the eyes of faith and to hear with ears that could recognize the music of heaven. Even from a merely human point of view the Twenty-first Eucharistic Congress, held at Montreal, Canada, from September 5 to 11, 1910, was a wonderful manifestation of popular enthusiasm. From the day that his Eminence Vincent Cardinal Vannutelli sailed up the St. Lawrence, hailed by the shouts and cheers of the thousands who lined its banks, to the Sunday afternoon when sixty thousand men walked for miles through the city streets, preceding the Cardinal Legate who carried the Sacred Host, the city of Mary resounded with one chorus of praise and adoration to the Blessed Sacrament and to the work which the Sacramental Christ was achieving in the hearts of men.

Apart from all the external display, the grandeur of ritual and of ceremony, the vast crowds of people, the crowded churches and halls, the houses illuminated and decorated, the triumphal arches, the large number of priests and dignitaries, yea, apart from the presence of the representative of the Vicar of Christ upon earth, apart from all these, it must be remembered that the inspiration of it all was belief in and love for the Blessed Sacrament.

It is comparatively easy to arouse enthusiasm and to gather together multitudes for the celebration of a country's prosperity or a country's triumph, when the object appeals directly to the sense and the material advantages of human kind; but to behold multitudes traveling long distances, with great inconvenience and at much expense, for a purely spiritual ideal, for an object that deals not so much with this life as with the life beyond, is surely sufficient to give the most confirmed

pessimist a reason to be cheerful and to look with happier face upon the day in which we live.

The Congress was distinctly Canadian, and to the Canadians, particularly to the citizens of Montreal, must go the credit of its success. But from outside of Montreal thousands of pilgrims journeyed to it. From across the waters, from England, from the nations of the continent, from far New Zealand, and particularly from our own United States, came many eager to bear a proud share in proclaiming their faith in, and their devotion to, the Eucharistic Christ.

Foremost in the whole Congress as its supreme head was, of course, the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli. His presence brought the Holy Father himself among us and made complete the visible unity of our Catholic faith. The imposing figure of the Legate lent grace to every assemblage; and to his ability and his tact much credit is due. Many former Eucharistic Congresses are indebted to his untiring devotion and his spirit of sacrifice. He has well merited the title with which he was hailed in Notre Dame Church, "The Cardinal of the Eucharistic Congresses." The words of such a worthy and experienced representative are surely reliable testimony; and when we know that his Eminence declared this Montreal Congress to be the greatest Eucharistic Congress ever held, we may arrive at some idea of its magnitude and its enthusiasms. As the thirty thousand little children, coming champions of Catholic faith and life, dressed in spotless white, symbolic of the purity of their hearts and souls, filed past his Eminence, tears flooded his eyes and he could not speak. Again and again as the thousands upon thousands hailed him in hall and in open-air meeting astonishment and gratitude held him spellbound. America gave more than convincing proof of her devotion to the Holy See.

To his Grace Archbishop Paul Bruchesi, of Montreal, must our brief but sincerest word of praise be written here. Through him Montreal secured the Congress; without his enthusiastic co-operation and untiring devotion it would not have been the success that it was. The Catholics of Montreal, the Catholics of Canada, yea, all of us who shared in the blessings of the Congress, are grateful to him. The Congress was further favored by the presence of our own American Cardinal, and of Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, known and loved by

us all. This is not the place to enumerate the distinguished Archbishops, Bishops, and dignitaries of the Church who attended and gave their aid to its success.

We wish particularly to show forth here the manifestation given at this Congress of that Catholic life of which the Holy Eucharist is the source and the sustaining power. It was love for the Eucharist that gathered these unnumbered thousands together; that brought among us the representative of our Supreme Pontiff; showed forth the Church in her hierarchy and her priesthood, in her religious and her laity; demonstrated, in a way which words are incapable of expressing, her world-wide universality and the variety of her subjects; made known her democracy; and yet with all this, and because of all this, gave to the world a most convincing picture of her unity and her harmony.

Her unity and her harmony were placed on high before the eyes of men in visible form by the presence of the hierarchy, headed by the Papal Legate, by the priesthood, and by the people. The invisible reason and the foundation of both seemed to be made almost visible to the eyes of men by the over-reigning presence of the Eucharistic Christ which the heart of the participant could not but feel. The wonderful fruitfulness of that life, flowing from the heart of the Sacramental Christ into the hearts of the faithful and energizing their every power, forcing their activities into countless channels of human endeavor and labor and sacrifice, was admirably set forth.

As Christ upon the altar is visible to us only under the appearance of bread, as His humanity and divinity are invisible to us, so also the Christ-life that each of us strives to lead is invisible to our fellows. The holy chamber wherein we seek to dwell with Him is never open for the eyes of others. Of our aspirations, and of our graces, of our longings and of our hopes, of our motives, our desires, our real life, we never speak to our fellows. Of these things we "have not spoken save to one man and unto God." To our fellows they are unseen. We are known to others only by our external actions, only by the appearances of things. Only those who really know how to interpret the external can interpret and understand us.

So with these vast multitudes of the faithful at such a

gathering as this Eucharistic Congress. We know they have been fed upon miraculous Bread. Through that Bread of Life they have their own life with God. Of the lowest and the simplest among them it may be said that heart and mind and will have been raised to a worth, a life divine, of which those learned only in the things of this world know nothing. That life is interpreted to us, its devotion and its zeal, by external works, by visible labors. If one were, without prejudice of any kind, in utter honesty, to look upon this Congress, on the number, character, and life-work of the thousands who attended it, and on the labors which it officially promoted, organized, and presented, he would have to bear witness to a Power greater than anything in this world. If he viewed it simply as a lover of humanity, desirous of human peace and good-will, he could find nothing better calculated to promote these desires of his heart. Even from a merely human standpoint, good-will, affectionate greeting, happy salutation prevailed and showed the bond of affection that unites Catholics the world over. But to see the reign complete of such things, this onlooker should have witnessed the three hundred and fifty thousand at the foot of Mount Royal with bowed heads and in silence, all made one by Catholic faith, as the Sacred Host was raised aloft. Perhaps he would not think it an altogether foolish dream if he was told that there were some who hoped and prayed for the union of all nations and all hearts under the banner of that *Salutaris Hostia*.

If he viewed this Congress as one anxious for the reunion of Christendom, surely here he would have seen unity made visible, and unity manifesting its essential truth. If he gazed as one anxious to promote the welfare of his fellows, could he ask for a greater ideal than that exalted here in the exaltation of the Christ of the Eucharist—an ideal so great, so pure, so unearthly, that many have stamped it as impossible; an ideal that requires the strength not of men but of God, or “without Me,” said this same Christ, “you can do nothing.” “I will live in you and you in Me.” If he came as one eager to advance the social condition of the race; to lift the burden of poverty from the poor, the weight of injustice under which the working man and the working woman oftentimes labor, he would, indeed, if he looked intently enough, behold a sight that would cause his eyes to open wide and his lips to exclaim:

"I never knew of these things; least of all did I ever think or imagine they were discussed at a Eucharistic Congress."

Such an observer would see here thousands of clerics who have sacrificed themselves for the welfare of humanity; thousands of religious men who care for the young and study to make them worthy members of society; thousands of religious women who know no other service than the service of their fellow-creatures; thousands of the faithful who yearly contribute millions of dollars for charitable work among the needy and the poor. In truth, he would see here, begotten of and inspired by the love of Jesus Christ, the greatest power in all the world devoted to the welfare of humanity; the only power, because it is the power of love and self-abandonment, that will effectively, in the last analysis, do the work which the world needs to have done. As the Cardinal Legate said in the great meeting at Notre Dame: "In the face of economical problems which demand solution to-day at the hands of the governing bodies of this country, this Church offers you a security of principle and a guarantee of social peace for which we should not be slow in rendering thanks to Divine Providence." Critics may take exception—and justly at times, for we may learn from our critics—to the administration, the practical methods, the unscientific ways of much of this great power and this charitable work. These things, after all, are important, but let us not forget that they are secondary. They will come, perhaps at times too slowly, but they will come. No critic would venture to deny that the great essentials are here: willingness, enthusiasm, unlimited devotion, and deathless sacrifice. Not only are these things here, but we may answer our critic and say that here also are the very things he demands, the study of method, of helping and training, so that the body may be strengthened and the character be developed.

The Sacrament whereby we partake of the Body and Blood of Christ is the life of our souls, and consequently the source of all Christian life in the world, of our personal and our corporate life as Christians. It reaches from end to end and orders all things sweetly. Through it the Church will take all things, from the highest to the lowest, and regenerating them, return them to the Incarnate Christ Who owns them both by natural and by acquired right. "To restore all things in Christ," was

the rallying cry sent forth by our Holy Father as he mounted the papal throne, and this Eucharistic Congress has cheered one with the renewed hope of its fulfillment.

Through the Christ of the Eucharist must Christian energy reach out to the farthest limit and leave nothing unknown that will help to promote His glory and the welfare and salvation of men. Therefore does the zealous Christian study and examine, weigh and discuss, and therefore also do we meet in such congresses as this to make more valuable and effective our corporate knowledge.

The religious services of the Congress, which were its heart, for they sent the blood of life through all its members, were truly magnificent and impressive. From that solemn opening, when the Archbishop of Montreal welcomed at the door of St. James' Cathedral the Papal Legate, to the Midnight Mass at Notre Dame, attended by over fourteen thousand, and at which six thousand men received Holy Communion, to the Mass in the open air at Fletcher's Field, celebrated by his Grace Archbishop John M. Farley, of New York, at which three hundred and fifty thousand were present, and to that unprecedented procession at the end, the Congress seemed to be one fervent, glorious act of homage to our Eucharistic King. Besides the services mentioned, there were many Solemn Pontifical Masses, at which sermons were delivered by distinguished prelates, members of the hierarchies of different nations, Masses were offered at all hours of the morning, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at convenient times, and church, convent, institution, and private home were illuminated and decorated by Eucharistic banner and Papal colors.

It is, of course, impossible for us to give here any detailed account of the different services, receptions, meetings, of the speakers, their sermons, and their papers. These details were printed in the daily press, and the entire proceedings will be published in book form.

To illustrate what we have said above, that the life imparted to the soul by Christ in the Eucharist fills the world, covers everything human, and makes the soul anxious to employ all human learning, to solve every human problem, to make itself a lover of every human being, in other words, to empty itself into every human channel and inundate all the world with the knowledge and love of Christ, we will enumerate here some of

the many subjects treated. These subjects were discussed in general or in sectional meetings. The sectional meetings were intended for those interested in the particular subject to be discussed. We may say here that we have never seen sectional meetings so well attended as they were at the Montreal Congress. Separate, general, and sectional meetings were held in French and in English. A general review of devotion to the Eucharist throughout the world, and particularly in Canada, was given by Father Galtier, of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament; "The Eucharist and the First Canadian Missionaries," by Father Thomas Campbell, S.J.; "The Eucharist as the Centre of Dogma and the Life of the Church," by l'Abbé Curotte; "Faith in the Eucharist and Modern Unbelief," by Right Rev. Bishop McDonald, of Victoria, B. C.; "The Tribute of a Great Century to the Eucharist," by Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York. Two learned papers, "The Eucharist and the Primitive Canon of the Mass in the Light of Recent Discoveries" and "African Records and Devotion to the Eucharist in the Early Ages," were presented respectively by Dom Jules Souben, a Benedictine of Solesmes, and Father Delattre, of the White Fathers. Neither of these, unfortunately, was able to be present in person. "Work Among the Poor in Rome," was discussed by Mgr. Laurenti, of that city. Educational papers, dealing with the instruction of adults and of the young, of parents and of children, of improvements in the catechism, etc., were read by Father Marchal, of the Redemptorists, l'Abbé Dupuis, l'Abbé Halle, President of Levis College, l'Abbé Corbeil, of the Ottawa Normal School, l'Abbé Belleney, of *La Croix*, Paris, Rev. E. P. Fitzgerald, of Holyoke, Mass., Rev. Richard Ormond Hughes, of New York, Right Rev. Mgr. F. H. Wall, of New York, and Mother Mary Loyola, of York, England. The conversion of non-Catholics was discussed by Mgr. Zorn de Buluch, Auxiliary Bishop of Strasburg, and the Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., of Washington. Papers on the Catholic press were presented by l'Abbé E. Auclair and l'Abbé Belleney. The evil of intemperance and its cure were discussed by Canon Sylvain and Father Ladislas. The welfare of the working classes, societies for young men and women, and the general social betterment of the Catholic body, were discussed by Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame University; Rev. M. J. O'Brien, of Peterboro, Ont.;

Right Rev. Mgr. Lynch, of Syracuse; and Rev. T. J. Shealey, S.J., of New York.

We have given but a few of the subjects. The general meetings almost beggar description, because they were attended by such crowds, by such an unusual number of dignitaries, and addressed by so many distinguished orators. It was at these meetings that the great practical power of the Church and of her sacramental life was so strongly evidenced; where her power as the social force was most apparent; and where thousands heard, learnedly and courageously proclaimed, her saving doctrines. To give one example we will cite the great general meeting held in the church of Notre Dame. This church is, we believe, the largest church edifice in America. The gathering of which we spoke was undoubtedly the most notable public meeting of Catholics that ever took place on this continent. The Blessed Sacrament had been removed from the church and the sanctuary had been made into one vast stage. Hours before the appointed time crowds had gathered in the streets; when the meeting opened there were at least fifteen thousand gathered within those walls. Thousands who could not enter were still standing outside. On the stage were seated the Papal Legate, the members of the hierarchy and representatives of the federal, provincial, and municipal governments. The meeting was addressed by two cardinals, his Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli and his Eminence Cardinal Logue; and by two Premiers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Lomer Gouin. The gathering typified the spirit, and showed the success of this Congress. It was, indeed, an inspiring sight and a soul-stirring call to see and to hear that vast crowd of fifteen thousand cheer to the echo when an orator spoke of devotion to the Holy Eucharist and of faithfulness in the service of Christ.

Or again, we might speak of that gathering of young men at the Arena in Westmount, when the Cardinal Legate was cheered by thousands and actually overcome by the reception accorded to him. From the beginning to the end, in its religious services, in its studies of present-day problems, in its display of Catholic activity and Catholic influence, in the multitudes that gathered to take part in it, the Twenty-first Eucharistic Congress was a magnificent demonstration of Catholic life, inspired, exalted, directed by devotion to the

Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Its success is the glory of Montreal, the glory of Canada, the glory of our own United States; yea, the glory of Catholics throughout the world.

Grand, inspiring, as were its services and its meetings, the crowning splendor, the perfect fulfillment of it all, came in that indescribable procession of the Blessed Sacrament. God granted us a perfect day. To the thousands already in the city, thousands more came by train, by boat, by vehicle of every kind, to pay homage to our Lord. From hundreds of miles around many, unable to come, rich and poor alike, sent their offerings of flowers, till there were more than enough to decorate a city. Those who had participated during the four days of the Congress felt that they had not even yet begun to praise their King as He should be praised. What we had done up to this hour was as naught. In the strength of our hearts and of our numbers we would lead Him forth, bear Him triumphantly as He should be borne—our God, our King. The city and the whole world should bear witness to our joy. The same inspiration possessed every heart. They who were not permitted to walk secured seats on the stands, in the windows, or stood along the line of march. There was to be no vehicle. No one was to ride. In the presence of Him we are all equal; and, from the unknown altar-boy to the representative of the Supreme Pontiff, all walked for those short four miles, bearing in enthusiastic love their Eucharistic King.

Before Him are the great and the little of this world, numbering thousands upon thousands. There are some of the Papal Zouaves, who years ago risked their lives in defense of the States of the Church. There is every kind of young men's society, Society of St. Jean Batiste, Workingmen's Clubs, the Catholic Club of New York City, Knights of Columbus, Holy Name Societies, American Indians, Chinese, Lithuanians, Poles, Syrians, Italians; there are members of the religious orders, diocesan priests numbering thousands, Brothers of the Christian Schools; there are canons and mitred abbots, bishops and archbishops, and there is the Papal Legate, bearing aloft the sacred Host. He is surrounded by a military guard of honor. Following him come two other Cardinals, Gibbons and Logue, and then the Archbishop of Montreal, with Prothonotaries Apostolic, Papal Chamberlains, representatives of the federal, provincial, and municipal governments—

all forming a procession of sixty thousand men, and requiring five hours to pass.

Through flower-carpeted streets, beneath beautiful arches, between living walks of devout, reverent worshippers, the Sacred Host is borne. Song upon song is raised in praise and honor to the Eucharistic Christ. Flowers are strewn before Him, clouds of incense bear the prayers of the multitude to His feet. A city's life has stopped. A city is silent, save for the praise which its hundreds of thousands send forth to God. Every nation is here, every tongue is here. All praise the Savior, Christ. His life animates this multitude. His power holds them silent. His love thrills their hearts. He passes—as of old doing good; as of old, at the end He blesses the multitude. They answer as with one voice, acclaiming: “Jesus, the Host!” and the Eucharistic Congress is over. But we know that the life of the Eucharistic Christ is stronger than ever in the hearts of His faithful.

THE HEAT OF DAY.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

'Tis noon. Yon reapers, in discouraged mood,
Are spent with labor, for the world is ripe
To its ingathering. Fain is each to wipe
His dripping brow, as though each drop were blood:
“O daze of heat, poured in o'erpowering flood!
No shade is ours,” they mourn, “no shepherd's pipe
Makes music i' the sun.” Great Prototype
Of lamb-like patience, bless our ill-wrought good!
Smile on its imperfections, till they shine
Bright in Thy brightness. Help us bind the sheaves
With cords of love's own silver!—Bread and wine
Of sweetest Sacrament no longing leaves:
O Light unshadowed, bid our sorrows cease;
Celestial Presence, crown us with Thy peace.

New Books.

THE LIFE OF REGINALD POLE. In the preface to his *Life of Reginald Pole* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price \$5.25), Martin

Haile states that the world might have had the work from the pen of Father Ethelred Taunton but for his untimely death at the beginning of his task. The author then acknowledges his indebtedness to Father Taunton's literary executor for valuable notes and data collected with exhaustive research; and, gratefully dismissing this obligation, he assumes entire responsibility for the work in its present form.

It would be misleading to say that the *Life of Reginald Pole* is a full and complete history of *one* of England's most notable sons, for so skillfully has the author estimated and placed the important characters—kings, queens, prelates, knights, and pawns—on the vast board, the sixteenth century up to the close of Cardinal Pole's life, that he has given to the reader a valuable summing up of the events and counter events of the entire period in Europe.

Inestimable is the worth of a book such as the present *Life*, and particularly is it valuable to the lay reader under the skillful handling of the writer, who possesses a fine sense of proportion, a faithfulness in research, and a delicate discrimination when court intrigue, hatred, and dissimulation distort the fair outlines of Christ's divine edifice until her own children fail to recognize her and disown her because of the cringing sophistries of unjust stewards within her fold.

The author's discernment of historic detail has enabled him to obtain a clear focus upon the noble Cardinal Archbishop's relation to the time in which he lived. Thanks to the reactionary quality of injustice and fanaticism, and to the preservation of the archives accessible to the student of history, the names of More, Fisher, Pole, and those who suffered persecution in its many forms because of the unswerving quality of their faith, become fairer with the progress of time, and few books have shown to such advantage as Martin Haile's *Life of Reginald Pole*.

As near and loyal kinsman to royalty; faithful friend to friend; high-minded patron to the art and letters of his time; wise counselor to emperor, king, and pontiff, the name of

Pole becomes suggestive when one contemplates the fixity, the steadfastness of this holy and learned man who witnessed the reign of three of England's monarchs and the pontificates of eight "bishops of Rome." With pleasing simplicity of style the author comprehensively presents to the lay reader the tangled doctrinal arguments of the time, and the mental journey to the Council of Trent, in company with the orthodox Cardinal Pole, becomes one of the most pleasing features of the book.

The account of Reginald's school days, beginning with the Carthusian monastery at Sheen, "a devout and holy place"; the later days at Oxford, where he numbered Sir Thomas More—twenty-five years his senior—among his friends; the prolonged student life at Padua, where under the generous patronage of his kinsman, Henry VIII., he was enabled to remain long enough to obtain princely advantages, and where he formed those friendships destined to last until the close of his life—all these events are told with an easy grace of detail never wearying to the reader. "It has been observed of Pole," says the writer, "that he had many points of resemblance with another great English cardinal of more recent times—Cardinal Newman; especially that he could claim to having lost few friends during all the changes of his life and that the loss of an old friend had ever deeply grieved him. Another point of resemblance was the love of companionship, which made Newman unwilling to take the shortest stroll unaccompanied, and which in Pole created those friendships with Gasper Contarini and Alvisi Priuli which deserve to rank among the famous friendships of history; and in a lesser degree with the representative men of his time—for to mention his friends was to name the first, in moral and intellectual worth, in whatever place he might find himself."

Possibly the most valuable material in the *Life* are the extracts from letters to Pole's various friends upon vital questions of state and morals, and the full and comprehensive reference to his notable work, *Pro Ecclesiasticæ Unitatis Defensione*, written at the command of Henry VIII. and destined to become the occasion of the historic breach between them. Carefully scanning extracts from this famous work of Pole's, one must smile in our own day at the illogical attitude of the Church of England bishop in one of the Southern States who

answered the charge that Henry VIII. was founder of the English Church: "He was not Founder of the Church of England, but he did cure the English people of the Roman fever."

Let those who would read the rather questionable nature of this "cure" turn to the *Life of Reginald Pole*, that they may know how great was the service of this illustrious and holy man to the beauteous Bride of Christ whom Henry VIII. would have robbed of her head, so great was his mania for decapitation!

With the contemplative knowledge
HEAVENWARDS. of the mystic, and the spiritual
illumination of one who lives in
the Presence of the Most Holy, Mother Loyola, in her latest book, *Heavenwards* (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price \$1.25), has delivered messages that strengthen, encourage, and animate all its readers to rise above the distracting temptations of sordid modern life. "Having in it all that is delicious and the sweetness of every taste," *Heavenwards* is adapted to the needs of varying conditions of life.

Laying the book aside, the priest will feel better prepared for his sermon on the morrow; the "sister servant" of the community will welcome it as rich material for community reading; the valiant woman of domestic life will work more willingly with her hands from the inspiration of its practically adapted lessons; and the woman of fashion—God grant it may reach her!—will learn painfully how she must be in but not of the world, and how spiritual reading, though a necessity, will not be sufficient unless diligently applied when the soul faces the insinuating allurements of a life of ease.

The dedication of *Heavenwards* fixes a standard for the book to which Mother Loyola has remained faithful in each succeeding chapter:

"To Mother Church, whose office and aim is to keep our hearts above the dangers, trials, and allurements of this passing world, and whose daily admonition from a thousand altars is ever 'Sursum Corda.'"

The text for each chapter of *Heavenwards* is taken from some familiar passage of Sacred Scripture, and these Mother Loyola has illumined with a rare, delicate, and reverent insight holily qualified to lift up the heart of every reader.

Especially is this true of the meditations on God's beautiful promise: "Behold I will send My angel, who shall go before thee, and keep thee in thy journey and bring thee into the place that I have prepared."

Many of our readers are already familiar with a series of popularly written articles on astronomy which appeared recently in the columns of the *Boston Pilot* and gave clear evidence of the exact scientific learning of their author, the Rev. George V. Leahy. These essays are now published in convenient book-form, *Astronomical Essays* (Boston: The Washington Press. Price \$1), and form a welcome addition to the library-table of the Catholic family—and, indeed, will convey a good deal of interesting information which non-Catholics are sometimes in urgent and striking need of receiving. The style of the author is very simple and clear; and he instructs his readers satisfactorily in a number of questions which lie on the meeting ground of science and religion, and therefore need to be discussed in the spirit and with the equipment he so obviously possesses.

**A MANUAL OF CHURCH
HISTORY.**

This translation by Luigi Cappadelta, from the fifth German edition, of Dr. F. X. Funk's *Manual of Church History* (Vol. I. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Price \$2.75 net), is of exceptional value, particularly because it may easily be used as a textbook for the training of students, and because it will introduce them in a practical way to the sources and to the issues that are most important in the history of the Church. When the students of our seminaries are formed in the spirit and on the model of this thorough and practically successful teacher, a new era will begin in the history of American scholarship. In the hands of a painstaking professor, the *Manual* may become a splendid instrument for the drilling of a class. Slow progress, frequent review, and conscientious verification of all the available sources, would begin the development of a type of priestly scholar that our generation is yearning to find common in this country.

The author of the *Manual* and the work itself in the orig-

inal are too well known to require any comment of ours. The combination of science and sound doctrine, the fusion of extraordinary learning with unimpeachable faith, his love of original research, and his strict loyalty to evidence, make Dr. Funk the right man to produce the most satisfactory manual as yet offered to the public. And he has been fortunate in his translator. Under the obvious pseudonym affixed to the English edition, there is screened a literary workman of the first rank. His translating and editing leave nothing to be desired; and such additional notes and references as he has made give comfortable assistance to the reader. When possible he has replaced references to foreign works by references to English translations, and his failure to do this with regard to Duchesne's *Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise* must, of course, be due to the fact that he had corrected his proof before the appearance of the English version of that book.

The Poor Man of Assisi has been
THE DIVINE MINSTRELS. so widely admired by artists and writers, hopelessly incapable of understanding his spirit, that readers regard with some suspicion each new attempt at interpretation. In the present instance, *The Divine Minstrels*, by Auguste Bailly. Translated by Ernest Barnes (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.25 net), such suspicion will be justified, for this little romance, which weaves together some well-known incidents in the life of the saint on a beautiful background of Tuscan and Umbrian scenery, depicts a sentimental courtship, full of impossible details, and colored most vividly with high tints that would of themselves reveal the artist as a Frenchman. The descriptive parts are poetically and gracefully done; and the translation seems to be adequate. But the atmosphere is too little Catholic and too saturated with misunderstanding of the Franciscan ideal to make the book a source of enjoyment.

This volume, *The Promise of American Life*, by Herbert Croly (New York: MacMillan Company. Price \$2), gives us a study of our nation at once historic, prospective, wide, profound, and stimulating. The author has sketched most lucidly the architecture

and analyzed the substance of American national life. He has shown us why it is what it is—an organic democracy, but an organic democracy very much qualified in its constitution and growth by elements antithetic to its true nature. He traces the characteristic marks which Hamilton, Jefferson, and Lincoln have left upon it, and also those which are due to what may be called pragmatic causes. But all this is only an incitement to his readers. He wants them to turn aside for awhile from the strenuous paths of unreflective business and resolutely think out for themselves what America now is and what, unless higher political thought and purer political passions enter into her life, she is likely to become. The first great founders of America were hard and high thinkers, they channeled out the forms through which her vigorous early life was to run its almost unconscious course, and so long as it retained its first simplicity all was well. But the very strength of this life, when once separated from its first givers, became in a sense blind and unreflecting in its sheer and headstrong individualism, and so it has continued to be, almost to the present. "For two generations and more the American people were, from the economic point of view most happily situated. They were able, in a sense, to slide down hill into the valley of fulfillment. Economic conditions were such that, given a fair start, they could scarcely avoid reaching the desirable goal. But such is no longer the case. Economic conditions have been profoundly modified, and American political and social problems have been modified with them. . . . Ugly obstacles have jumped into view, and ugly obstacles are peculiarly dangerous to a person who is sliding down hill. The man who is clambering up hill is in a much better position to evade and overcome them. Americans will possess a safer as well as a worthier vision of their national promise as soon as they give it a house on a hill-top rather than in a valley."

It would be well, therefore, for those whom an unfortunate mixture of optimism, fatalism, and conservatism has lulled to sleep to wake up and take stock of things as they are. What, then, is the central plague spot to be attacked? "It is the economic individualism of our existing national system which inflicts the most serious damage on American individuality; and American individual achievement in politics and science and the arts will remain partially impoverished as long as our

fellow-countrymen neglect or refuse systematically to regulate the distribution of wealth in the national interest."

Mr. Croly develops two policies to meet the changed conditions of the national life. At home, he is all for qualitative individualism as opposed to that quantitative individualism which is now so rampant and excessive. He points to Abraham Lincoln who, so to speak, summed up and anticipated in himself the qualitative and democratic genius of his country. He was not only good-natured, strong, and innocent, as so many of his fellow-countrymen have been and are, but "he had made himself intellectually candid, concentrated, and disinterested, and morally humane, magnanimous, and humble. All these qualities, which were the very flower of his personal life, were not possessed either by the average or the exceptional American of his day: and not only were they not possessed, but they were either wholly ignored or consciously undervalued. Yet these very qualities of high intelligence, humanity, magnanimity, and humility are precisely the qualities which Americans, in order to become better democrats, should add to their strength, their homogeneity, and their innocence."

While this home policy which Mr. Croly advocates is so essentially qualitative, his foreign policy is quite other—the Monroe doctrine, a big navy, a leading voice in the European concert, the whole thing quite frankly Bismarckian.

BY INHERITANCE.

This remarkable psychological study of the negro, and the mutual relations of white and black, entitled *By Inheritance*, comes from the pen of a New England woman, Octave Thanet (Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Company). The book shows the touch of the artist as well as the mind of the student; inimitable humor and incident lighting up the dark shadows of "the tremendous, uncouth, fundamental passions of men." Miss French shows us "naked human nature," the negro as he is "by inheritance"; but a keen sense of values holds the balance between good and evil, comedy and tragedy.

The story carries southward Agatha Danforth, a New England philanthropist, pledged to the cause of the negro. Where before she had reckoned with the individual, she now learns to estimate the race, and grapples for the first time with the

real factors in the race problem. Her struggle between "life-long faiths and late perceptions" forms the background against which the actors play out the drama of life. This new insight into these "children too old to grow up," and the effect on them of the American panacea, education, as personified in Danton, a young mulatto, graduated from Harvard, make her ask sadly: "What is the right sort of education? Is this higher education the best thing for them?" Danton, a polished, finished product "up against" the impenetrable social barrier, is the embodiment of the tragedy of his race. Unsatisfied and unsatisfiable ambition turns to gall and bitterness an affectionate disposition and sunny nature, the best heritage of his people. The electric light of enlightenment, forestalling the sunshine of happiness, leaves him a prey to all sorts of morbid germs. In the impassable social barrier we find the crux of the whole problem. To defend it, the inherent law of race-preservation rises in a passionate flood of unreasoning madness, and sweeps before it all sense of law and order.

Lily Pearl, the true heroine of the book, shows that filtration may clarify the muddiest waters. Through unselfish sacrifice and willing service her standard grows till, having "all the virtues but one," she learns to prize more than life itself that one which is the crown of womanhood. Lily Pearl is a woman's heroine. She could sway men's hearts and turn their heads and blind Antoine and send him back to France unsuspecting, for only a woman could suspect and comprehend her stamp of heroism.

No Catholic will fail to note the only Catholic touch in the book—the natural confidence of the human mother in the Mother of God—nor the references to divorce showing the distinction without difference between the illegal sexual relations of the negro, and the "legalised adultery" of the whites.

It may be objected that the author gives the terms of the problem but offers no solution, if we except some tentative suggestions scarcely calling for very serious consideration. The best light thrown on the subject by the wise old General, and that philosopher of sanity, Lily Pearl, is, after all, the old key to many a social problem—that even ambition must have limits, boundaries fixed by common sense and guarded by Christian resignation.

**THE MIRAGE OF THE
MANY.**

The Mirage of the Many, by W.

T. Walsh (New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price \$1.50), has ambitions to be a prophetic novel. It con-

cerns the city of Chicago under the reign of Socialism, as established throughout the United States in the year 1952, and the author proposes in a forceful, but somewhat didactic, manner to show the deplorable effect of that reign on all classes of society. The starting-point of the novel seems unjustified. Conditions by the middle of this twentieth century are assumed to have jumped quite to perfection. The phrase, "economic evils," has been relegated to the dead-language shelf.

But notwithstanding that this was the most wonderful civilization that had ever been upreared, in spite of the fact that the people had never before been so prosperous, the old slogan of half a century earlier was in constant repetition, "The rich are growing richer and the poor poorer." Man's discontent was a paradox. He was discontented because he had so little reason to be. His wants were over-satisfied, over-satisfied, at least, in proportion to his merits. Not a single being suffered from lack of food, or clothing, or shelter—the primary human wants—no, nor from a thousand accessories to these wants.

Man was spoiled by economic ease—and yet, notwithstanding this, he craved for the still easier life. A great reaction was bound to come. Inconsistently man hit at the keystone of his prosperity—his economic system, and Socialism, a theoretic principle for many a decade back, was demanded. Thought had revolutionized the world, in science at least. Thought could likewise revolutionize the social system. Such was the fundamental argument of the Socialistic leaders of the day.

The shaky optimism of this starting-point—how can the next forty years accomplish so much?—makes the introduction of Socialism inconsistent and impertinent; and on it the whole structure of the story is inclined to totter. The author would have strengthened his position by admitting, as does the most conservative thought of to-day, the many ragged gaps in our economic system; he could then have shown that for these gaps is needed a gradual bridge-building along constitutional lines, not the bomb-shell of Socialism. In proceeding, how-

ever, the story gains in strength. The account of the actual state of society under Socialistic government shows vividly the readjustments, often hard and cruel, demanded by the "great change." The author's insistence upon the inevitable submerging of individual talent and ambition, and his effective representation of the wreckage of all family life, suggest by sharp contradiction the older novel, *Looking Backwards*, by Edward Bellamy. A comparison of the two books would be worth while. *The Mirage of the Many* is certainly the more convincing.

Some one has said that since the
CHRISTIAN ORIGINS. Encyclical *Pascendi* "Catholic scholarship has drawn in its horns, and is now confining itself to the composing of harmless theological text-books." This statement is a calumny, for never were writers so prolific in scholarly apologies of the Catholic position. Mgr. Batiffol is one of the best of present-day writers who meets the modern rationalist on his own ground.

We are glad that his lectures at Versailles, January-May, 1910, on the historicity of Christ and the Gospels, have been published in permanent form, *Orpheus et l'Evangile* (Paris: Librairie Lecoffre, J. Gabalda et Cie.) They constitute a detailed scholarly answer to the latest attacks of modern unbelief on the much-debated questions of Christian origins. While the author has ever in view Reinach's superficial and inaccurate history of religions, his treatment is objective throughout, discussing in turn the extra-gospel references to Christ, the origin of the canon, the witness of St. Paul and the Acts, and the authenticity of the life and teachings of Jesus.

He seems to reject, with Schuerer and Lagrange (p. 18) the authenticity of the famous passage of Josephus (Ant. xviii. 63, 64), but explains his silence (*Orpheus*, p. 333) on the hypothesis that Josephus wrote his work to suit the cultured Roman who despised Christianity (pp. 21-22); he points out (p. 31) that the blasphemies and inaccuracies of the Talmud writers, who "present insuperable difficulties to Reinach" (*Orpheus*, p. 334), are due to their hatred of Christianity (Meyer), and their utter lack of the historical sense (Lagrange); he identifies the *Chrestus* of Suetonius (*Vita Claudii*, 25) with the Christ (p. 44), and brings out (p. 47) clearly the value

of Tacitus' reference to the passion of the Savior under Pontius Pilate (Annal. xv. 44).

In his chapter on the Canon, Mgr. Batiffol shows how the Church separated the chaff from the wheat in the matter of the Apocrypha (pp. 58-64), the one supreme criterion being the criterion of apostolic authority for all of the four gospels (p. 78). He refutes the error of Harnack and Juelicher, who trace to Marcion in 150 A. D. the first idea of a New Testament Canon (pp. 73-80, *Orpheus* 316).

The lecture on St. Paul is an answer to a favorite theory of the Tübingen school rejected by Weiss in his *Paulus und Jesus* and repeated by Reinach (*Orpheus*, p. 339), viz., that St. Paul knew little or nothing of the historic Christ. Mgr. Batiffol refers (pp. 87-99) to many passages wherein the Apostle voices the Savior's teachings (I. Cor. iv. 20-21, vii. 10, xv. 50; II. Cor. i. 3., ix. 4; Rom. viii. 15-17, xiii. 8-10, xiv. 17; Gal. iv. 1-7, v. 1, v. 12, etc.), and lays special stress on the instruction given him by Ananias (A. D. 34), Peter (A. D. 37), and Barnabas (A. D. 42-49) (pp. 100-102).

Against Reinach (*Orpheus*, p. 344) our author proves that St. Luke, the physician (Col. iv. 14) and the companion of St. Paul (Phil. i. 24) is the author of the Acts of the Apostles, and against Weiss and Juelicher that this history of the first twenty years of Christianity was written not in 100 or 105 A. D., but in 62 A. D. The admissions of Harnack in his *Lucas der Arzt* are used to good effect (pp. 118-136).

The last chapter (pp. 237-279) deals with three hypotheses whereby the rationalistic critics of to-day question the authenticity of any gospel fact: 1. That the incident recorded is suggested by some Old Testament prophecy (p. 251); 2. That the miracles mentioned are either cures that may be explained naturally, or mere symbolism misunderstood by the first illiterate followers of Jesus (p. 256); 3. That "the method of comparative religions" will explain many a so-called fact (p. 260). The brief but clear-cut refutation of Reinach's fanciful "myth of the passion of Christ borrowed from the Sacæa of Babylon" is an evidence at once of the arbitrary character of the Reinachian criticism, and a proof of the effectiveness of modern Catholic scholarship (pp. 265-272, *Orpheus*, 337-8).

It would take a volume to enumerate the many errors of the much advertised *Orpheus*. Mgr. Batiffol who discusses only

one brief chapter of thirty pages, points them out continually in footnote after footnote. Reinach speaks of a gospel of Cerinthus which never existed, and then calls St. John's Gospel a revision of it (p. 71); he quotes the *Acta Pilati* as a document forged by the Christians of the second century, whereas the Greek letter of Pilate to Claudius was not invented until the fourth or fifth century (p. 38); he states that all trace of the rivalry of St. Peter and St. Paul was deliberately erased from the Acts, whereas this hypothesis has long been relegated to the ash-heap (p. 120); he confidently asserts that "all the quotations from Scripture in the Apostolic Fathers refer exclusively to the Old Testament" (p. 74), proof positive that he had never read them or even Leipoldt's latest book on the New Testament Canon; he speaks of the story of Paul and Thecla as "the type of pious fraud," but fails to tell his readers that the priest who acknowledged its authorship was degraded (p. 59); he mistranslates St. Luke with a purpose (p. 156, *Orpheus* p. 323), fails to understand Loisy (p. 205, *Orpheus*, pp. 319-324), confounds the two congregations of the Index and the Inquisition (p. 244, *Orpheus* p. 352), utterly misrepresents the present position of the Church on the text of "the Three Witnesses" (p. 244), etc.

In a word, *Orpheus* is a book whose Voltairean bias (he quotes Voltaire fifty-four times in 112 pages) may satisfy the superficial anti-clerical students of a French *lycée*, but will not pass muster as a serious study with scholars of any school, either from the standpoint of method or of facts.

A man so biased as to define religion as "a sum of scruples which impede the free exercise of our faculties," so behind the times as to make totems and taboos the corner stone of all his fanciful theorizing (*Revue du Clergé Français*, Vol. LVIII., pp. 715-729), so poor an historian as to write "a history of religions in which the one thing lacking is religion" (Monod, *Revue Historique*, November, 1909), so bitter an anti-Catholic as to consider the Catholic Church a mere history of errors, superstition, intolerance, and crime—such a man may write learnedly of Greek and Etruscan vases, or lecture interestingly on the antiquities of the Musée de Saint-Germain-en-Laye, but he ought not to venture on the difficult paths of the study of comparative religions: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

**VENEZUELA AND
COLOMBIA.**

A certain romantic interest surrounds the Latin countries of South America. To their own native attractiveness they seem to have added some of the poetic charm and chivalry of their early Spanish conquerors.

Yet South America and her people have long been as a closed book to the majority of our countrymen. Differences of language, of racial antecedents and social customs, have been instrumental in keeping apart the people of the two continents. And it must be added that oftentimes our own arrogant complacency, ignorance of true conditions, and a too great readiness to credit sensational newspaper reports, have created an unwarranted prejudice in our minds against the moral and intellectual standards of our South American brethren. It is so easy to indict a foreign nation—as easy as it is imprudent.

But we are happy to note the advent of a better understanding between the peoples of the two continents. Perhaps the most effective public instrument has been, and still is, the Bureau of American Republics. Moreover, friendly diplomatic relations, international congresses, and the success of various common interests, have opened our eyes to the truth, and we are beginning to see and to know the vast fields for intellectual activity and material development which lie to the south of us.

A new work has just appeared, *Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena*, by H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$3), which will have, we feel, a worthy share in promoting a better and a truer understanding. It is a book of travel, descriptive of the inhabitants, animal and vegetable life, and topography of two of the most northerly South American countries—Venezuela and Colombia—with many of the adjacent islands. The volume takes us on a journey through some of the most renowned scenes of New World discoveries and explorations, and we see in perspective a land which in many respects glows with a charm primeval. The author's enthusiasm for his labors and his sympathy for his subject are contagious; we lay the book down in sheer wonder at the mighty land of marvelous beauty and unlimited resources which lies so near our doors. Those weird and popular stories about Latin American irreligion and moral degradation are conspicu-

ously absent, and in this volume of a few hundred pages we are led by a kindly hand into a close and cordial intimacy with "those gentle, polite, sensitive, imaginative, delightful people." The work cannot fail to instruct and delight any one who honestly seeks to know these often misrepresented countries.

The volume contains a large number of illustrations and is well printed and bound. There is also a map showing the route followed by the author, a well-arranged index, and a complete bibliography.

Sir Thomas E. Fuller, the author
CECIL JOHN RHODES. of an interesting life of Cecil
 Rhodes, *The Right Hon. John Cecil*

Rhodes (New York: Longmans; Green & Co. Price \$1.60 net), writes: "I have not attempted to give any detailed account of Mr. Rhodes' life from childhood upwards. I have rather written a personal narrative of his life and work as they were associated with mine, in an intimacy of many years; while at the same time I have given as complete an account and estimate of his public career as the scheme of the book permitted. I have also specially endeavored to recall the best traditions of Mr. Rhodes' life, scarcely known to the general public, but cherished in the hearts of his friends."

Cecil Rhodes' entrance into public life as a member of the Cape Parliament; his great schemes for South African expansion; his social life at Groote Schuur; his work as a statesman and as premier of the Cape Colony, his complicity as Prime Minister with the "Jameson Raid"; his ideals and characters—these are prominent points in the narrative. Sir Thomas writes freely of this remarkable man's mistakes and failings. There is much of the human in his picture "of the man who cast a spell over South Africa and its people," and his work will be of interest not only to the student of South African history, but to the general reader.

Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway, by Frank and Cortelle Hutchins (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.),

is an account of a cruise up the historic James River, as undertaken and enjoyed by the authors in their boat, the *Gadabout*. The descriptions of famous localities in Virginia naturally in-

clude interesting glimpses of the life of those earliest days, pretty traditions and even bits of personal gossip about the colonists, and once again, of course, the first American romance, that of John Rolfe and Pocahontas. Especially enjoyable is the account of visits to old colonial seats, with all the charm of the old-time Southern courtesy and hospitality, manor-houses such as Brandon, Shirley, and Westover, home of the unhappy Colonial belle, Evelyn Byrd. The volume is illustrated with many photographs taken by the authors, and may serve as an exquisite gift-book.

**TRAILS THROUGH WEST-
ERN WOODS.**

A volume called *Trails Through Western Woods*, by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders (New York and Seattle: The Alice Harriman Company), will prove a desirable addition to the literature of the Far West. Traditions and folk-lore of the Indians are successfully mingled with descriptions of the wildly picturesque beauty of the region they still inhabit. The author attempts a sympathetic, if incomplete, interpretation of the primal, strangely compounded character of the Indian, "the mystery of our continent." The chapter dealing with "Some Indian Missions of the Northwest" recounts the pathetic story of the labors of the heroic "black robes," whose zeal finally effected the conversion and civilization of so many tribes. The work of Father De Smet, founder of the missions of the Northwest, is described at special length, and also that of the gentle Father Ravalli, the Italian Jesuit, widely known and loved as the Apostle of the Selish. Of these pioneer priests the author writes with admiration, but obviously lacks a thoroughly clear understanding of their true aims and ideals.

CHURCH AND STATE.

To any one wishing to follow the troublous times which immediately preceded and followed the Separation of the Church and State in France, no more instructive or reliable guide could be offered than the two volumes published by the eminent academician, Count Albert de Mun, *Combats d'Hier et d'Aujourd'hui* (Paris: P. Lethielleux). The work is written, as it were, day by day under the immediate dictates of events. The first volume begins with the advent of the Combes' Ministry, June, 1902, and brings the reader

to the eve of the separation of Church and State. The struggle which followed is well described, as are the events which rendered conciliatory measures impossible, and which led to the last great Papal decision which every Christian in France embraced unhesitatingly. In the second volume the separation is consummated and its dire consequences reveal themselves. Count de Mun says that the history of France from that unfortunate date should be called the history of the consequences of the separation of Church and State. The violent rupture with Rome marked the blasting of national traditions. We see the Church cast aside by the State, the episcopacy driven from its abodes, church goods subjected to ignoble inventories, the results of confiscation leading even unto the violation of such sacred contracts as provide for suffrages for the dead. The moral influences at work react so deeply upon the nation that patriotism is abased, the army disorganized, and the country in a state of social revolution. The deep-rooted patriotism of Count de Mun and his loyalty to the Church pervade his splendid work.

Mr. H. M. Wiener's recent work, **PENTATEUCHAL CRITICISM**. *Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism* (Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Company), is an interesting volume, not precisely because he has evolved for us any new solution to the Pentateuchal problem, but because he has boldly and earnestly defended what has come to be, for the non-Catholic, an obsolete view, *i. e.*, "the general Mosaic character of the Pentateuch."

These essays first appeared in the current numbers of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, 1908-1909, and are now issued in book form.

Mr. Wiener's avowed purpose here is to administer the *coup de grace* to the prevailing literary hypotheses of the *Graf Wellhausen School*. He is convinced that a mere common sense investigation of some of the conclusions of the higher critics respecting biblical difficulties will be sufficient to discredit their theory.

Starting with what he considers to be the most important of these discrepancies, "the variant use of the terms *Elhoim* and *Yahweh*," the author goes through the whole catalogue of Pentateuchal difficulties: "Egypt and Goshen"; "The Ministry of the Sanctuary"; "The Position of the Ark"; "Concluding Chapters of Numbers"; "The Israelitic Census";

etc., contributing to all points not merely the negative work of criticising the critics, but the more difficult and positive effort of personal interpretation.

Naturally, some subjects are treated with greater detail than others, but, whether he writes at length or briefly, the author brings to his thesis a certain confidence, and independence of thought, which make his words always interesting if not always convincing. The last pages are devoted to an arrangement of the early chapters of Wellhausen's *Prolegomena*; and the whole is supplemented by a very complete index of scriptural passages and subjects.

The Essays are popular rather than technical in their form, and can be followed with interest even by those unacquainted with the technique of the problem. In addition the style is simple and clear, so that it is a book to be appreciated by a very large class of readers.

But the work is not perfect. Mr. Wiener is intensely in earnest; and, as we have remarked, his indignation at the work of the higher critics is very deep. And while we sympathize and agree with much of his criticism of these men, we believe his work has been marred by an almost jejune exaggeration of the blunders and silliness of the critics; and by a failure to distinguish between critic and critic.

The monotonous repetition of such expressions as "crass absurdities," "exhaustive ignorance," "these worthless conclusions," "inveterate habit of self-contradiction," seem to betray the work of a "special pleader," rather than the dispassionate and cautious words of the scholar. Mr. Wiener is representative of a growing school—"the anti-critical"; but he goes beyond all in his depreciation of the work of the critics. He would limit their achievement, in Pentateuchal study at least, to the detection of a few glosses; while their service is more than outweighed by the "crass absurdities they have put forward."

We do not mean to imply, however, that Mr. Wiener has not written a strong book. The line of argument here laid down, and the plan of reasoning followed, will be amplified and continued, until we see the strange spectacle of critics returning to a position in many respects identical to that from which they started.

One of the chief values of the book lies in this, that it

indicates the trend modern criticism is taking under the relatively recent influence of external research; an influence surely conservative and in many respects Catholic in tone.

Mr. G. E. Theodore Roberts has **COMRADES OF THE TRAILS**. achieved the impossible in *Comrades of the Trails* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) He has actually written a story without a woman in it. The eternal feminine has for once been completely ignored. *Comrades of the Trails* contains three hundred solid pages without so much as a swish of skirts or an elusive echo of soprano laughter. Nor does the story suffer in the least by the omission. It tells of the partnership of an Indian and a young Englishman, trappers in the Canadian wilderness: of their adventures with trap and gun, and of their exciting encounters with a ghost of peculiar habits and with a mysterious "Wild Man." It is the sort of book that one does not want to be interrupted in reading.

Of Mr. George Wharton James' **THE ARIZONA CANYON**. several volumes concerning Western regions, the latest is *The Grand Canyon of Arizona; How to See It* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) The book describes the Grand Canyon, "the waterway of the gods," traces its formation, and gives an extended account of the surrounding country. It is a quite exhaustive treatment of the subject, and with its numerous illustrations and maps would seem excellent as a guide-book. The style, however, is not sufficiently attractive to make any strong appeal to stay-at-homes.

Michael Servetus, branded both by Catholics and Protestants as a rank heretic, has found a champion in the author of the volume entitled: *Michael Servetus: His Life and Teachings*, by C. T. Odhner (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.) Servetus, who "has had scarcely a single sympathetic and intelligent reader," who has "apparently exercised no influence whatever upon the development of theological thought in the Christian Church," who has disappeared "almost without leaving a trace in the sands of time," is here heralded as a second John the Baptist. The work is without historical value, for the author fails to see any defects whatsoever in his subject.

Fr. Pustet (New York) have published a new and complete edition of the *Graduale Romanum*, with the Vatican approbation. It is excellently presented. The same house has issued the *History of Church Music*, by Rev. Dr. Karl Weinmann, translated from the German. This work, as the author himself states, does not claim to be a detailed history of Church Music, but rather "a compendious exposition," showing the broad lines of its development. However, though the little volume is modest in scope, it is far-reaching in its research and thoroughly well done.

Benziger Brothers (New York) have issued a *Handbook of Church Music*, by F. Clement C. Egerton. It is a "practical guide for all those having the charge of schools and choirs, and others who desire to restore Plainsong to the proper place in the services of the Church. Beginners will find the work very useful, because it is extremely simple. Teachers also will find it valuable because of the different methods it suggests for acquiring the essentials of Gregorian music.

During the past few years many books have been written on the Eucharist, such as the works of Père Eymard, the founder of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, and the all-too-few treasures from the pen of Mother Mary Loyola. The present work, *The Holy Eucharist—The Bread of Angels*, translated by Rev. John F. Mullany, privately printed at Syracuse, N. Y., is another worthy addition to the devotional literature on the Eucharist, and is arranged with a special view for use at Mass and Holy Communion. It is a translation from the French of a series of meditations on the Eucharist, and is intended for "clergy and laity." The translation is simple and free from French idioms.

The example set by the English Catholic Truth Society (London) in publishing interesting tales that inculcate moral lessons, such as religious loyalty, etc., is well worthy of our imitation. One of its recent books of this kind is *Under the Ban*, by C. M. Home. It is a full-sized novel (well printed on good paper, though poorly bound) dealing with the troubles between John Lackland and the Papacy. Devotion to the Holy See is cleverly inculcated without letting the moral become

too prominent. The story is well told and the interest of the reader is sustained to the end. There are incidents in American history that might be utilized in the same way.

The labors of the late Bishop Potter for the social improvement of the laboring classes, and for social reform in general, are interestingly set forth in a small volume, entitled *Bishop Potter—The People's Friend*, by Harriette A. Keyser. It is published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

Service Abroad, by Right Rev. H. H. Montgomery (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), consists substantially of the Pastoral Lectures delivered at Cambridge, 1910, and briefly summarizes pioneer missionary work. While intended primarily for Anglicans, Catholics can, nevertheless, profit by much of the practical advice therein given by experienced workers in India, China, Africa, and among English-speaking people.

An excellent little work on the aims, materials, and methods for the perfect training of the prospective man and woman will be found in the pamphlet, *The Formation of Character*, by Ernest J. Hull, S.J. (St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Price 15 cents). It is intended not only for parents and school-teachers, but also for all who are desirous of developing their own capabilities. The little volume can hardly be surpassed for usefulness and ease of comprehension. The trifling price should insure its wide distribution.

Histories of the United States are now so numerous that we can hardly expect to find anything new in the statement of facts or in the method of treatment. This latest volume, *A History of the United States for Schools*, by S. S. Forman (New York: The Century Company), however, is deserving of notice, in that its scope extends from the discovery of America by Columbus to the finding of the North Pole by Peary. While some important events of history have not here received the extensive treatment they deserve, the volume is, nevertheless, as a text-book, a good one. Free from all denominational and party bias, clear and simple in narration, and well supplied with numerous maps and illustrations, it should readily find a place in the school-room.

A much needed supplement to the little catechism will be found in this volume, *Simple Catechism Lessons*, by Dom Lambert Nolle, C.S.B. (St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder). The lessons are put in the usual form of question and answer, but the latter consists of a series of short, easy sentences, each a paragraph by itself. The answers contain chiefly matters of essential belief and detailed practical conduct. Examples and pictures from biblical topics are suggested, to be supplied by instructors. The booklet on the whole is very valuable.

In this little book of 70 pages we have *The Liturgical Year Historically Explained and a Key to the Missal for the Use of the Laity*, by Fr. Thaddeus, O.F.M. (London: Art & Book Company). It is very well done, and will be found most helpful to those who are either giving or receiving first instructions in liturgical matters. Starting, of course, with Advent, each of the holy seasons, and the important feasts which it includes, are explained with clear and competent brevity, both from the historical and from the devotional points of view. The last eight pages are devoted to an explanation of the dignity and order of the ecclesiastical feasts and brief descriptions of the great liturgical books—the Pontifical, the Ritual, the Breviary, and the Missal. It is a book to have in order to help oneself, and in order to help others.

In his *Groundwork of Christian Perfection* (New York: Benziger Brothers) the Rev. Patrick Ryan lays down principles based on such excellent authorities in the spiritual life as Father Scaramelli and Father Rodriguez. The sole purpose of the author is to lead his readers to a better and a clearer understanding of what we must do and what we must be to attain the perfection which leads to eternal salvation. He writes particularly for those persons in the world who practice perfection without any formal aim at it, and his efforts to put things briefly and plainly have been most successful. The book is of a convenient size and we hope it will become well known.

Like the mountain village itself, simplicity is the keynote of a recent publication, *Oberammergau*, which, in a tenderly intimate way, describes the place where the Passion Play is

produced, the people of the village, their everyday life, and the particular characters chosen to take part in the sacred drama. The locality is well known to the author, Josephine Helena Short, and her work is made doubly interesting by the excellent photographs which illustrate the text. The volume is published by Thomas Y. Crowell, New York. Price \$1.

The M. H. Wiltzius Company announces that it will publish, on October 1, a new novel by the well-known author, Father Copus, S.J., entitled *Andros of Ephesus*.

The Gospel and Sociology, by Dr. Grasset, an eminent professor of medicine in the University of Montpellier (Paris: Bloud et Cie.), is a small pamphlet, but it has an importance out of proportion to its size. The author makes an earnest plea for united social action on the part of Catholics. There is a social question, he affirms, and he has no sympathy with those Catholics who are unanimous enough in lamenting persecution and making wholesale charges against their enemies, yet are wholly indifferent or woefully disunited when it comes to social action. To lay the entire blame for the Revolution on others, and then to date every evil from it, as if it were a sort of Pandora's box, is useless and foolish. "If one wishes to speak of our part, as Catholics, in the responsibility (for social evils) . . . discord at once springs up; we are not willing to recognize our own follies, or we accuse each other, while no one has the courage to say *mea culpa* for his own failings." Dr. Grasset's thesis is, that because a purely scientific sociology, divorced from all religion, has no sanction for social obligations, therefore Catholics, possessing the true faith, are bound to exert themselves in diligently showing the sound basis for these obligations in the Gospel.

The latest French publication of the Science and Religion Series from Bloud et Cie, of Paris, include: *L'Histoire des Religions et la Foi Chretienne*, par J. Bricout; *Qu'est-ce que le Quétisme?* par J. Paquier; *L'Idée Individualiste et l'Idée Chrétienne*, par Henri Lorin; *Le Pontifical*, par Jules Baudot; *Vie de Sainte Radegonde*, par Saint Fortunat; *La Vie de Saint Benoit d'Aniane*, par Saint Ardon; *La Correspondance d'Ausone et de Paulin de Nole*, par Ausone.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (6 Aug.): "The Accession Declaration Bill," providing for a change in the Coronation Oath, has passed both Houses of Parliament, received the Royal Assent, and become law.—A Supplement gives a full account of the first National Catholic Congress held at Leeds. —Varying and contradictory reports are still in circulation with regard to the relations between Spain and the Holy See.

(13 Aug.): "Some Unpublished Fioretti of St. Francis," by M. Mansfield.—In a letter quoted from *The Manchester Guardian*, the Bishop of Salford explains "The Status of the Vatican." The Pope is an independent Sovereign, and therefore he is not, and never can be, a subject of the Italian State.

(27 Aug.): "Where is the Milliard?" has to do with the liquidation of the property of the dissolved religious congregations in France,— "The Sixth Chapter of St. John: A Difficulty and Its Solution," is discussed by the Rev. Gerald Stack.— "Proverbs and Sayings of the Gael," by C. Dease.—A Special supplement is devoted to general Congress topics, in which the advantages and utility of the Catholic Federation of England is capably set forth by John Hobson Matthews. —That penal reform is opening a wide field to Catholic zeal and enterprise is proved by the Rev. John Cooney in his paper "Catholics and Penal Reform."

(3 Sept.): The letter of the Holy Father to the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of France on the organization known as "Le Sillon" is treated at some length, as is the late Congress at Montreal.—Space is given to the striking address to the King concerning the Royal Accession Declaration which was brought before the Australian House of Representatives, and the debate which ended in its being approved.

The Month (Aug.): The Rev. Jos. Keating, under the caption "Catholicism and Civil Disabilities," considers the ques-

tion of the civil status of Catholics in Great Britain. The author attempts to show that the state has no right to penalize Catholics because they believe in one form of Christianity and reject the rest; that the alleged incompatibility of the profession of Catholicity with civil allegiance has no foundation in fact.—“Faith Healing and the Origins of Lourdes,” by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, is a criticism of the thesis of Sir Henry Morris that the miracles of our Lady have waxed and waned in direct proportion to the rise and fall in popularity of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, the teaching of this doctrine forming the basis of mental suggestion.

(Sept.): Rev. Sydney Smith describes the Catholic Congress at Leeds. One great benefit is to make Catholics conscious of their strength.—“Mistress and Maid,” by Agnes Gibbs, deals with the servant problem. The object is to restore the old ideal, in which the mistress recognized her duties towards the health and moral education of the servant, and the latter looked upon her superior as the representative of God on earth.—Rev. John Cooney writes on “Catholics and Penal Reform.” Catholics, he says, form one-fifth of the prison population of England, and their co-religionists should take a more active interest in reforming them.

Expository Times (Sept.): Dr. Percy Gardner contends that the phrase “Kingdom of God” in the Gospels refers to a present as well as a future kingdom.—In “The Visibility of Our Lord’s Resurrection Body,” Rev. J. M. Shaw maintains that Christ’s risen Body was only visible to those possessing a certain “spiritual receptiveness.” This restriction of recorded appearances, then, becomes an additional proof of their historical trustworthiness.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Sept.): “The Altar and Its Ornaments,” by Patrick Morrisroe, details the rubrical requirements of an altar.—Under the caption “Some Recent Discoveries in Hymnology,” W. H. Grattan Flood gives many interesting facts concerning the authorship of well-known Latin hymns. The general tendency has been to assign their composition to an earlier date.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug.): Eugene Tavernier, writing of Proudhon, the French Socialist, considers him interesting because of his personality, rather than for what he said or did. His style, while original and vigorous, "was stilted, rude, and tiring to even his better disposed hearers."—Joseph Berge discusses the *pros* and *cons* for the tunneling of Mt. Blanc, which are being considered by the present "Conference of Rome." The writer thinks that the conference cannot but "advance the study of the improvement of direct railroad communication between France and Italy."—"The Boy Scouts." François Lechannel writes of their history, duties, etc. The writer is very enthusiastic, and would have the organization world-wide.

(25 Aug.): "Home Rule for Alsace-Lorraine," by Abbé Wetterlé, deals with the nature and necessity of independence for these states, a question that has been agitated for nigh forty years.—"The Approaching Millennium of Cluny," by L. de Contenson, presents an historical sketch of this celebrated abbey, its foundation and influence, and the customs of its order.—Leon de Laperouse thinks "General Brincourt" "a shining example of integrity, loyalty, and kindness, with an indomitable energy and a love for the sword."—Christian Patrimonio writes of affairs in the Balkans, dwelling on those events that have raised "A Principality to a Kingdom."

Études (5 Aug.): "The Preacher in Preaching," is an essay by Raoul Plus analyzing the different elements constituting the psychical energy of the orator, the invisible force of one living soul acting on another.—"A Neapolitan Novelist," by Louis Chervoillot, reviews the life and works of Madame Mathilde Seralo. She is said to belong to the French psychological school of fiction and to have exhibited remarkable powers of observation.

(20 Aug.): "The Millenary of Cluny," by Dom F. Cabrol. For centuries Cluny exercised the greatest influence upon the religious, social, and political world. It is now but a small, unattractive, provincial town. —"Apologetics of Savonarola," by Auguste Décisier.

Savonarola wished Christians to prove the truth of Christianity by their good lives; his contemporaries were satisfied with the legitimate extrinsic criterions of the truth of Christianity. His position was practically sanctioned by the Vatican Council, which also insists upon sanctity and good works as an eminent criterion for the divine mission of the Church.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Aug.): A. Degert gives a sketch of the relations of "Richelieu and the French Seminaries." The famous Cardinal, he maintains, instead of being only a patron of St. Vincent de Paul, Cardinal Bérulle, M. Olier, and others in this work, was in reality the one who first gave force in France to the provisions of the Council of Trent regarding the establishment of seminaries.—L. Venard reviews among other works the following: *The Historical Value of the Fourth Gospel*, by M. Lepin; *Wellhausen and John*, by C. R. Gregory; *Some Remarks on the "Orpheus" of M. Reinach*, by R. P. Lagrange; *Orpheus and the Gospel*, by P. Batiffol; and three works on the Resurrection.—Mlle. Agnes Siegfried contributes an account of the motives of her conversion.

(15 Aug.): Dom F. Cabrol, writing of "The Feast of the Assumption," gives a brief sketch of this feast in Christian worship, in history, and in the Liturgy.—G. Geslin discusses the relation of the terms "Messias and Son of God." His conclusion on the point is that the latter gives the sense of sonship by generation, the former only the sense of "king"; that the evangelical use is that of authentic Jewish tradition; and that their mutual substitution is not due to their identity in meaning but to their application to the same person.—E. Bourguine treats the question "Do Catholic Rigorism and Protestant Laxism Influence the Family?" The article deals chiefly with divorce and its effects on the family and the community.—J. Riviére discusses the following theological works among others: *The Origins of the Dogma of the Trinity*, by Jules Lebreton; *The Faith*, by P. Charles; *The Nation of Catholicity*, by A. de Paulpiquet, O.P.; *The Sacerdotal Vocation*, by J. Lahitton.—P. Godet contributes an article on "The

Liturgic Origin of the 'Salve Regina.'"—A. Boudinon writes of "The 'Fact of Loreto' and the Authority of the Church."—"The Moral Consequences of Protestants" is an extract from a book by Abbé E. Julien.

(1 Sept.): E. Vacandard reviews among others the following work: *Ancient History of the Church*, Vol. III., by Abbé Duchesne, which he regards as the last word on many of the topics treated, as Donatism, Pelagianism, etc.—The following are discussed by A. Bros and O. Habert: *The Successive Phases of the History of Religion*, by J. Réville; *The Assyro-Babylonian Religion*, by P. Dhorme; *The Gospel in the Face of Pagan Syncretism*, by B. Allo; *The Formation of Legends*, by A. Van Gennep.—"Social Sense and Catholic Sense," is an address of encouragement delivered by Mgr. Fuzet, Archbishop of Rouen, to an assembly of "the social week" at that city.

Revue Thomiste (July-Aug.): R. P. Montagne discusses the nature of the methodic doubt advocated by St. Thomas. It was the great Schoolman's doctrine that, any one starting out in quest of truth should be in a state of doubt, as an indispensable condition for the acquirement of truth. But all doubt, whether real or "fictitious," cannot include facts of experience or axioms of reason.—"The Origin of Political Power," by R. P. Hugon. According to St. Thomas the question of the origin of power resolves itself into two subdivisions: power considered in the abstract, and power considered concretely as it is lodged in an individual. The former is, indeed, of divine institution, but not necessarily the form in which it is exercised.—R. P. Lage, with the doctrine of the Church and the teaching of theologians as his sources, concludes against P. Hugueny that the fact of revelation is capable of rigorous demonstration of extrinsics.

Études Franciscaines: P. Exupère, in an article on "St. Matthew," Chapter I., first calls attention to the great ignorance of pious people about the Gospels. Many, he says, know more about non-essential pious devotions than they do of the eight beatitudes, which contain the es-

sence of Catholic doctrine.—“Higher Education in United States,” by P. Hildebrand, gives, on the one hand, a short account of the foundation and history of the Catholic University of America. On the other hand, the history of Harvard is briefly given.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Aug.) “La Critique et l’Apologetique,” by Laberthonnière, is a criticism of a book by P. Hugueny, O.P. P. Hugueny claims to judge the facts of revelation objectively, without reference to their interpretation by the subject. This he does not do, however.—“Leibnitz et le Mécanisme,” by Charles Dunan. The purpose of this article is to show the contradiction in which Leibnitz involves himself between the Determinism of Descartes and his own system of Monads. The author points out that Leibnitz’s doctrine of Pre-established Harmony and Optimism cannot be verified, that it is not a suitable basis for philosophy.

La Revue Apologétique (Aug.): “Anti-clericalism,” by Ch. De Cerf., sketches the evolution of the anti-religious political parties in Belgium. The author maintains that neutrality is here impossible. It is necessary to take one side and this side must be the same in politics as it is in religion. The anti-clerical programme of Liberals, Socialists, and Freemasons is then exposed from their own publications.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (July): “The Bankruptcy of Modern Epistemology,” by K. Kempf, S.J., shows that the disagreement and uncertainty of modern philosophers regarding the fundamental idea of “truth” prevents any solid conclusions in this particular branch of philosophy.—J. Brown, S.J., sketches the efforts of the ritualist party in the Anglican Church to restore the ancient liturgical vestments.—*The Condition of Religion in Italy in the Middle of the Sixteenth Century*, by Pietro Tacchi Venturi, S.J., is extensively reviewed. This work was awarded a prize of two thousand francs by the Imperial Italian Academy, and is said to be remarkable for its impartiality.

Revue Pratique d’Apologétique (1 Aug.): Cladius Piat, in his article “Intelligence of Children,” gives a somewhat extensive summary of results obtained in experimental

psychology with regard to the mental faculty of children.—“Biblical Commission: Historical Form of Books,” by H. Lesêtre. The hagiographers never meant to teach history but used the same to illustrate better that necessary for salvation.—“The Historical Value of the First Three Gospels,” by M. Lepin, is the first chapter of an extensive work.

(15 Aug.): “The Adversaries of Lourdes.” A certain Doctor of Medicine, of Metz, refuted, in a series of articles, the arguments brought forth by M. Bertrin in favor of miraculous cures.—In “Catholic Spain,” J. Guibert states the position of the Vatican—that traditional rights must be upheld and that the Church in Spain has preserved its secular heritage.—“The Church of To-day in France According to an American Calvinist,” by M. Langlois. The Calvinist is Barrett Wendell, who was astonished at the amount of solid piety underlying the French love of pleasure.

(1 Sept.): Abbé Broussole, in his article, treats of the works of the celebrated Spanish philosopher, Balmes, especially with regard to the apologetic value of his book *The Art of Arriving at Truth*.—In the article “The Holy Humanity of Our Lord,” L. Labauche first defines sanctity and distinguishes between positive and negative. He treats it from a theological point of view.—H. Lesêtre, reviewing the works of M. H. Welxhinger on the war of 1870, defends the Church against the charge of lacking patriotism in this crisis.

Die Kultur (Aug.): In the article “A Life of Labor” Dr. J. Hirn sketches the political and literary abilities of Joseph A. Frei von Helfert, president of the Leo-Gesellschaft.—Joseph Weingartner, in his article “History and World-Philosophy,” proves that the methodological strife against the Christian explanations of the world is without justification, since both parties have equal rights of interpretation.—Literary and historical students will find the “Genealogical Register of the Times of Charles Leonhard” (1792–95) an important source of biographical information.

La Scuola Cattolica (July–Aug.): A double number, devoted entirely to St. Charles Borromeo. He is considered as

an episcopal and social reformer, as a sacred orator, and as a master of dogmatic and ascetic theology. Fra Agostino refutes at length certain charges against this saint in connection with the plague of 1576-7.

La Civiltà Cattolica (6 Aug.): "Religion, Church, and State, according to the Modernism of R. Murri." The latest views of this apostate priest, who persists in wearing the insignia of the Catholic priesthood, despite his open hostility to the Church, are characterized by the writer as a "series of speculative aberrations."—"The Catholic Literary Movement in Germany" is an account of the work done for Catholic literature in Germany by R. von Kralik through the foundation, in 1906, of the "Gralbund," with its periodical *Der Gral*. "To him is due in great measure the defeat of Modernism in the field of literature."

(20 Aug.): "The Introduction of the Gothic Style in Italy," accompanied by illustrations, by C. Bricarelli, S.J. —A recent work, entitled the *Modern Age*, by S. Sighele, an Italian, which advocates the most radical views concerning morality, elicits an article on the decadence of morals.

(3 Sept.): "Medievalism" takes its title from Tyrrell's work of that name. The Catholic Church desires to uphold the realism of the Middle Ages, "because it responds to the necessary nature of the intellect"; the teachings of Tyrrell and others is the "most absolute nominalism."—This number contains the "New Decree Concerning the Age of First Communion," with explanatory remarks.—L. Mécheneau, S.J., reviews the recent work of P. M. Hetzenauer, *Commentarius in Librum Genesis*, at length. The general impression made on the reviewer is favorable to the work.—Correspondence from the United States: Notes on Italian Immigration; The Eucharistic Congress; The Elections in Various Cities.

Razón y Fe (Aug.): R. Ruiz Amado contributes a paper on "Education in Patriotism." The first condition for instilling a love of country in children is that their teachers should possess it. Other suggestions are that the national history be taught with a "healthy optimism"; the national literature be read; and anniversaries of great

national events celebrated appropriately with songs, etc. —In "An Observation on the Propositions of the Prime Minister and Catholic Dogma," P. Villada maintains that Sr. Canalejas is attacking the "Catholic dogma" of the existence of the Church as a complete and independent society.

(Sept.): P. Villada maintains, in "The Recall of the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican," that the question of religious toleration is a moral one, from which the Church cannot rightfully be excluded.—"The Solidarity of the Latin Race," by R. Ruiz Amado. The author thinks there is as great a race consciousness among the Latins as among the Germans or Anglo-Saxons. A common racial stock and religion and affinities of language foster this.—Under the caption "The Beginnings of Co-operation," N. Noguer describes the work of Owen and Rochdale. Though the former was bitterly opposed to religion, the author thinks that the later developments of co-operation are not antagonistic to the Church.

España y América (Sept.): E. Nevent contributes the first of a series of articles on "The Characteristics of Fundamental Theology." He divides the study into two parts, comprising the data of philosophy and the data of history.—"An Example of Charity," by P. B. Ibeas, is a study of the management of the orphan asylum of Valladolid. The conclusion is that it is governed as wisely and economically as possible. Tables of the food-stuffs supplied to the inmates, with their cost and nutritive value, form an important part of the article.

Recent Events.

As the members of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies have been taking a holiday, very little of importance has occurred. The general strike of railway men which was threatened, and which would have paralyzed the national industries, has so far been averted. There is, however, no certainty that all danger is past. The discontent of the workmen in various trades and manufactures is one of the dark spots in the France of to-day, and gives some reason for the dread which is felt of a revolution—this discontent having penetrated into the ranks even of the servants of the State. Whether the Parliament in its approaching Session will succeed in passing measures sufficient to remove the causes of complaint depends upon the fidelity of its members in carrying out the promises which they have made by co-operating with the government.

While little has been done, a good deal has been said; and what has been said indicates a somewhat selfish spirit. For example, the proposals of this country for the benefit of the Republic of Liberia have called forth no little criticism, and the determination has been expressed to insist upon the rights of France by virtue of Treaties made with Liberia. The *Temps*, in fact, has declared that France and England alone are entitled to aid Liberia in the organization of her territory. "Intervention from any other quarter would prejudice our interests, which are paramount." The action of America must, therefore, be limited to the granting of a loan, and even in this a share must be given to England and to France.

The same spirit is shown in the matter of the new Turkish Loan, raised in France, indeed, but not through the banking institution of which the government of France has been accustomed to make use. On this account it is doubtful whether the financial facilities which it is in the power of the government to accord will be granted. This rather sordid proceeding seems to confirm the assertion often made that it

is materialistic interests which are supreme at the present time.

To a somewhat higher motive the opposition which has been offered to the Hungarian Loan must be attributed. Hungary is, of course, associated with Austria in the Triple Alliance, and has been, through the mouths of her statesmen, boasting of her hearty support of that alliance. It is, therefore, part of a coalition directed against France and its allies, and to the political conscience of the French people an appeal is made not to contribute funds to strengthen potential enemies. It is intolerable, it is said, that French savings should be devoted to paying for the armaments of the Triple Alliance.

It is worthy of note in this connection that whatever France may have lost in other respects she has become for most of the nations of Europe the indispensable means to which recourse must be had for the raising of national loans. For long years Russia has depended upon French savings, and within the last few months Greece, Bulgaria, and Turkey have raised money in France. Hungary, as we have just said, is anxious to do the same, and even Germany has long been casting wistful eyes on the French Bourse. It is said, in fact, that, by a roundabout way, the funds for the Baghdad Railway, which is being made under German auspices, have been derived from France, or must be, if the work is to go on.

The increase of the cost of living, which France is experiencing along with other countries which have adopted protection, is giving Free Traders an argument of which they are taking full advantage. Within the last decade the price of necessaries has increased by one-third, and for some articles has doubled. Commodities which in June, 1908, were sold at an average standard price of 100.8 cost 102 last year and 106.6 to-day. The price of bread also has risen and certain demi-portion served in the restaurants have been abolished. This has led to an agitation calling upon the government to suspend the Customs in order that, for a time, grain may be admitted free. The government has not been slow to take the matter in hand, and has instituted an inquiry, promising that if it should be proved that the increase of prices is due to the transgression of the law with reference to market transactions, or to the artificial forcing up of prices by speculators, prosecutions will be instituted.

It is wonderful how little is heard of Switzerland. About once a year the election of a new President is announced. A few Alpine accidents occur and from time to time an avalanche. Recently there has been news of floods. Doubtless this is a sign that all is going well, but it does not make Switzerland a country that adds much to the interest of life, as understood nowadays. It is not, however, a country to be neglected, even as a political power, small and quiet though it is, and of their interest in it Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy have recently given proof. It is only of late, however, that the Third Republic has shown any sense of the possible importance of their smaller neighbor. At last it has awakened to a due recognition of this importance, and after a period of negotiation a formal *rapprochement* has taken place, the seal to which has been placed by the visit paid by President Fallières a few weeks ago. Every effort was made to welcome the head of the French Republic, and festivities of all kinds were arranged. But on the eve of the departure of the President, a railway accident, of a very serious character, took place in France. As an evidence of sympathy with the sufferers, all the festivities were, at the President's request, countermanded. The visit itself, however, was paid, and the substantial result, in the shape of a more cordial and intimate friendship between the two Republics, has, it is hoped, been secured.

In another quarter France has experienced the mortification of seeing her influence supplanted by that of Germany, and yet in such a way as to afford no ground of complaint against that country. For some years the small army of the Brazilian State of Sao Paulo has been trained by French officers, but, before the term of their engagement had expired, it has been decided to appoint German officers instead of French. As the Chilian and Argentine armies are being trained by Germans, an indication is given of the extent and growth of the influence of Germany in South America, which is in no way pleasing to the Republic. The President of Brazil has been the object of several marked acts of courtesy on the part of the Kaiser, and has been so prompt in reciprocating them, that it seems clear that the influence of Germany is growing ever greater over the authorities of Brazil. A warning accordingly is given to those authorities that the French money market may not be opened to supply Brazil's needs when next it applies.

The rivalry in armaments necessitated by the attitude maintained by Germany will, it is feared, shortly involve France in a further large expenditure of money. The Lebel rifle, which is now in use, while capable, it is said, of competing with all the rifles of foreign armies, is not so perfect as the war authorities desire, and a new weapon embodying every technical perfection having been elaborated, its adoption is being urged as, if not necessary, at least desirable. The expense, however, makes even the War Minister hesitate; for it is said that it will cost no less than two hundred millions of dollars. Others put the amount at about half this sum. The authorities are in this difficulty: if they say that the rifle now in use is totally unfit, they may bring Germany down upon them; if, on the other hand, they say that the rifle is as good as can be desired, there is no reason for incurring the immense expense involved in changing. The recent advance in aeronautics renders it necessary to take measures for aerial defence. A special corps has been formed for this purpose, which has at its service 32 aeroplanes and several airships. Such are the efforts being made in order to maintain the balance of power in countries which border one upon another.

Germany. Germany, also, has been having its political holiday, the enjoyment of which has been somewhat in-

terfered with by two events—a widely extended shipping dispute and a speech of the Kaiser. The former has not, so far as we have heard, been settled, the effects of the latter have still to be made manifest. Before visiting Königsberg, at which the speech was made, the Emperor went to Posen, where a new Royal Castle, the seventh, we believe, has been building for the past five years. It has cost no less a sum than a million and a quarter, and is not, so critics say, of remarkable beauty. The disappointment on this occasion was not on account of anything said by the Kaiser, but rather on account of what he did not say. The Germans are busy in the attempt to Germanize the districts which formed part of the former Kingdom of Poland, but have met with very little success. An Expropriation Law was made two years ago to further these efforts, but seems not to have been put into effect, and the colonization policy has fared no better than it did before the Law was

made. Under these circumstances it was not unnatural to expect that the Kaiser should make an announcement of the policy to be adopted in the immediate future. He confined himself, however, to generalities, the only reference which he made to the question of the relations between Germans and Poles being the expression of the hope that the town of Posen "might be and remain a home and nursery of German culture and customs."

At Königsberg, to which the Emperor subsequently proceeded, he was, no one will question it, outspoken enough. His son and heir, the Crown Prince, had made, two or three days before, his first speech in public on the occasion of his being installed as Rector Magnificentissimus of the University. In this speech the Crown Prince declared it to be the duty of all the dwellers in the Empire to emphasize what is essentially German in them, in contrast to the efforts towards internationalization which threatened to obliterate their healthy national peculiarities.

The fact that Königsberg was the place where the Great Elector's son, Frederick III. of Brandenburg, had had himself crowned King of Prussia, and that he did this by his own right, and that also later on it was the scene of his grandfather's placing upon his own head the crown of the Kings of Prussia by the grace of God alone, and not by Parliaments, meetings of the people, or popular decision, formed the Kaiser's ground for the assertion that he too was himself the chosen instrument of heaven, and that it was as such he performed his duties as Regent and as Ruler. "Considering myself as the instrument of the Lord," he went on to say, "without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way, which is devoted solely and alone to the prosperity and peaceful development of our Fatherland."

These utterances have called forth severe criticism from friends and foes alike. The friends of the monarchy fear that they will stir up an agitation dangerous to the throne and adding strength to the ever-increasing force of Socialism. The leading Catholic journal, the *Germania*, expresses the hope that the Emperor may not possess a false idea of his attributes as the instrument of heaven, and may not leave unheeded the opinions of others. It finds consolation in the fact that in the past his action has belied his words, and that he has always listened

to the opinion of the people when it has been decisively and clearly expressed. The Socialist organ demands an instant summoning of the Reichstag to take action upon a distinct and clear violation of the Constitution, a declaration of absolutism, a disregard of the people and of the people's representatives. So loud was the outcry, that it had to be explained semi-officially that the speech was not a governmental action; but a personal expression of faith on the part of the monarch; and of this personal faith the Kaiser, in a subsequent speech, said that all he meant to imply, when he called himself a chosen instrument of the Lord, was that he felt himself to be working under the highest protection and with the highest mandate of our Lord and God, "and that I assume to be the case with every honest Christian whoever he may be." More will be heard of this matter when the Reichstag meets, for there will then be an interpellation.

Statistics of the movement of population in the Empire have recently been published, from which it appears that, while the decline in the death-rate has been checked, the decline in the birth-rate has continued. This decline has taken place in all States of the Empire and in all parts of the country during the last ten years. The rate for the whole Empire is 4 per cent lower (33 per 1,000) in 1908 than in 1899, 37 per 1,000. In Berlin the rate has now fallen to 23.9 per 1,000 inhabitants. The rate is markedly low in the Protestant parts, in Saxony most of all, while the highest rate is in the Catholic parts, with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine.

Austria-Hungary.

In pleasing contrast to the German Emperor's self-assertion is the self-effacement of the Austro-Hungarian Emperor-King; and as the former's speech has called forth the spirit of dissension and criticism, the quiet celebration of the eightieth birthday of Francis Joseph has been attended by a universal manifestation of esteem and even reverence, with not a discordant note. By the Emperor's command the only special celebration of the day consisted in the foundation of a large number of charitable institutions and the granting of a large number of amnesties. A family dinner at Ischl, and the performance of a play written by his youngest daughter, in which the actors and actress were his grandchildren, can

scarcely be called a public celebration. While, in deference to the Emperor's wish, no public ceremonies took place, yet it was not in his power to prevent the manifestation in the public press of the respect in which he was held, a respect which he has earned by the services of a long life, not merely to the Empire as a whole, but to the individuals of which it is made up. For while he himself lives a life almost of austerity, sleeping upon a hard camp bed, rising early, his special care being that of needy children, he has ever an ear for a tale of misfortune or injustice, and long hours every day are passed in the drudgery of his official duties. To him is due the fact that war was averted last year, and in fact he has made his moderating influence felt far and wide. To quote the words of a well informed writer: "For him life, from youth onwards, has been a 'mission,' a divinely appointed task, to be accomplished in sickness and in health, in good fortune or ill; and just as he has never shrunk from duty, nor hardly even faltered under heavy strokes of fate, so he regards with serene composure the lengthening of the shadows, trusting only that strength will be vouchsafed him until the end."

To have held the supreme control from 1848 to 1910, and to have made his dominions infinitely happier than when his reign began, although territory has been lost and the external position of the Empire impaired, is no small achievement. Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all is that, instead of his love of power having grown greater with age, it was he who was the most anxious of all to share with his subjects that power, by promoting a few years ago the adoption of universal suffrage for the Reichsrath, and by insisting at the present time that the Hungarian politicians should fulfill their promises to make the same change in Hungary.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the influence of kings seems to be growing while that of parliaments, although not in the same degree, is waning. Every one recognizes the work done by the late King of England in maintaining the peace and in being the means of altering the traditional attitude of his country towards France and Russia. King George of Greece is recognized as having been of greater service to that country than the Parliament which has led it to the brink of a military despotism. Accordingly, their number is being increased. A few years ago, when Norway

separated from Sweden, it was expected, from the democratic spirit of its people, that the Republican form of government would have been chosen, but the monarchical was adopted. Two years ago the Prince of Bulgaria became a king, and within the last two months Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has become King Nicholas. In 1905 he ceased to be, as Prince, an absolute ruler, for he conferred a Constitution and a Parliament upon his people. The Parliament, in its turn, has made him king. Jurists must determine from what source he derives his rights. And while there have been movements to confer greater powers or at least practical influence upon individual rulers, there has been a widespread movement, on the other hand, to diminish their power, attended already with some success, as in Turkey and Persia, and eventually China, but with less in India and Egypt, perhaps we should add Germany.

In Hungary a complete change has been wrought. In the Parliament in which for years nothing could be done, owing to systematic obstruction, since the last election in March everything has worked without a hitch, and the Premier, Count Khuen Hedervary, has been able to submit for Royal signature the Estimates, the Recruits Bill, the Foreign Loan Bill, the Census Bill, and sundry other measures. The Premier represents the Dualist revival, which accepts the Compromise of 1867 as the permanent adjustment of the relations between Austria and Hungary—a cause which a short time ago seemed almost hopeless. The Independence Party ruined itself by its insincere treatment of the Franchise question. The majority which supports the Premier can hardly, however, be considered as the unbiassed voice of the people, for the election was “made” by him with the help of the Liberal leader, Count Tisza. Nor was the election thus “made” without the use of violence, bribery, intimidation, and various subterfuges, as was frankly admitted by one of the leaders of Count Tisza’s new Party. “Let us not forget,” he said, “that we are Magyars and that electoral abuses are of old standing in our country. For centuries all Magyar parties have thus erred.” Stone-throwing and bell-ringing, arson and violence, along with bribery, were practised by their forefathers in various degrees and by all parties. “We should have been ‘green,’ and have failed in our duty to the Fatherland, had we been more fastidious,” was the almost cynical avowal of Count

Tisza. Yet it is anticipated that from this bad tree good fruit may be gathered; and undoubtedly, during the past session, there was no obstruction, and confidence is expressed that the suffrage question will soon be settled without imperiling the Magyar State Idea, that whatever happens the Magyars must retain the supremacy they have so long enjoyed. It is thought that Hungary is entering upon a period of political calm.

Turkey. Sympathizers with the new *régime* in Turkey cannot help feeling anxiety as to the future, not so

much on account of internal developments, but on account of the somewhat aggressive and provocative character of its foreign policy, especially toward Greece. The purchase of war-ships from Germany which has been made, and the projected greater increase of the navy, the fact that arms are being imported in large quantities, the long-continued boycott of Greek merchandise, the aggressive attitude adopted towards such purely internal affairs of Greece as the elections for the approaching National Assembly, the devotion to the service of the army of large sums of money in preference to everything else, render it almost evident that war with Greece is the thing which is nearest the heart of those who control the Ottoman Empire. It still remains under martial law, both in the letter and the spirit. Nor, if the Orthodox Patriarch may be believed, are things much better internally. The equality promised under a Constitutional *régime* has proved, the Patriarch says, an empty phrase, while liberty is so interpreted as to be more intolerable than the oppression of absolutism. The State is ruled by an invisible power, the aim of which is the annihilation of all religions and of the national existence. Abuses of all kinds abound. Free citizens have been tortured and killed by the instruments of a free Constitutional State. Numerous acts of injustice to Christians have been committed. These accusations may be somewhat exaggerated, especially as the real ground of the Patriarch's discontent is the overriding of the immemorial privileges possessed by the Orthodox Church. The mere fact that such an attack could be made with impunity seems to show that there is not a complete absence of freedom. There is no doubt, however, that the present government is a military government, that its object is to bring all the races under the rule of one

law, to abolish privileges long existent. This cannot be done by the wisest without a great deal of friction, and as a matter of fact, by the admission of the Turkish government itself, its proceedings have in many cases been extremely harsh.

While in Europe a new kingdom
The Annexation of Korea. has taken its place among the nations, in Asia an Empire has ceased to exist, and even its name will disappear, for Korea is now merely the province of Cho-sen, one of the many provinces of the Japanese Empire. There are some who look upon this annexation as yet another proof of the grasping character of Japanese policy, but the general opinion seems to be that under the circumstances the annexation was inevitable. In fact the Emperor of Korea expressly admits this, and if he spoke his true mind that settles the question. If he did not, it is a proof of the Japanese contention that the Koreans are of too weak a character to exercise control and to prevent abuses. An Emperor with anything of the requisite strength would not have suffered his power and the existence of his country to have been annihilated without at least a protest. He relinquished his power by issuing an Edict, in which he said that it was impossible for him to effect reforms, and that it was on this account that he felt it wise to place the task in other hands. He showered decorations upon the Japanese who had superseded him, and accepted as his compensation, the promise of due and appropriate treatment for himself and his family, made by the Emperor of Japan. All the Powers have acquiesced in the annexation. Their only anxiety was that trade should not be hampered by an increase of customs. Japan having promptly promised that no change would be made for ten years, the new allotment of the world's surface has been accepted without formal protest.

With Our Readers

SEVERAL years ago Marc Sangnier founded in France a society called "Le Sillon" (The Furrow). He and his companions wished in this way to answer the call of Leo XIII. for Catholics to work for the uplifting of the laboring classes. The society rapidly increased in membership and seemed likely to achieve great good for the Catholic cause in France. But to many it soon seemed to show tendencies and to champion doctrines opposed to Catholic teaching. The organization was the object of much criticism and much debate throughout France. Members of the hierarchy expressed different views, in approval and disapproval of the organization, till it was evident to those acquainted with the state of affairs that the supreme authority of the Holy See would have to pronounce upon the question.

* * *

DURING the past month a most important letter was addressed by Pope Pius X. to the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of France. The Holy Father states plainly that the organization known as "Le Sillon" has departed from its original aims and from the Catholic teachings which originally inspired it. The encyclical does not call for the dissolution of the society. It points out what is good in the movement, and shows clearly, and condemns emphatically, what is dangerous and erroneous. The Holy Father writes most kindly to the members of the organization. He states that he has long hesitated to speak, but "things have come to such a pass that we should be betraying our duty if we kept silence any longer. We owe the truth to our dear children of the Sillon, who have been carried away by a generous ardor upon a course which is as false as it is dangerous." In a lengthy exposition the letter considers the Sillon in its relations to ecclesiastical authority; its political and social theories, the means and methods which it employs to further these; shows wherein it has departed from Catholic doctrine, and lays down certain rules for its future observance.

* * *

THE anti-Catholic press of France used the letter, of course, to show that the Catholic Church is opposed to the Republic.

But in this they are absolutely dishonest, for Pius X. expressly states, quoting Leo XIII., that "provided justice be safeguarded there is no prohibition against nations taking the form of government which best corresponds with their character or the institutions and customs which they have received from their forefathers."

* * *

WITH regard to the measures which the Sillon must observe, Pius X. begs them "for their own good, and for that of the Church and of France," "to range themselves by dioceses, to work under the direction of their respective bishops, for the Christian and Catholic regeneration of the people." And in the face of the social needs of the times he exhorts the bishops to look tenderly on all human needs; to form the conscience of the people and of the public powers; to take an active part in the right organization of society; and to set apart learned priests who will apply themselves to the study of social science.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY after the appearance of this letter on the Sillon, Marc Sangnier, its founder, published in his newspaper, *The Democracy*, an edifying letter of complete submission. He wrote also to his fellow-members, begging them "to act as good Catholics without bitterness or ill-feeling." "Let us abandon ourselves fully," he pleaded, "to the will of God and the authority of the Church, and let nothing destroy our confidence."

IT is certainly a rule of courtesy—not to speak of justice—which all of us are called upon to respect, not to publish an author's writings without his permission, or, if he be dead, without the permission of his literary executor. For it is surely evident to all that no writer wishes anything from his pen to be published in permanent form unless he has the opportunity to revise and correct. His knowledge has increased; his powers have developed and have been strengthened; his views have changed; and what he wrote ten years ago he might repudiate to-day as unworthy and unfit. One of the reasons why he leaves behind him a literary executor is that such executor may do the work of revising, correcting, and editing, which he himself would do were he alive. The whole world admits that this is the sacred, inviolable right of an author. And in particular those who love and admire him, who have learnt inspiring lessons from his lips, will personally resent the unauthorized publication of his writings, which, worthy or unworthy, neither he nor

his literary executor had the opportunity to edit for publication. Their resentment is justified by every canon of literary ethics. By this we do not wish to infer that any of the prose from the master hand of the author whose work has occasioned these remarks is without merit; we wish to reserve for him a right that is unquestionably his own—and all the more his own because he was a genius in expression both in prose and poetry.

* * *

WE write these words apropos of a volume published by the Ball Publishing Company, of Boston, Mass., and entitled: *A Renegade Poet and Other Essays*, by Francis Thompson.

The numerous articles published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD on Francis Thompson have made our readers acquainted with his work. They will regret the publication of this volume by unauthorized and incapable hands. No discrimination has been used in its editing, and it shows a very inadequate appreciation of the worth and work of Francis Thompson. For example, we will quote this crude estimate of the great poet given in the introduction, which, by the way, and significantly, is the only copyrighted portion of the book.

"Thompson prattles along in his prose like a happy child, exuberant and fanciful. Now and then he has long chats with himself and finds that, on the whole, he is good company. If he chats much, he sings to himself more. The burden of his song is light, for, being only a child, he has no responsibilities, no doctrines, no heavy sense of an apostolic mission. He is the unconscious, airy singer, the skylark who soars to heaven in a lyric rapture of exuberant irresponsibility."

If there was ever a writer upon whom the sense of responsibility rested heavily, and through whom that sense found voice, it was Francis Thompson. And after Thompson's death, to quote the words of Mr. Chesterton, there was "a continuous stir of comment upon his (Thompson's) attraction to, and gradual absorption in, Catholic theological ideas. It is, of course, true that Francis Thompson devoted himself more and more to poems not only purely Catholic but, one may say, purely ecclesiastical." And Mr. Chesterton goes on to show how emphatically orthodox and dogmatic Francis Thompson was. "He could have written any number of good poems on the Cross. He could deduce perpetually rich and branching meanings out of two plain facts, like bread and wine."

* * *

WHEN we had read the volume published by the Ball Publishing Company we at once wrote asking for an explanation to Thompson's literary executor, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. Mr. Meynell sent in

answer a copy of a letter which he had written to the Ball Publishing Company, and which we print below. He further stated to us: "I begged him (Mr. O'Brien) to desist, because those signed articles do not represent Thompson adequately, the greater part of his work being anonymous. Moreover, they lack revisions, which are necessary to their preservation, and the volume of his prose I have in preparation for the press, following his own directions and selection, will include a number of unpublished essays, without which any such collection would be further incomplete." The following is a copy of Mr. Meynell's letter to the publishers of the volume concerning which we speak:

LONDON W., 12 July, 1910.

DEAR SIR: May I express my regret that you have departed from the general rule of courtesy, and even fair play, in such matters, by publishing an unauthorized volume of essays contributed by the late Francis Thompson to the pages of an English magazine.

When I heard of his design I begged Mr. O'Brien to hold his hand, for such of his prose as Francis Thompson desired should re-appear in book form is now in preparation for the press, and the forestalling of this volume by another which lacks the main body of Francis Thompson's fine work, and offers the remainder without the advantage of his revisions, is an injustice alike to author and to reader.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

WILFRID MEYNELL,

Francis Thompson's Literary Executor.

AN article of great human interest to all who think of the future of our country, and of our Church therein, appears in the October number of *Everybody's*. It deals not with the solution of the problems. It is no deep study, but it graphically puts before the reader the conditions that create the problem—or rather problems—heavy with meaning for both our Church and our country.

* * *

THE writer has been speaking of the building up of the democracy. He continues:

" 'But all this was done before,' the reader may object. 'The thirteen colonies long ago went through the whole mixing business. That's how we were made.'

"So we were; but the same mixing business is now to be repeated on a scale tenfold more tremendous. And not only this: the races

to be mixed are infinitely farther apart in climatic and racial differences. And not only this: for as all things under heaven move faster now than at any other age since the flood, so this mixing is to be done not slowly as before, in quiet, scattered farming communities, but in vast human hives called cities and factory towns, at a speed which even in our lifetime seems certain to produce changes dramatic and deep in the city life of the nation.

"Now it is just beginning. The greatest of all immigration waves has come only in the past twenty years; and its ten millions of immigrants—the Italians, Bohemians, Jews, and Poles, the Swedes, Norwegians, and Greeks—are only beginning to form first blood ties with the peoples who have come here before them.

"How few of us are awake to these opening scenes of the drama. How many good preachers go on with their work of to-day without thinking what effect on church and creed this race drama is to have; . . . of what may happen to laws and political systems and even to the economic frame of society through the welding of such widely different habits and customs, religions, convictions of every kind—from the slow work of the Past; such varied hopes, desires, ambitions for self, and social-political theories, dreams, and ideals—for the quickening work of the Future."

SIR ROBERTSON NICOLL, reviewing the *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, by Snead-Cox, in his paper, *The British Weekly*, the Non-Conformist organ in England, speaks of it as "the best biography we have read for years from a literary point of view." And in the course of his review says: "We doubt if Roman Catholicism was ever stronger in such enlightened countries as Germany, Belgium, Holland, and America, than it is to-day. We have to recognize the facts, however unwelcome these facts may be."

THOUGH it has appeared in print many, many times we think this letter worthy to be printed again here for the benefit of those of our readers who have not read it. The letter was written by the late Florence Nightingale to the Superior of the Irish Sisters who labored with her during the horrors of Scutari, where, in its British cemetery, lie 8,000 nameless victims of the Crimean war.

"I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother; because it would look as though I thought that you had done this work not unto God but unto me. You were far above

me in fitness for the general superintendency in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a superior. My being placed over you was my misfortune, not my fault. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. I do not presume to give you any tribute but my tears."

WE reprint the following from *The Catholic Fortnightly Review*, of St. Louis :

"The cities that have the largest percentage of Catholics in their population, according to the recent religious census are: Fall River, Mass. (86.5 per cent); San Francisco (81.1 per cent); New Orleans (79.7 per cent); New York (76.9 per cent); Providence, R. I. (76.5 per cent); St. Louis (69 per cent); Boston (68.7 per cent); Chicago (68.2 per cent); Philadelphia (51.8 per cent).

"Commenting on these somewhat surprising figures, the St. Paul *Wanderer* (No. 2228) says :

"It is a good thing that we get this information from the census; no one would have guessed from the municipal administration of these cities that they are so largely Catholic. On the contrary, there has been in evidence so much corruption in several of them that one would have been tempted to conclude that they had among their citizens only a very small proportion of Catholics and that these had crawled into a hole."

"Our excellent contemporary adds that so long as American Catholics have not learned to apply the principles of their religion to the public life of the cities in which they happen to live there is not the ghost of a hope that the Church will save the nation from the impending social dangers.

"When shall we learn that we should take a lively part in politics, municipal, state, and national—not in order to enable a limited number of Catholic professional politicians to get their snouts into the public trough, but to enforce our Catholic world-view in public life! The most promising field for such reform work, as the *Wanderer* points out, are those cities and towns in which Catholics are in the majority. The Socialists are now reforming Milwaukee. Why have not the Catholics long ago reformed Fall River, San Francisco, New Orleans, New York, Providence, St. Louis, Chicago, and Philadelphia?

"To discuss this and allied questions would be infinitely more profitable than to indulge in vain-glorious boasting of the "wonderful progress the Church has been making in America." The

Church has not been making as much progress in these United States, relatively speaking, as it has in China. In fact, it has not even been holding its own. Such articles as the one entitled 'Are Our Skirts Clean?' in the August *Extension* show that some of our journals are awaking. Let the entire Catholic press of the country wake up and do its duty. Then there will be some hope of improvement."

THE consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, will take place on October 5. We have already brought the celebration of this happy event to the attention of our readers. The celebration itself will occupy three days. Cardinals Vannutelli, Logue, and Gibbons will be present, and the sermon at the consecration will be delivered by Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis.

WE are most pleased to call the attention of our readers, who, we know, will be at once interested, to the League for the Salvation of Souls and the Conversion of America. The requirements for membership are few. There are no dues. It is a league of prayer, and will, with God's grace, bring down innumerable blessings on our country. Send your name to Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunts Point, New York, and full particulars will be sent to you.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, New York :

What Pictures To See in Europe in One Summer. By Lorinda M. Bryant.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York :

The Science of Poetry and The Philosophy of Language. By Hudson Maxim. Price \$2.50 net.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York :

The Mirage of the Many. By William T. Walsh. Price \$1.50. *Mad Shepherds; and Other Human Studies.* By L. P. Jacks. Price \$1.20 net.

FR. PUSTET, & Co., New York :

One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing; and Other Christmas Tales. By Cathryn Wallace. Price 75 cents net.

STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY, New York :

The Lost Art of Conversation. Selected Essays. By Horatio S. Kraus. Price \$1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York :

The Barrier (La Barrière). By René Bazin. Price \$1 net.

BRNZIGER BROTHERS, New York :

Life Lessons From Blessed Joan of Arc. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York :

The Imitation of Christ. By Thomas À Kempis. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Brother Leo, F.S.C. Price 25 cents net.

EXPRESSION COMPANY, Boston :

Mind and Voice. Principles and Methods in Vocal Training. By S. S. Curry, Ph.D.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston :

Sally Ann's Experience. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Price 50 cents net. *The Grand Canyon of Arizona. How to See It.* By George W. James. Price \$1.50 net. *The Iliad of Homer.* Translated into English Hexameter Verse by Prentiss Cummings. Vols. I. and II. Price \$3 net. *Flamsted Quarries.* By Mary E. Waller. Price \$1.50.

JOHN J. McVEY, Philadelphia :

The Dweller on the Borderland. By Marquise Clara Lanza. Price \$1.50.

REV. C. A. MARTIN, Cleveland :

Catholic Religion. A Statement of Christian Teaching and History. By Rev. C. A. Martin. Price \$1.

ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY, Cincinnati :

Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. A Physician's Message. By Philip Zenner. Price \$1 net.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., Chicago :

Home Life in Ireland. By Robert Lynd.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo. :

Lectures on the History of Religions. Vol. IV. Price 60 cents net. *Footsteps in the Ward; and Other Stories.* By H. M. Capes. Price 50 cents net.

SANDS & Co., London :

Mysticism. Its True Nature and Value. By A. B. Sharpe, M.A. Price 5s.

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THE

Catholic World

The National Conference of Catholic Charities

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Mary Austiu

The History of Religions

C. C. Martindale, S.J.

The Call of the Sea

Julian E. Johnstone

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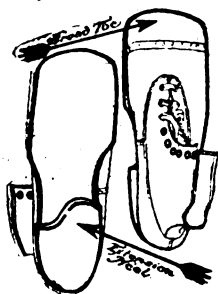
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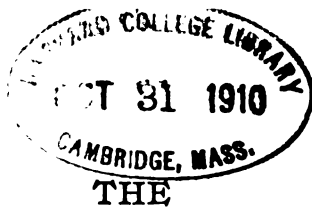
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CATHOLIC WORLD.

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No. 548.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

AN INTERPRETATION.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

THE National Conference of Catholic Charities succeeded. From whatsoever standpoint it is viewed, the success which it met surpassed every expectation of its most confident friends. The Conference was an experiment. Men experienced in the field of Catholic charity had sensed in the drift of things the need of some such gathering. In response to the suggestion that an effort in that direction be made, the Rector of the Catholic University invited about twenty-five laymen and priests, leaders in the field of Catholic charity in this country, to meet at the Catholic University in February of this year. Two days' earnest discussion and survey of things led that committee to the unanimous conclusion that a National Conference of Catholic Charities was desirable and feasible. Provisional organization was effected, and the work of organizing the Conference was promptly begun. Approximately four hundred delegates met at the Catholic University, September 25 to 28, in response to the invitation of the committee. They brought with them faith in the plan and enthusiasm for it. They came more eager to learn than to teach, and they made of the gathering an event which will stand in the record of similar movements in the American Catholic Church as one of the most inspiring and helpful. The delegates to the Conference felt this. The general and the sectional meetings during the four days of the sessions verified it. The inspiration which was universally shared and univer-

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sally imparted, put the final stamp of creditable success on the Conference.

The delegates who were present and active represented a sufficiently large number of cities to make the Conference a good index of the tone of lay Catholic charities in general. The diversity of works which they represented was sufficiently great to render the gathering a fairly accurate indication of the power and the widely diversified range of our charity interests. The ripe experience of many of the delegates coming to this new venture from other fields where they had long since won honor and achieved distinction lent a value to their favorable judgment of the Conference which it would be mock modesty to overlook in any description of it. In anticipation of the permanent report, which will be necessarily delayed, THE CATHOLIC WORLD has requested an interpretation of the Conference as a whole.

The interpretation offered in these pages is not a record of activities. It does not, for instance, endeavor to point out details in the treatment of the questions nor the views that came to formal expression. It represents an endeavor to catch the collective tone of the gathering; to find out what the delegates discovered; what new purposes were engendered; what larger outlooks were suggested. It puts together assents as well as dissents and endeavors to find a common meaning in both. It reads in the applause of an audience as definite a manifestation of feeling as is to be found in the words of the speaker who provoked it, and in the criticisms heard about the grounds, a measurable revelation of the spirit and the policy to be found scattered among the delegates.

A first lesson that the Conference seems to teach is that the lay Catholic charity forces in the United States are eager to come together and to co-operate. One discovered this in the greetings among delegates; in the enthusiasm and gladness with which well-known workers in given lines were met by others who were looking for them; in the joyful and almost nervous manner in which experiences of the most varied kinds were exchanged among delegates; in the impulsive projects that sprung up on every side during the days of the Conference; projects which, though in the nature of things destined to be short lived, did serve admirably to reveal the heart and spirit that were behind them. There was the tone of discovery everywhere about the University grounds. From West and

South, from East and North, came men and women who had been working together in an unexpressed spiritual brotherhood and had not felt the consciousness of it. They had been obeying a common spiritual inspiration in working among the poor, and had drawn their inspiration from the poor and from God, but not from one another. This meeting in the Conference completed the trinity of inspiration and engendered the enthusiasm which distinguished it.

Permanent organization of the Conference was effected because every one demanded it. The instinct of those in charge, however, led them rightly to do as little as possible in the way of defining things, and as much as possible in pointing out a way. All of the charity organizations that were represented stood and stand strongly for their own autonomy. And rightly, too. It was felt that the place which a National Conference takes may not be one which will invade in any manner the autonomy or the field of existing organizations. It should not be and it aims not to be a direct agency of charity. It aims to be and it ought to be an organization creating opportunity through which the national consciousness of our Catholic charities may come to expression. Our interests in philosophy, in teaching, in principle, are common. The dangers that we face and the relations into which we must enter, are identical. The problems of administration that harass us are alike in kind, and unlike only in degree. We have, therefore, much in common on which may be based successfully a National Conference. But our problems of relief and of social service are distinct. Our fields are widely scattered; local conditions and resources vary and, therefore, we must have, to the greatest degree, local independence, self-sufficient organization in individual bodies, and, consequently, inviolable autonomy in individual Charity Associations.

It is in this clearly restricted sense that the spirit of the National Conference of Charities expressed itself. We must come together. We must compare notes. We must share our wisdom, remaining still independent in our fields of work. In works of charity, as varied as those conducted under the auspices of the Catholic Church, there is needed some attempt at whole views of things, some effort to stand back and place all things in their relations to catch their meaning. Catholic instinct is at work in our charities as well as principle and spirit. One city or one organization may not reveal them as

clearly as twenty would, and thus we discovered, what indeed was obvious, that we did not half know one another. The Conference is warranted if it will lead to the upbuilding of a national view of our charities and of our policies in them.

Another lesson that impressed itself is that among our lay charity forces there is a greater abundance of experience, of talent, of power and consecration than we usually imagine. We have men and women in great numbers who have served most intelligently in every field of charity for many years. They have views and they have an outlook. Hampered somewhat by local conditions, by distance, and relative segregation, these have not come together into a national view. The Conference is a step toward such a view. It brought out in fact a manifestation of experience, ability, and force that sustained and enthused the delegates.

Some mental process, whose origin is not clear but whose action is, has led many of us in the direction of a pessimistic view of our charities. It is a common experience to meet non-Catholics who enthuse over our works while we remain silent. In fact, we are so accustomed to big sacrifice, to uncalculating consecration and big achievement in charity, and all of it accomplished with such ease, that nothing short of the gigantic seems to awaken us. But there is really no call for the gigantic. No one could have witnessed the varied sessions of the Conference without being proud of the array of ability, experience, and forcefulness that adorned the rostrum and thronged the hall. No one at all observant could fail to read the unmistakable symptoms of resourcefulness and insight in the men and women who spoke with authority because they were captains among their kind. We discovered one another during those days. Not only that. It was noticed too that the views that are entertained among our active charity workers are thoroughly up-to-date. Now and then we complain, swayed by an impression whose origin we cannot trace but whose truth we have not questioned, that we Catholics are antiquated, that our institutions are anachronisms, and that the only wisdom in modern charity is to be found beyond our lines. But the gathering at the Conference of Charities dissipated that impression in more minds than one. We found our leaders as thoroughly convinced of the incomplete and unsatisfactory character of mere relief work as could be asked. We found them speaking for the integrity of the family and

of the home in tones that could not be misunderstood. We heard the Superior of an Infant Asylum advocate the home for the orphan quite as vigorously as the most advanced of our often mistaken critics. We found the delegates as eager for social and preventive work as any reasonably careful student of human history and of institutions could ask. Even where fault was found the fault itself had within it the hope of progress.

It was seen too that the delegates to the Conference were as definite and enthusiastic as to the social mission of the Church as either of the last two Popes. I mean it as no pleasantry when I say that the Conference was nearly as progressive as Leo XIII. or Pius X. Both of these Popes have urged and insisted on the Social Mission of the Church and on the divine sanction for many of the social movements which look toward the uplifting of the weaker economic classes. It is well to place things where they belong, and so to understand that in the social turmoil of the modern world these Popes have been not indeed behind the age but in advance of it; and when we turn our eyes toward the future we see them magnificently placed for the social leadership of the next half century. No applause was more enthusiastic and no faces beamed with more instant inspiration than in the general session of the Conference in which the papers proclaimed unmistakably the Social Mission of the Church and the wider duty of organized Catholic charity toward the suffering classes.

Similarly, the social, political, and industrial causes of poverty were recognized and commented on, while the demand for social action in prevention was as clearly heard and as warmly endorsed as the keenest social student could ask. I would not have this estimate misunderstood. It is true that the reports made from cities throughout the United States during the first day of the Conference did not indicate that our organized charities are as active in promoting social movements as many of the secular charities are. But this, I think, has been incorrectly interpreted as a sign of indifference to the cause. What seems like Catholic inaction in social and preventive work is not altogether Catholic inaction. Inasmuch as it is it can be to a great extent explained. Inasmuch as it is not, one should discriminate in speaking of it.

The conditions of our civilization, the drag on institutions and their peculiar mechanism get in our way. Nature has

imperatively set many of the limitations against which we vainly struggle. Hence the social inaction so much spoken of is political inaction, social inaction, economic inaction, natural and inevitable inaction, and therefore, it is wrong to call it in particular Catholic inaction.

But even as regards the Church there are conditions which one must note in expressing a judgment concerning her relation to modern economic questions. American practice bids the Church to remain free of politics. Modern political conditions make all social reform and most social morality questions nothing other than political questions. Modern circumstances so diffuse Catholic men and women throughout the whole social body that the channels of solidarity are choked up and it is practically impossible to call out a unified expression of Catholic feeling or instinct on any question other than one touching on spiritual or religious interests as these are traditionally understood. Now, if social reform is made political and our much-vaunted traditions forbid the Church to be a political agent, what is she to do? It is remarkable that for a certain twelve years, during which bishops and priests preached and wrote with customary regularity for social justice and reform, not one of them was known to have appeared before a certain congressional committee in advocacy of any reform with which that committee might be concerned. They were roundly praised by its chairman, a man not of our faith, for the wisdom and self-restraint that kept them within what he termed their legitimate field of action. Sometimes, when situations are analyzed, they are understood.

When a drawbridge opens, automobiles, drays, carriages, and foot-passengers are stopped and a congested and confused mass of beings results. And so it is, as the Church, State, school, labor union, and legislature, stand puzzled before the situation in modern society, that keen minds fail to analyze and wise statesmen fail to master. We must lift some imputation of inaction from the shoulders of the Church and distribute it more widely throughout society. This is possibly more a personal inference of the writer than a positive feature of the collective sense of the Charities Conference. It is probably the negative of the other features alluded to but it seems to belong to the situation as a whole.

The thought may be carried farther. The impression of weakness and of lack of progress which many share concerning

Catholic charity may be ascribed in some part to the fact that progressive Catholics who have wished to express their social conscience have been inclined to do so in and through civic or non-religious movements because they saw no other vehicle of self-expression at hand. Writing in the hurry which circumstances cause at this moment, it may not be wise to hazard an explanation of the apparent inconsistency in the two statements that our charities are progressive and that they lack organization. Both impressions were made. Why there is lack of organization is a question that would take one beyond the scope of the present paper, but the conviction was forced upon the average observer, I am sure, that our most active and progressive charity workers have been longing for a vehicle through which the whole policy of Catholic charity might be clarified.

We found among our delegates members of Boards of Directors in Schools of Philanthropy, members of State Boards of Charity, members of the Associated Charities, members of Committees engaged in many forms of relief or preventive work. We found many individuals deeply interested in many movements aiming toward reform by legislation. This was true of priests as well as of laymen. Now, there can be no doubt that to some extent these activities were undertaken by our Catholics as civic duties, but it is equally certain that to a great extent these relations drained off much talent and experience for which the Catholic body should be credited and for which it has not been credited, simply because these workers have not been accustomed in and through the Church to give expression to the beliefs that they entertained. There are conservative and progressive tendencies in our charities. When the progressive felt that he had no organization at hand through which to express himself, it was natural that he would look beyond. Whether he is right or wrong, the effect is the same. An overpowering feeling will always express itself. If it does not express itself as it wishes it will at least express itself as it may. And the enthusiasm, the faith in humanity, the impulse to service, that have scattered these Catholics among many movements would have served as well to bring them together into one mighty organization, focusing their scattered energies into strength. The feeling was pronounced among the delegates that the Conference would render this great service to our charities as a whole.

There was no disposition in the Conference to gloss over

defects in our organization or in our methods, nor was there any inclination to exaggerate our wisdom or to claim immunity from the errors which it is the lot of man to make. The things that we discovered during the Conference were, as is so often the case, the obvious things which it is so difficult to see. The Conference did not indeed reveal the whole Social Conscience of the Church. It could not do that. Viewed, however, from the standpoint of mistaken impressions, from the standpoint of lack of information, lack of personal acquaintance, and the possession of so many fundamental convictions in common, the Conference did amount practically to a revelation.

From the foregoing it will be inferred that a considerable portion of the self-condemnation, in which we sometimes indulge, is due to defects of organization and not to lack of spirit, resources, or intelligence. We believe too readily our insistent critics. They, not understanding us and our ways, have at times spoken loudly, and we have taken them too seriously. I value our critics highly. We need them. We are not perfect. The men and women, for instance, who prepared papers for the Conference dealing with the institutions of lay charity, experienced the greatest difficulty in locating them throughout the United States, and were thereby discouraged from much research work. We have not as many institutions of all kinds that we need. What charity ever had? Our spirit, resources, and willingness are evident; the lack of organization under which we suffer is, after all, a technical and not a spiritual difficulty. We discovered that we have few directories or bureaus of information, no central commanding towers from which wisdom might stream out to the confines of the nation. The Conference discovered that such equipment might have the highest value in the development of our charities. That conviction is one of the sources out of which the enthusiasm for a permanent Conference of Catholic Charities arose.

It was discovered, from the general reports made from states, that on the whole the State Boards of Charity are disposed to be fair to Catholic interests. Instances of offensive activity were called to the attention of the Conference; cases of unpardonable thoughtlessness were mentioned, but these were not taken as a sufficient basis for an adverse judgment of the general situation. In nearly every case that was mentioned, as far as memory serves at this moment, the offensive action could be ascribed, in part at least, to the neglect or indiffer-

ence of Catholics themselves. One delegate called attention, for instance, to systematic and undoubtedly bigoted interference by state officials who resorted to quibbling and evasions in order to accomplish their purpose, but he showed further that he and his fellow-workers remained in the fight until they had conquered and had been welcomed in honor. The impression prevailed, after a whole day spent in the consideration of reports from states and cities, that there were practically no abuses or infringements of Catholic interests to which the Conference as such should direct its attention. The delegates seemed to favor on the whole the participation by Catholics in the work of the State Boards of Charity, of the Associated Charities in general up to the point where differences of philosophy or spiritual outlook on life were reached. The opinion was unanimous that at that point we Catholics must maintain the integrity of our teaching and we must fight to hold to the truth that charity is an organic part of our spiritual life and it ceases to be Catholic when it is separated in motive or in spirit from our religious thought and feeling.

An observer gifted with historical imagination would scarcely have failed during the Conference to be struck by the dramatic situation which it suggested. The modern world is in the throes of disintegration. As remarked in an earlier number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, everything must now be separated from everything else if the modern temper is to be obeyed.

Many separations have taken place: science from faith; morals from dogma; education from religion; philanthropy from the soul; and none appear to have been permanently advantaged by the process. But here were gathered hundreds of delegates who stood for the organic unity of life, for the solidarity of society, for the essential oneness of things, and the omnipresence of the soul in the affairs of man. There was no wavering in this historical Catholic attitude. There was no question as to the fact that the work in charity is and remains a spiritual phenomenon, a manifestation of understanding of the bonds that unite man to God and man to man. This sense of the organic relation of charity to religious consciousness amounted really to an instinct. There was inspiration in it, and there was the promise of power for days to come. The attitude that was thus expressed by Catholic instinct would have fitted into the fourteenth century, and it will fit into the twentieth before the sands are run.

It was found, and this again is a discovery of the obvious, that we lack a vigorous, technical literature in charity. We have sermons, theoretical treatises, and able discussion of many kinds, all of which point to a most progressive set of principles, taught by churchmen. But literature—the literature that comes up out of life and guides it; the literature that throbs with the vitality of men and women who face situations and conquer them; that we lack. Our most active charity workers are men and women who are earning their living. Their charity is simply the consecration of leisure, and often of time to which prior claims of personal interests exist, to the service of fellow-men. Such men and women naturally lack the time and opportunity for reflection that literature presupposes. They are busy and they have not the habit of literary expression. Further, the instinct for privacy is very strong in Catholic charity, notably so in our religious communities. And ever so many who might write with much point refuse to do so because instincts lead them toward the solitude and not toward the public. It is an attitude of mind with which modern times have little patience.

Furthermore, we have not yet begun forming our leaders in charity in and through schools. They are formed in life. Those who are producing the literature of charity have been taught its technique in schools. They have had every advantage that could be asked and the result is an impetus toward the production of a literature of charity which is a most hopeful sign of the times. All great historical interests of humanity have issued in schools. They have done this because they have found that the school was the safest means of self-perpetuation, the surest means of transmitting the achievements of one generation to the children of another. Religion created schools: music, medicine, law, oratory, states, art of all kinds, realized that only through schools, through systematic formation, could they transmit the best within their ranks to future generations. And so the day has come when charity, as one mighty interest, creates its schools. The movement, on the whole, is undoubtedly wise. It will without question lead to the faults that all schools are apt to commit, but when our charity has its schools, in and through which its traditions may be sifted and its wisdom may be proved, we shall not lack the literature that we need. It is true that in our religious communities we have had technical training schools in charity,

but these have not produced a technical literature for the men and women who consecrated themselves to these works and have been unwilling to become publicists in any sense of the term.

During the days of the Conference we heard men and women whose talk was literature. They had well-grounded personal views and they expressed them with force and directness. They understood the bearings of things. They interpreted the larger relations of social problems. They saw the details that hamper institutional charity and they lacked neither vigor nor originality nor feeling. These have been forever the roots of literature. If the promise that was offered during the earnest days of the Conference be a substantial thing and not a shadow, there is reason to hope that this perfection of our work will be but little longer delayed. The directness with which many delegates favored the early establishment of a charities' publication devoted to the national interests of all our works, goes a long way in showing the stage of development in which we now find ourselves.

There was manifested throughout the Conference a very strong demand for a federation of Women's Organizations, and for more thorough relation between the works of men and women in Catholic charity. The delegates seemed to feel that the Conference answered that demand. The desire for the federation of Women's Organizations originated not, it would seem, in the prospect of a definite work to be accomplished, but from a most impressive eagerness of the organizations to know one another better, to compare notes and find a work to do. This readiness for co-operation among the women came to splendid expression in the section devoted to the Protection of Young Girls. In preparation for the Conference, committees had been named in a large number of American cities to study the local facts and problems and to be prepared to report suggestions for organized action in the interests of the innocent. The meeting at which these reports were made developed a degree of earnestness, a reach of observation, and an impulse to labor which were not equalled in any other section of the Conference during its whole term. The saddening reports that came with dreadful monotony from city after city, showing the horrible waste of innocent young lives thrown as victims to human passion, awakened in the minds of the women present, possibly for the first time, a national view of this one great

problem, and out of these revelations came the formation of federated committees which promise not to cease labor until systematic efforts may have been made to find a remedy.


The St. Vincent de Paul Society played a peculiar rôle in this Conference of Catholic Charities. That society has been practically the only general organization of Catholic men in the United States devoted primarily to charity work. It has sustained the purest and finest traditions of Catholic life in a way creditable in the last degree to its members. The type of men that it sent to the Conference, their manner, experience, spirit—everything about them—revealed a tone of superiority which could not be mistaken, although it deliberately attempted to hide itself. Now it is no little encouragement to the National Conference of Catholic Charities to feel that the men most active in its beginning, who lent most enthusiastic support to its first steps, and who stood high among its leaders, were members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Those of us who have come later into the work and now feel the richness of its inspiration, derive no little encouragement from the unique endorsement that the Conference has received from the followers of the beloved Ozanam.

The programme was carried out as announced. As announced, it did not represent all that had been held in mind in preliminary work. Some topics on which much importance was laid were omitted through force of circumstances. Some men and women, on whom much reliance was to have been placed, were unable to be present. Nevertheless the Conference accomplished much and promised more. It brought to us a national view, a general outlook. It convinced us of power, of resources. It re-enforced our sense of social duty. It revealed immense work that is still to be done. It created an inspiration, and brought us together from widely scattered homes and fields of labor to share that inspiration and obey it. It reaffirmed the allegiance of the Kingdom of Catholic Charity to the Empire of Christ, and rewrote His blessed name over the worn doorways of the poor. It began by an act of worship of God; it concluded by paying the homage of its members to the President of the United States. In doing both, it caught, happily though unconsciously, the spirit of the motto of the University, *Deo et Patriæ*, within whose walls its good work began.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

I.

T was about six o'clock in the evening, July, 1881, that fatal year of the beginning of troubles for England with the Dutch Boers, when a Cape cart, drawn by six weary mules, was slowly making its way across the lonely Veldt that lies between the Modder River and Boshof.

Two fat, shining-faced black "Cape Boys," driving and flourishing the curling sjambok over the heads of the animals, and two weary, dishevelled-looking women were the only occupants of the not over-luxurious cart. Overhead, the lofty deep blue African sky was already changing into a darker shade of evening purple, the sun flooding the horizon with fiery crimson shafts of farewell glory.

It is mid-winter; the air is already sharp and frosty, and water, if left out-of-doors, will freeze hard by midnight. At last the solemn silence of the Veldt is broken by a tired voice: "Thank goodness, we are in sight of the shed where these wretched mules will be changed for fresh horses. There is still a chance for us to be at Boshof for a few hours' rest. We were due here at four, and now it is six o'clock."

That tired voice was my own, and the answer came from my companion, one of the noblest, cleverest, and most charming women I have ever had the good fortune to meet. She was the Sister Superior, or Head Sister, of the well-known hospital at the Diamond Fields, and at that time I was her aide. We both were returning to our work, after a five weeks' well-earned rest in the happy, peaceful Home in Bloemfontein, in the days President Brande.

"No use crying over spilt milk," was the answer of my companion; "we shall change here and with fresh horses get to Boshof Hotel by eleven to-night."

Sooner said than done; the miserable, three-cornered tin

shed, roofless and bare, was there, we were there, but the long-wished-for horses were nowhere! They had bolted, preferring a night of freedom on the Veldt to the task of lumbering along a bad road to Boshof.

"The Missis can get down and sleep here, very good place," said one boy, grinning and showing all his white teeth. The weary mules were out-spanned, and in less than a trice they had vanished and went to pick up a prickly supper from the low, thorny mimosa bushes, practically the only vegetation on the barren Veldt.

In the midst of our indignant remonstrances, the cart was partly despoiled of its rugs and boxes; all that we could say was lost on the philosophical Johannes, beyond the well-known word: "Allers will richt kom" (All will come right), while Sixpence nodded his fat head and said: "Ja, ja, Missis, very good shed."

Yes, Sixpence is a very common name for a colored man out in Africa; some rejoice in the name of "Soda-Water-Bottle" or "By-and-By," etc., and as a rule they are so proud of these nicknames, given by the white "Boss," that they actually forget their high-sounding, many-syllabled native names.

Sixpence proceeded to drag out of the cart what at first sight looked like a bundle of dilapidated snakes but was, in reality, rolls of brown paper. In this he swathed himself round and round from top to toe, till he was more like an animated bale of goods dropped by Carter Paterson than anything else; then he lit his pipe, and disappeared into a dark corner of the much despised shed.

What a hole that shed was! No covering of any sort kept out the starry sky; and yet there was an insufferable odor that made us long for a bottle of disinfectant; the flooring was simply damp earth, trampled into holes by the restless hoofs of cattle. We found a big wooden box, into which we pried unceremoniously, and from which we extracted a bundle of lovely pink wax candles, that would have been far more in place in some boudoir than in this dirty shed on the African Veldt. We calmly annexed one apiece, and with a box of matches felt more equal to a night surprise. But, on second thought, we agreed it would never do to risk rheumatic fever by trying to sleep in such a damp hole. So we left Johannes

and Sixpence to enjoy themselves in their own way in undisturbed possession.

"But what are we to do—where can we go?" I questioned, in mournful tones.

"Do," was the answer, "do? Why, anything rather than stop here in the dumps. Come, we will explore."

So Sister argued that if we only walked on and on we must come to some farm. I did not think this hopeful, for it was some hours since we had passed any human habitation; besides, even if such rare good luck was ours, we were not sure of a welcome, for the days of open-handed hospitality were no more. Distrust and hatred of the English were spread far and wide, and scornful hints that the "English Dogs" could bark but could not bite, were lavishly circulated.

The prestige of the "Old Flag" had waned under the baleful shadow of "Majuba Day." Only a few short weeks ago we had said farewell to the gallant, though unfortunate, Sir George Colley, little foreboding how soon he would sleep his last sleep under the stones of Majuba Hill.

Whenever our Sister gave the word "forward, march," there could be no delay; therefore march it was. We left the shed, and went out into the clear, frosty air. The glorious moon was already transforming the dusty, dreary Veldt, and all things base, into a silvery fairyland; the white frost glittered like diamonds of purest water, and the large white and cream-colored flowers of the jimson weed awoke from their long, ugly, crumpled-up day sleep, and looked fit to be the silver trumpets of the angels in heaven. Planets and stars, constellations and mystic lights, glowed and shone; their long rays of brilliant azure, ruby, emerald, and golden fire made far more lovely sanctuary lamps than ever burn in fairest shrine on earth. "The firmament showeth the glory of God"—came the words from both our lips as we stood by the now forlorn cart, ate our supper, said our prayers, and then stepped boldly forth into the unknown. The peaceful harmony of that fair night was only broken by the constant snapping bark of the jackals all around us. At length, after a long tramp, my companion cried out in a joyful voice: "I see a light, I see a light." And, far away, I also could see a dull, red light, glimmering not far from the ground. We looked at our watches; was close upon eleven o'clock.

We had walked nearly four hours; the sharp exercise had caused our rather numbed blood to circulate, the frosty air was exhilarating, and the romance and a spice of danger sustained us, for we were both young in those days. But I must confess my heart sank very low when we came on a small, lonely-looking house; there was a feeling of nameless horror about it, so ugly and squalid it stood, an unlovely sight in that brilliant moonlight.

It was a sordid, red brick place, one story high, with a broken "stoep" in front of the faded, sun-blistered door, and a small window on each side. From one of these windows a gloomy light shone.

Long and loud we thumped with our umbrellas on the door, not at all astonished to find no sign of bell or knocker, for such is the custom of the place. My heart quaked more and more, as we heard between the intervals of knocking, a most awful noise, a hideous din, proceeding from the room wherein the light shone. I would have given worlds to have been back again in the despised shed, with Johannes and Sixpence, who would not have hurt a hair of our heads.

"Oh, for goodness sake, come, come away; let us go back, there must be murder going on, or at least a lunatic is kept here," I said to my companion. But the Head Sister was not in the habit of "going back," she was of sterner stuff; so she only hammered louder, saying: "I want hot coffee."

At last a lull in the uproar, a heavy step, and the rusty lock was heard creaking as it was slowly turned. The door opened, and there, in the flood of moonlight that poured in, stood the most hideous and forbidding Dutch Vrow it had ever been my fortune to see. In an attitude of almost frightened amaze she stared at us, spell-bound at the unwonted sight which our good Sister presented in her picturesque nursing costume, the long full lines of drapery falling in graceful folds round her. Our Sister stood in the moonlight, tall, handsome, majestic, her beautiful face a little stern and pale.

II.

But the romance was dispelled when Sister explained in very good Dutch that we had lost our way, lost our horses, and lost ourselves, and then went on to ask for shelter and "hot Koffee trek"—the common expression for a cup of hot

coffee. But to-night there was no answering smile on the Vrow's sallow face; she only pushed us into the room from whence the light shone.

And then the mystery was unraveled—we had dropped into the midst of a "Döpper Prayer Meeting." The Döpper Boer is the most ignorant and bitter foe to all civilization, especially to English civilization. There, in the middle of the night, far from all human help, we two lone Englishwomen stood.

Picture to yourselves a small room, crowded with about a dozen men and half a dozen women. The men were Döpper dirty (it is part of their religion to eschew water in any form), sullen and ferocious-looking, their long, uncombed hair, smoothed down with cocoa-nut oil, nearly covering their eyes, while before them, on the table, sundry heavy whips and long sjamboks were lying. The women were a shade less repulsive-looking, and also a shade more friendly. They were thorough specimens of the up-country Dutch Vrow, dressed in short, full skirts. Their heads wore for covering a dirty cotton "Copjee," or sun-bonnet. I could not describe the atmosphere of that room. The foul vapors, after the pure, frosty air of the Veldt, made me say to myself, in the words of the old ballad: "I am sick at heart and fain would lie down!" The clamor died away, and the loud, harsh voices were succeeded by an ominous silence as we entered, though it was broken by a low murmur of: "Let the English dogs die"; as "Sister" boldly entered the room and I followed in her wake.

At a less critical moment I could have laughed aloud, as I watched the stately, beautiful Englishwoman going solemnly round the room, shaking hands with every unfriendly Döpper, who seemed impelled, as by some higher power, to stretch forth a half-shrinking and wholly dirty hand to meet her firm grasp.

I, too, went through the same ceremony, and then we sat down and surveyed the scowling occupants of the room. We found they had been holding a kind of "Prayer Meeting," somewhat after the "Smite the hip and thigh" fashion of Cromwell's Ironsides on the eve of battle.

Just so had these Döppers, with howls and cracked psalm-singing, lashed their hatred of the "English dogs" to the highest pitch of fury. Without a sign of fear or of noticing the growing gloom of ill-will, my companion made a speech,

telling our troubles in fluent Dutch, using their very own expressions, reminding them how many times their own people had been cared for and tended by us in Kimberley Hospital, and concluding her oration by a request for "Hot Koffee and shelter."

There was sullen silence on the part of the men, but the "House Vrow" arose and left the room, and presently the grateful smell of fresh coffee rejoiced our nostrils.

The Vrow returned with a black servant, bearing a tray with many bowls of exceedingly hot and be-sugared coffee. In the solemn silence the coffee was handed round to all, but just before it arrived, I noticed that a particularly ill-looking young Döpper muttered something to his neighbor, then looked hard at us and went out of the room.

Even my companion was at length tired of this silent company, and aroused me by putting down her bowl with a bang, and asking if we could have a bed and rest ourselves for a few hours. I certainly thought the moonlight walk had affected her brain. But up rose the "Vrow," and throwing open the door of the opposite room, disclosed a small, stuffy apartment. The sole furniture was one enormous four-post wooden bedstead piled up high with pillows and blankets, and surrounded with gloomy curtains; it was an imposing object, but it made one's flesh creep to think of sleeping therein.

"Missis," said the "Vrow" in a deep voice, "the great father and the great mother sleep in there," with a sweep of her arm to the bed, "and we all sleep on the floor with the skins and blankets round us; if Missis pay good money, she may sleep on the floor next me!"

Perfectly true; men, women, all sleep together, rolled up like bundles on the dirty floors of these foul rooms. This killed even Sister's determination to remain; so, with many thanks, we declined, and after shaking hands once more all round, we followed the good "Vrow" out of the room, shaking hands with her last of all at the door, where she stood looking at us with rather a curious, troubled expression in her eyes.

So we were once again on the "Trek," somewhere between 12 P. M. and 1 A. M., seeking the formerly despised shelter of the now longed-for shed.

"I think," said the Head Sister in a sad voice—at least it

was sad for her—"I think we will try this track," pointing to a narrow track close to a dark patch I had not noticed before, "it may prove a short cut across the Veldt to the shed."

I did not object to a "short cut," my one desire being to lie down somewhere as soon as possible; so we turned from the dazzling expanse of moonlit, frosty Veldt, and were about to explore when a shot rang out, followed by a cry.

III.

"Let us go and see who is hurt, help may be needed," said Sister. I was too much ashamed to say aloud what my cowardly heart prompted, that we had better keep on our way, that the Döppers would look after their own. We turned about to go to the house, when behold—we could not find it. It was blotted out by a thick, soft, white fog, while there arose in front of us, barring our steps from any return, a wondrous sight. I can only compare it to a beautiful white, luminous cloud, or rather a column of white fire; it was marvellous. There was no sign of damp or passing vapor on earth, no flying cloud in the heavens to cast a shadow. Except just where we were, all was pure bright moonlight. Sharply, clearly defined in its outline, moved onward this tall white form. We followed spellbound, our beautiful mysterious guide at times brooding over us in its fleecy folds. Is it any wonder that we thought we could see the great white wings of St. Raphael, the friendly archangel, or at least our guardian angels carrying out the promise: "He shall give His angels charge over thee"?

Perhaps it was only the miasma rising from some stagnant water or a mirage so common out there. But, even looking at it in the practical, twentieth century fashion, may not the vapors and miasmas that hang over foul places be another form of angel warning?

Well, then, we followed our mysterious guide until we were well on the right track, and after quick, though silent, walking we came in sight of the shed, which looked like an overgrown ant-hill on that plain of dazzling whiteness. And, in an instant, our luminous guide left us, gone as if he had never been, save for the solemn, never-to-be-forgotten assurance that we had indeed seen a visible messenger from heaven. In a

little while we crept under the low entrance, and in the darkness heard the loud, sonorous breathing from our faithful Johannes and Sixpence.

Drawing forth our pink tapers, we struck a light and surveyed the scene. Dark and dismal did it appear after our beautiful moonlight walk; and yet we were glad to be back, and to descend from the pedestal of our strained nerves.

Making the best of our circumstances, we wrapped ourselves up in our warm rugs and threw ourselves down on the damp earth. We left our pretty lights burning, and tried to get a little rest. I, at least, must have dozed off, for I started from an uneasy dream, dazzled by a bright light flaring at the entrance of our shed.

It was nothing worse than a bright fire made by one of our boys from some dry brushwood and rags steeped in paraffin oil. Sixpence was bending over the blaze, warming the everlasting coffee for the "Missis," while Johannes was seen returning with the missing horses. It was daylight, and we scrambled stiffly into the cart, and were really bidding farewell to our eventful experiences on the lonely Veldt. We were too cold and uncomfortable for conversation, but each gave a start and an exclamation when our vehicle drove past the very identical squalid house of last night's adventure.

If it looked ugly and sinister in the fair moonlight, it looked doubly so in the cold, gray dawn of day. Not a sign of life, not a sound broke the silence. Then we noticed, close to the untidy stoep, so close that it seemed almost impossible to avoid stepping into it, a deep, dark, sullen-looking patch of half-frozen water, a pond as we say in England, but in Africa it goes by the curious name of Pan.

How we escaped falling into it as we left that unfriendly house I know not. If we had made one false step, then, indeed, "the English dogs" would have been silent forever; for I am sure no help would have been given by our grim hosts of the previous night.

"Missis," said Johannes, pointing with his fingers spread out, "very bad house, very bad Pan, 'spoeck' in the Pan." "Spoeck" I must tell you, is Cape Dutch for ghost or spirit.

To make a long story short, I must hurry over our arrival at Boshof. Great was the curiosity and excitement, and a group of friendly loungers, black and white, questioned us

eagerly as to our detention; and many were the offers of beds and comforts. But to all we turned a deaf ear, our one desire was to reach "Home, sweet home" without delay. We felt we were fit for nothing but our own home, this being Kimberly Hospital.

Seeing we were not to be moved from our purpose, a good friend generously offered to drive us in his comfortable spring-cart, and after rejoicing the hearts of good Sixpence and Johannes with a goodly roll of strong tobacco, we shook hands with them and saw them no more.

How delicious that spring-cart was after the springless, narrow mail cart, and still more after our midnight experiences, words cannot tell. It was mid-day when we came in sight of the thin, blue haze of smoke which hangs everlastingly over the "Camp," or "Diamond Fields," or "De Beers," all three names designating much the same thing.

Great was our joy to find ourselves once more in the familiar surroundings. The "Staff" wondered what had become of the "Head," the nurses and convalescents foreboding all manner of dire mishaps. We arrived just in the nick of time, to be greeted not only by "ourselves" as some one rather vaguely had named "the family," but by our good and kind Chief Surgeon. I will not write his name, for it is one too well-known, but it will ever remain to us and to all under his care in the early days, a name of gratitude and respect. He welcomed us with his genial smile, and prescribed "a square meal, or hot soup, hot baths, and bed, without being bothered for twenty-four hours." You may be sure we did not object.

IV.

In our busy, hard-working life, time flew on wings, interests were many, and oftentimes pathetic scenes brought tears to our eyes; but, fortunately, we had a dash of the humorous now and then, and so our spirits did not fall too much below par for long.

We had almost, if not altogether, forgotten our "Adventure," when one hot, December day a heavy wagon lumbered up to the "stoep," its veranda covered with brilliantly colored "Morning Glory," or convolvulus, whichever name you like best, and numerous lounging-chairs and small tables covered

with periodicals made it a favorite resort of convalescents and nurses.

With some curiosity we watched four or five typical Boers extricate themselves from numerous bales and boxes, and they helped a companion out of the cumbrous vehicle. He was evidently the invalid, and was heavily muffled about the head and face, and in spite of the blazing sun a warm rug was over his shoulders.

Our Head Sister was called, and one of the men handed an order to her, all in due form: "Admit Piet Ruyman." It was signed by our good doctor.

It was truly an amusing scene to us, though far otherwise to Piet and his friends, when he was "admitted," and sundry fearful-looking parcels and bundles were brought in and "dumped" down. Then, with a silent handshake and many terrified glances at the bevy of nurses, Piet's friends departed, and Piet was left alone in that unknown and, to him, mysterious world.

His troubles, and ours also, began when, after being ushered into his nice little room and told to undress and get into his comfortable bed, he flatly refused to divest himself of any of his dirty-looking garments. Much to his nurse's discomfort and horror, Piet clung to what had not been changed for many a long day. At last Sister suggested a compromise, and promised if he would consent to array himself in the spotless and comfortable regulation clothing he should be allowed to wear his awful red woolen comforter, which enveloped his neck in many folds. So a truce was made, and after a while Piet discarded the dirty comforter of his own free-will.

A very curious accident had brought Piet to the hospital. He was out shooting big game with his companions, when a lion suddenly sprang upon him and began mauling his arm and face. A very lucky shot from one of Piet's friends saved his life, and no serious injury was done. The wound healed rapidly. Veldt life is a very healthy one, and after some months Piet was himself again, except for one side of his face. The lion's paw had inflicted a severe flesh wound, and it was thought that one eye was destroyed; a huge lump of flesh had grown over the socket. Piet, however, always declared that he felt the eye move under this encumbrance.

The fame of our clever surgeon had reached even to Boer

ears, and some Döppers themselves had been in his hands. After a time Piet determined to try what the English could do for him, the desire for saving his eye overcoming his prejudices.

When our doctor examined him, he said he believed Piet to be in the right, that the eye was there, and that it would be quite possible to remove the mass of flesh which closed it. The operation was performed most successfully, and the eye found to be quite uninjured, though of course it required care.

We all agreed that Piet did not make such a very bad patient after all, though it was a long time before he could overcome his terror at the sight of the hot water and soap, and he would cry like a baby when he had to submit to necessary ablutions.

However, time changes all things, and after awhile he quite enjoyed his more cleanly condition, consented to have his hair cut and combed, and, still greater wonder, discarded the hitherto beloved comforter; and with the dirty, red thing, Piet, the uncouth Döpper, disappeared, and became quite a good, comfortable, friendly being. There still remained, however, a sort of shyness and awkwardness, if not fear, when our Head Sister came near him; that he admired her and felt the charm of her manner was evident, but still he was uneasy in her presence.

At last she set herself to win his confidence, and when she laid herself out for this, no one, not even a Döpper, could resist her.

One afternoon, shortly before his time for departure, they were sitting together on our stoep. Sister presented Piet with a brand new red comforter, which she herself had made for him, and said: "Piet I have seen you before somewhere?"

"Yes, Missis"; in a sheepish tone.

"Now, Piet, don't say 'Missis' but 'Sister,' and tell me where and when I saw you, and why you are afraid of me."

After a pause out came the story.

"Sister, do you remember the night you came to the house on the Veldt?" said Piet. Yes, Sister remembered very well; and then he went on to tell how he was the very identical young Boer who had been so unfriendly and had scowled at us, and that he went out of the room, determined the "English dogs" should not get off scot free. Taking his gun, he hid himself near the dark pool. He was not clear himself

whether he really meant to kill us, or only to frighten us, but at all events he meant mischief. Then he heard us saying good-night and saw the good Vrow watching our departure.

A shadow fell across the track by the dangerous water, and he hastily raised his gun and fired; there was a cry, and to his horror the cry was not as he expected from one of the hated English, but the voice of the "House Vrow," his very own mother. Piet rushed out of his hiding-place, to see her being carried into the house by two of the men. Most fortunately she was not seriously hurt; the bullet had grazed her shoulder and she was soon well again; but Piet was too ashamed of what he had done to remain in the place where he had nearly killed his own mother. He took to a roving life, and in one of his expeditions met with the accident which had so nearly cost him his life.

It turned out that the good woman was uneasy about us, and she went down the stoep to warn us of the deep, dark water, and Piet could not see her, because she was well in the dark shadow, and also, I suppose, he was nervous and excited.

Piet told Sister that a deep, dark shadow rested all over the Veldt that night, so dark that he could see nothing of us; so that the marvelous cloud, which was to us protection and light, was to our enemy confusion and darkness.

He ended his confession to Sister with a burst of tears and the words: "My heart is sore, Missis, when I see how good you are and think I tried to kill you."

Our good Sister consoled him, and putting his red comforter round his neck, took his brown hand in her shapely one. And this time it was not given unwillingly, for she and Piet entered into a friendly compact, and Piet was no more a foe to the English, but a good and loyal friend, and remained so for many long years. He would return to Sister laden with valuable presents of beautiful ostrich feathers, rare skins of animals, etc.

And with Piet's conversion our "Adventure" ends—to be remembered as a thing of the past, always with gratitude, for, truly, that eventful night proved the truth of the blessed promise: "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.*

BY C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.



THAT particularly unpleasant young man who figures largely in Mr. Mallock's *Veil of the Temple* had marked, on the wall of a long, glazed gallery, spaces which represented centuries. The galleries stretched out for about a hundred yards, for Mr. Mallock thinks easily in millenniums, and down the wall were arranged relics or models or drawings which represented the religion of each period. A crucifix showed that Christianity stood at the very end of a long, long list; and the twenty centuries of its history seemed mean enough, compared to the vistaed ages in which men and women had lived and fought and suffered and died, all without knowledge of the Truth. In fact, urged the unpleasant young man—and his rather vulgar sophism seems to have impressed the intellectual ladies of his party—it is preposterous to suppose that these last twenty centuries have the supreme privilege denied to all that vanished history of real lives.

Vulgar the sophism may have been; it was, none the less, as far as it went, a vivid little bit of Comparative Religion. Christianity was a phenomenon among phenomena; it existed, as they did, in time and space; it could be compared and contrasted, judged by the same criteria as its compeers; at once, as a mere thing of yesterday, it must be ready to take a modest place behind the great religions of immemorial antiquity which excavation and research are daily bringing into light: at once, too, certain similarities between it and its predecessors will suggest that much that it claims as original, as unique, is really borrowed, copied, or inherited; has been—who knows?—surpassed by the spiritual efforts of the unknown prophets and apostles of wholly alien faiths.

And what, then, has become of a "Revealed Religion"? of the "Supernatural Claims" of Christianity?

In England Rationalism is fighting a stubborn, and, in many places, a winning fight, against the all-too-feeble forces of Protestant Christianity. One of its many organs is the

* *Lectures on the History of Religions.* In Four Volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder; London: The Catholic Truth Society.

Rationalist Press Association. From the sixteenth annual report I take the facts that follow. In 1908-9 its income was £1,198-0-1, its members 1,609—not large sums, you say, in men or money; but the men are keen and the money well laid out. Thus in 1908-9 it published three very large works; its *Annual*; and a set of *Lectures to Sixth Form Boys*; it put forth three reissues, many of them extremely cheap (Mr. Vivian's *The Churches and Modern Thought* gives 432 pages for 1s.); 3 cheap reprints of large works, and a number of pamphlets. Nearly all these involve, and some turn wholly upon, Comparative Religion. Public lectures are financed by a Platform Propaganda fund, which helps other societies to the same end. During the lecture season, on most week nights and twice on Sundays, crowded London audiences, attend these public debates. Social meetings with music, recitals, etc.; receptions make the work of the Association known and facilitate the communication of the associates among themselves. Honorary local secretaries are being appointed—there are eight London centres, twenty-one provincial, nineteen abroad; and abroad the work spreads even more rapidly than at home; *e. g.*, Hungary, Greece, China, Japan, the Colonies—Australia, New Zealand, and India especially—and all these are staffed by one or more R. P. A. officials. A traveling organizer is to be appointed, there is an R. P. A. reading room and lending library, and the R. P. A.—only one, please remember, among several similar societies—is careful to present its books and periodicals to all the free libraries and reading rooms.

This literature is of all sorts and includes heavy volumes like the *Pagan Christs*, of Mr. Robertson, M.P., no less than the penny pamphlet. Every class of reader is expressly catered for: schoolboys, as we saw; teachers; women. *Will Women Help?* is the name of Mr. Gould's book, which explicitly recognizes the faith of *women* as one of the great hindrances to Rationalism.

My point is, that in every category of these publications, the majority, almost, find in Comparative Religion one of their aptest weapons. I could give a long list, and I should like to, for it scares one, and a healthy scare from time to time is the best of stimulants. But I wish to hurry on to my main point.

First, let it never be thought that all this is written for the man in the study; that it is the property of the pedant; that it does not reach the man in the street.

The man in the street is a deal more alert than we imagine—at least, than we in America and England are inclined to imagine. Not only are these R. P. A. books used as textbooks on which popular lectures are built, and that is bad enough, but the ordinary man wants to buy them for himself. Else why is there so steady a supply of extremely cheap reprints of really stiff scientific, yet rationalistic works? I doubt whether there is a man in England who knows better how to write for the ordinary man than does Mr. Blatchford. Yet his *God and My Neighbor* is so full of Comparative Religion that we are right in taking it to be a useful weapon indeed, else he of all men would not use it. Let me quote from a priest of long experience among the working classes of our northern manufacturing towns.

I will give you my experience of B——, he writes to me, a town reeking with Socialism, and a place I came to know very intimately. As soon as a Catholic became inoculated with Socialism, he began to dabble with such books as *God and My Neighbor*, which led him to the R. P. A. reprints. I know of no single instance in that town of a Catholic who became a Socialist, who did not speedily become Atheist. *God and My Neighbor* has done untold harm in the undermining of the faith of the ignorant workman. The R. P. A. reprints completed the disaster.

The largest bookseller in B——, who had his stall in the market-place, told me these R. P. A. reprints sold like hot cakes. The numerous Socialistic-Atheistic lectures in the market-place did much to advertise this form of literature.

Yet, "I am rather keen on Mr. Blatchford," said the Rev. R. J. Campbell, which surprises us the less when we see that the *Encyclopedia Biblica* is being published by the R. P. A. in 6d. parts. Still we wonder what the reverend canons and others who are its editors thought, when the R. P. A. applied to them for permission?

We have no space to dwell on the curious tendency which leads men to imitate what they want to destroy, and we shall not quote the hymns and catechisms, of which examples lie before us, which inculcate atheism and prove Christianity to be but a *réchauffé* of the old rituals and beliefs of Mithraism and Osirianism, and far less fine than Buddhism. Nor on publications of a different character, like the nauseating and flippant *Bible Romances*, by Mr. Foote, published at 6d. for

the Secular Society. This disgusts rather than persuades; and as yet I have seen nothing in England quite like the illustrated *Bible Amusante*.^{*} But something is lost, and irretrievably, once these coarse fingers tear from our purest mysteries the veils of reverence in which we wrap them. And from many isolated pamphlets I have possessed, there seems to be a regular conspiracy to propagate the Talmudic myth that Christ was the son of the Centurion Pandera.

These things, I repeat, hawked about as they are by boy scouts on bicycles, preached in lectures to which children, on boxes at street corners, are paid to point the way, commented on (I quote here from a letter to me from a well-known and keen-sighted social worker) "by weekly papers like —, by street corner and public park lecturers, —, by force of constant repetition, combined with the deadening spiritual effect of slum life *plus* the public house, are gradually, indeed swiftly, destroying Christianity among our town populations."

So far Catholics have done very little to meet this evil. That is due to a number of reasons. First, the questions of Comparative Religion were being asked almost entirely outside the fold. The cry of the Comparative Religionist in the United States and England did but add one to the babel of voices which always reached the Church from over her high walls. There is no doubt at all that the specific problems had been worked out in no sort of adequate way in the text-books and reference books which alone were in the hands of her theological and other students. No one ever dreamed of going to the Fathers to ask them in what precise relation the Christian Eucharist stood to the Mithraic, or Christian Baptism to the Isiac; and, on the whole, historical theology was but little in vogue, and masterpieces like Jules Lebreton's recent *Origines du Dogme de la Trinité* would certainly not have been rated at their proper value, and, by some, might even have been looked upon with dislike. Again Catholics were not a reading body, and for this the causes lie very far back indeed. But are they now? Well, we wish to become

^{*} Which I once found on sale, at a kiosk in Bordeaux, to children, for 1d.

NOTE: Alas: since writing the above, a large pile of pamphlets, etc., has reached me, all printed in one single north of England town, which contain terrible examples of *Bible Stories Comically Illustrated*, of caricatures of the Gospels, whose virulence is only equalled by their vulgarity. One can but hope that these publications mark the lowest stage of the progressive prostitution of science; for the pseudo-erudition that pervades many of them can scarcely go further in the direction of popular degradation. Are these pamphlets the last effect in a chain of cause and effect, and themselves unproductive?

so, but we still suffer very terribly from lack of literature. As for English Catholic literature upon the History of Religions, apart from sporadic magazine articles and the like, it has been practically non-existent. But slowly the lack is being supplied. And in consequence we need spend time no longer in examining the shortcomings of the past. The articles of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* are an honor to America, not only because of their own excellence, but because they come first into the English-speaking field as scientific, yet fairly popular treatment of stuff with which the non-Catholic Comparative Religionist has so far had it all his own way. Mr. Hastings' new *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* has many Catholic names among its authors.

Still, it is only lately that the Catholic Truth Society of England—that gallant little underpaid, understaffed body—has chivalrously undertaken to publish, besides the social literature for which it is making itself a name, some popular yet genuinely scientific literature upon the burning subject of Comparative Religion. The well-known house of B. Herder, of St. Louis, Mo., publishes these volumes for the United States, and it is because we are so sure of American sympathy in this effort, that I am daring to write this rather unblushing recommendation of the C. T. S. series of lectures on the History of Religions.

First, let me exactly define the scope of this work. It does not aim at offering a Philosophical Theory of Religion. It does not attempt to decide what the essential value of religion is, nor what is the peculiar value of Christianity. It does not even attempt historically to trace the pedigree of Christian rites and dogmas. In every scientific investigation there are three stages. Facts are collected; then they are grouped according to the principles of likeness or unlikeness which emerge; finally, laws of development, levels of value, are deduced, and the whole is worked together into a scientific system. This can be done with comparative anatomy; comparative sociology; comparative economics, and so on. In the C. T. S. lectures the writers aim directly and immediately at achieving the first of these three things. They wish to put before readers a trustworthy birds' eye view of various religions, ancient and modern, especially, of course, of Christianity and its offshoots. This has not prevented them from making comparisons here and there, and a full index will, it is hoped, afford those who are anxious to follow up comparisons for themselves, the means of doing so.

Moreover, the editor confesses that its inception was not unattended by difficulties, and, in consequence, the contents of individual numbers, and indeed the construction of the series, were arranged on less definite lines than might have been desired. Again, the authors, who are Catholics, and write for Catholics, have not, of course, indulged in those 'hypothetical interpretations, or even reconstructions, or "supplementing" of history, which are perfectly open to men of no dogmatic faith. Anyhow such interpretation or appraisal or theorizing is the work only of those who are engaged upon the third stage above mentioned, that, namely, of the religious philosopher. In the collecting and marshaling of facts a Catholic writer is, of course, as free as any one else; and hence the picture of a Pagan or Catholic or Schismatical scheme of religion can be as well and truthfully presented by a Catholic scholar as by the least dogmatically minded of his non-Catholic confrères. A Catholic may, however, believe that from the facts themselves certain definite conclusions emerge without any solicitation, and in a few cases the writers of these lectures have pointed out one or two such conclusions. It was their aim, however, to be throughout objective, expository, historical; not interpretative, philosophical, apologetical; and, above all, not controversial.

Another diversity of treatment will, however, be visible in the greater or less technicality of treatment. Some writers have aimed chiefly at being popular, others at being complete and accurate, even at the expense of condensation and complexity of detail. There are those who, wishful to be "understood of the people," to catch the ear of the street, eschew all long words, all qualifying clauses, all half-tones. To others it is agony to treat of religious things in epigram; to run together, into two violently opposed groups, facts or doctrines which contain all sorts of delicately differentiated grades; to deduce immediately, as conclusion from given premises, what can only remotely be attained to by long argument, and then not stated in any general form. They feel that they are being vulgar if they act thus, and that if they do it naturally, they are lowering themselves and science and religion, and if unnaturally, that they look fools, like any heckled duke trying to talk slang at an election. Well, here again diversity of taste must be forgiven in the authors; it is hoped that all sorts of readers will find something in some of the lectures which

will appeal to them; and that, with a little good will, nearly every one will be able to find interest in nearly all of them.

It remains to explain the actual arrangement of the lectures, and here again it will be remembered that just as a one cent pamphlet of thirty-two pages cannot possibly deal exhaustively with its subject, so a series of such lectures cannot possibly cover the whole ground of religious phenomena. But it was felt that no lacunæ, no diversity of treatment, could possibly justify the postponement of an enterprise of such immediate utility.

The first volume, after a general review of the whole question of the Study of Religions, by the distinguished editor of the *Études*, contains accounts of some of the greater of the ancient religions other than those more immediately attendant on the birth of Christianity. Father L. Wieger, a missionary of nearly a quarter of a century's experience in China, writes of the religion of that country and of the desolating philosophies of Confucius and Lao-Tzu, which we yet hear so often and so rashly compared with Gospel doctrine. Professor J. O'Neill, Professor of Celtic at the new Dublin University, has found time amid the stress of work incident to the inception of that splendid institution, to write on the religion of our Celtic forefathers. Buddhism itself, a religion (if so a system can be called which denies both God and soul alike) revived in our own days in disreputable forms, is dealt with by that scholar of European reputation, Professor de la Vallée Poussin, of Ghent. Hinduism is by the Rev. E. Hull, for many years editor of the *Bombay Examiner*, and a man of prolonged experience of the people whose religion he describes. The religions of Babylon, Assyria, Syria, and Egypt are of unique importance, for from Mesopotamia Israel came, in Egypt it sojourned and became a nation, and in Syria it dwelt. Who does not see what problems these facts at once create? What in Israel's religion is inherited? What borrowed? What revealed? What of its cosmogony, its laws, its ritual, its ark? What of the name of Yahweh? What significance for Israel have the name of Hammurabi, the Myth of Marduk and Tiamat, the tablets of the Babylonian deluge, the popular cults of Canaan? Father Condamin is a well-known Assyriologist whose guidance in these matters is wholly to be trusted.

Volume II. deals with worships more immediately neighbor to nascent Christianity, or with their remoter origins. The Bishop

of Salford, an authority of the first rank in Oriental studies, has, with the greatest generosity, contributed the paper on that old Persian religion of which Zoroastrianism was the startling reformation. With the Avesta, which enshrines all we know of this, Professor Carnoy, of Louvain, has dealt; immense problems here again arise. Is Persia responsible for the later development of Israel? Did Israel influence Persia? Whence came the Angelology and Eschatology prevalent in Palestine at the dawn of the Christian era? Into the Roman Empire Christianity was born—and accordingly the religion of Rome had to be fully dealt with—but into an Empire profoundly Hellenized, especially in the East, and in Greek-speaking, Greek-philosophizing, Greek-praying circles the Church developed. Hence Greece, religious and philosophical, had carefully to be described; here again, the new University of Dublin has given us its aid in the person of Father Henry Browne. Finally, an amazing inroad of Oriental cults was modifying even Italy when Christianity reached Rome, and these were, naturally, *chez eux* in the East, whence the new religion traveled; of these Mithraism was by far the most startling, or is, at least, being now the most noisily celebrated, and hardly a Christian rite or dogma or sacrament exists, but adventurous scholars will seek its origin in the worship of the unconquered. And the society in which Christianity had to struggle to survive, was one constructed on the complex religious and political notion of Emperor worship; already Cæsar and Christ face each other; already persecution is inevitable, and the course of future centuries is indicated. Lectures, then, on Mithra and on King-worship conclude this volume.

The Christian history itself is outlined in the third; or rather, phases and crises of its course are indicated. The Hebrew Bible tells of its background and of its earliest environment: the Greek Testament, of its "dynamic," its *idées directrices*, whose formidable impulse all future development was to obey: the Early Church, of the childhood of that Society whose infancy has just been related. St. Augustine shifted the theological and spiritual centre of gravity from East to West, and bridged the chasm between the old shattered Empire and new Europe. Gregory VII. placed the Church forever in its category of spiritual Empire; Aquinas endowed it with an official philosophy, and reknit it to the Aristotelian past, as Augustine to the Platonic. Trent marks a watershed; the Mod-

ern Papacy reveals the same principles at work, the identical life-springs still abundant, the personality unchanged, which were detected twenty centuries ago. It is a pleasure that Prior McNabb, of St. Thomas' own order, should have written for us Aquinas; and that the distinguished Vice-Rector of the English College, Rome, Mgr. Cronin, D.D., should have written Trent.

Finally, Dr. Adrian Fortescue, an Oriental scholar of travel and experience, as well as of erudition, of vivid wit no less than of technical and scientific power, has told of those Eastern sects which broke away from the main current of Christianity; Father E. Power, long of Beirût, writes of the great Semitic post-Christian religion, Islam. The Rev. A. H. Lang, once one of the six preachers in Canterbury Cathedral, explains the official structure of Anglicanism; Father Burbridge, once a student for the Wesleyan ministry, tells of Wesley's sect. Father Power, the well-known Edinburgh preacher and controversialist, gives us the history of Presbyterianism; Father Bourg writes of Luther and of Calvin; a distinguished Rabbi has read and approved the lecture on modern Judaism; the lecture on Unitarianism—the ultimate destiny of disintegrating Protestantism—is by one who for many years was a Unitarian minister.

It will be seen how carefully we have tried to ensure especial reliability in those tracts which might most easily be suspected of controversial bias.

We hope that many different classes of readers will be interested in these lectures. Not only the professed student, but those who would fain have the directions for wider, deeper reading pointed out, who wish for text-books for lectures; even the school-boy who may have been (as in cases we have known) fascinated by the mystery of Egypt, or the oddity of China, and who almost certainly will have examinations where knowledge of Greek or Roman or Jewish history is necessary. All these, and more, we hope, will find that a little help, at least, has been offered to them here.

It has been decided to issue a fifth and perhaps a sixth volume of lectures, one frankly of the nature of an appendix, another telling of those after-forms of faith which, once the prevalent religion yields its place, immediately spring up to satisfy the soul of man, made for God, and restless till it rests in Him, or at least, in what it takes for Him.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

LOUD and clear comes the distant
Call of the sea, insistent,
The primitive, wild, and clamorous call
Of the thunder-rolling sea.
Up from the shelvy beaches,
Over the rocky reaches,
Grand and full as the organ-roar
Of the tempest, the call for me.

And I see the white ships homing :
The surf and the breakers foaming
In vision. I watch the mountainous wall
Of the waters rush and roar.
I smell the tang of the ocean,
And my heart is all commotion,
As, strong as a resonant song of war,
The billows pour on the shore.

Silver clear is the ringing
Song the sirens are singing,
As, high on the back of the white-maned steeds,
The mermaids gallop along :
To me indesinent calling
Over the rising and falling
Of the thunderous, wondrous wilderness,
To sing them a sounding song.

Flapping of flags and cracking
Of tarry canvas, and tacking
Of vessels that drive in the boom and spume
Of the racing, rushing sea :
Rattle of tackle falling,
Curlews crying and calling :
O Heavens! I long for the vigorous song
Of the spin-drift flying free!

That grand old harper, Thunder,
Who fills the world with wonder,
Can sing no epic of roaring storm
So strong as the song of the sea :
For the Ocean's mighty motion
Is an anthem full of devotion,
Intoned to the Great Jehovah,
God, enthroned in immensity!

THE WORK OF IRISH SISTERS.

Being the third and last of the series of sketches entitled "In Carra and Tirawley, County Mayo."

BY WILFRID ST. OSWALD.



N the Moyside, partly in Gallen and partly in Tirawley, for the river divides these ancient baronies, lies Foxford, the railway gate of Tirawley, though in fact the station is a mile distant from the town which has grown to its present size and status since the closing decade of the last century, when distress was acute throughout the district. Its destitution appealed so strongly to Mr. Balfour, when he visited it during his tour in the West of Ireland in 1890, that he at once started relief works which happily averted the threatened famine, and prepared the way for the scheme initiated by the Irish Sisters of Charity in April, 1891, when they opened a convent at Foxford, and took over the management of what had hitherto been the practically empty National Schools, personally gathering into them and feeding and clothing the children from the villages and lonely cottages on the stony wastes around, and rousing the parents from the apathy induced by hopelessness and semi-starvation.

All went well for the children during their school-days; but the solution of the problem of their present involved the graver and more difficult problem of their future; for naturally their improved education had bred in them a "divine discontent" with their surroundings; and "the West was a-calling"—the great West which for more than a century had attracted too many of the eager, the purposeful, and the strong from the old country, weakening its people in exact proportion as it strengthened the populations of the United States and of the British Empire overseas—the great West which unfortunately had beckoned also to the nerveless, the resourceless, and the physically frail, to number them, alas! among the wrecks of its civilization, or to send them back to the old

country disappointed and destitute. The wish and aim of the Foxford nuns, as true patriots, was to make it possible for more of these Mayo young people to remain in their own Connaught, even though the stony ground could feed no more mouths, and the foolish sub-division of holdings only tended to increase distress. But in such circumstances how could they remain? Providence solved the problem by putting it into the minds of the Sisters of Charity to stop the waste of the splendid powers of the Moy River as it rushed seaward over its rocky bed, and to use it in revitalizing a dead Irish industry, and thereby to provide employment and food for the people. And Providence sent friends and sympathizers, Protestant as well as Catholic, individuals and the Congested Districts Board, to give necessary financial aid in initiating the scheme. Despite difficulties and disasters, despite the objections of friend and foe, which had to be lived through in starting and steering a new undertaking, the desirable venture of strong, hopeful hearts became a living, robust fact in the Providence Woolen Factory, which at first had to be bravely run at a loss, but is now gaily paying its way, providing splendid employment, and turning out fabrics which have received honors at many exhibitions—blankets and flannels, tweeds and friezes, serges and cloths—all of absolutely honest texture and at an equally honest price. Do we wonder, then, when we are told that the factory *is* Foxford, and that Foxford *is* the factory? Its tall chimney is a pillar of hope to the barren countryside, and the music of its machinery mingles with the voices of the Moy, waking the land from its lethargy, giving work to willing hands, and making Foxford the busiest hive of industry in Connaught.

Among the most interesting incidents of our stay in County Mayo, were visits to this Foxford factory, which, if not yet as large as the elephantine mills at Bradford, is stocked with no mere makeshifts in the matter of plant, but with first-class machinery, spindles and looms, worked by a capable staff of alert young men and women of irreproachable morals and manners, under the supervision of religious women vowed to poverty and unworldliness, yet showing as much energy and business capacity as people stimulated merely by motives of gain. Not only this. These nuns train their "mill hands" in the same qualities, and give them a due share of responsibility in the management of the various departments. Fair wages

are paid; hours of work are regular; and so great is the demand for the goods manufactured, that never yet has there been need to work "short time"; neither is there any shirking of the normal conditions of factory life; while it would be difficult to find anywhere a better or more carefully carried out system of book-keeping. Government inspection of the factory there is, of course, never failing to bring Government commendation. But, be it noted, no financial profit accrues to the sisterhood. What profits there are, are either absorbed by improvement and extension of the plant, or devoted to the needs of those who help the nuns to create them; to increasing classes in the Technical School whose foundation was all outlay on the part of the Convent. And now, besides classes in the usual elementary subjects, the school includes courses in cookery, laundry, poultry-rearing, and handicrafts, a much needed course of training for domestic servants, and a singularly successful dairy class, which has taken high honors for butter exhibits at the Royal Dublin Society's Show.

So far, in speaking from personal observation and knowledge of the Foxford factory and schools, we may have described only what is now fairly well-known, even though the venture is hardly beyond its vigorous youth. What is not realized save by those benefited by it, and by those of us who have visited some of the more than four hundred lowly cottages within its boundaries, is the work done in the greater factory extending for miles and miles into the bogs and recesses of the mountains—a work in the hovels and cottages of the peasantry, manufacturing energy, order, and cleanliness out of apathy, disorder, and dirt. To this work a speaker at the Connaught Exhibition bore eloquent testimony from his personal experience of a four days' house to house visitation of a large district in this greater factory; and we may well endorse his statement that, "*all the Acts of Parliament ever passed have not effected in the rural districts as much in the cause of sanitation and health as has been done in a few months by the example and gentle influence of the Sisters of Charity.*"

These Irish Sisters, who are re-vitalizing the ancient woollen industry of the West, and leading the people anew in the paths of life and hope, have a distinctly national spiritual ancestry. Their foundress, Mother Aikenhead, was a Dublin

lady who, early in the last century, at the request of Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, received her training in religious life at the York Convent of the Institute of Mary, a Society founded by Mary Ward during the days of religious persecution in England. From York Mother Aikenhead, and the companions who had with her been prepared there for their future work, returned to Ireland, and in conjunction with Archbishop Murray founded a religious Congregation or Institute devoted to works of charity, and known as the "Irish Sisters of Charity," to distinguish it from the Congregation founded by St. Vincent of Paul. United under a general Superior, the numerous houses of this Irish Congregation are to be found in many parts of the world, and very various are the fields of labor in which the Sisters work their good works for God and the people; but among their multitudinous methods of ministering to the poor and needy, Mother Aikenhead surely never foresaw that her nuns would become mill-managers, and excel as such.*

That there *was* an ancient or rather a medieval woolen industry in Ireland, there is abundant and independent documentary evidence to prove. It was not factory work, of course, as we now understand the term, but the product of spinning-wheel and handloom, as was the contemporaneous output of woolen materials in Somerset and Yorkshire, and as is the work of "cottage industries" everywhere to-day. Three excellences were to be borne in mind by medieval workers of all countries, "elegance, comfort, and lastingness." Irish cloth was well known in England after Henry II.'s invasion, and was sold in English markets at least from A. D. 1200 to 1600. To Chester and Hereford and Gloucester, to Bristol and Southampton, and to Coventry and Canterbury, were carried Irish friezes and serges, cloth white and red, purple and green. The fifteenth century *Book of Lismore* records Ireland's manufacture of linen and serge; and Irish madder and other dyes were renowned. If Spanish wool was imported for the best

* Success has crowned the enterprise of the Irish Sisters of Charity, of the Sisters of Mercy, and of other Orders, in nearly all the industries started by them throughout the country, notably at Skibbereen, Stradbally, Gort (County Galway), Blackrock, Queenstown, Kilkenny, Carrickmacross, Newry, etc.; and in the revival of the once famous lace schools of Kenmare, Killarney, and Youghal. Good luck to the Sisters of Mercy, who were bravely battling with small beginnings when we saw them last year on Achill Island, where they hope to establish a woolen factory.

fabrics, Catalonian manufacturers sought the secret of the Irish coloring as well as of their textile work. Fine Irish serge was used in Naples, and was known in Bologna and Genoa and Florence.* Irish frieze found a good market in France, passed up the Rhine, and was so popular at Bruges and Antwerp† that when the importation of foreign cloth was forbidden in the Netherlands, in 1497, so great a clamor arose from the people that the Archduke gave orders that cloths from Ireland as well as from England and Scotland should be freely sold as before by strangers frequenting the country and carrying on the trade. We can hardly believe, however, that this freedom of sale implied freedom from tariff even to these "most favored nations," in *all* of which, we may note parenthetically, woolen manufactured materials were the staple article of trade during the Plantagenet period.

Some at least of the Irish woolen industry, with which we are immediately concerned, was carried on in Connaught, whose "ports and islands were full of ships that sailed the Atlantic from the Orkneys to Italy and Spain"; and not a few of these ships, we know, went from Killala Bay. It calls for no stretch of imagination, therefore, to believe that their freight consisted, in many cases, of the Irish woolen fabrics that found favor in France and with the artistic people of Italy. It is no argument to say that the political and social unrest of Ireland precluded the possibility of such work as we have indicated. Possibility or no possibility, contemporary documents prove that it was done and well done. The greater trade and commerce of England were not killed either by the French Wars or the Wars of the Roses, but actually progressed in spite of them; and some of the most brilliant periods of Italian art and commerce synchronized with times of the direst internecine warfare.

Quite true is it that "Foxford is the Factory, and the Factory is Foxford." Quite true on six days of the week; but on Sunday Foxford is the knoll-set Catholic Church, which from far and near gathers to itself a congregation of which its

* Naples. G. Yver. *Le Commerce et les Marchands*. Bologna. Frati. *Vita Privata di Bologna*, 32. Florence. Ditta Mundi. *Fazio degli Uberti*. Cap. XXVI. Old Florentine Account Book in Dizion. Della Crusca. See Napier. II., 593.

† France. *Tour de M. de la Benlhaye le Gous*. Ed. Crofton Croker, 1837. *Rhine. Haseakten aus England*. Kunze, 144. *Bruges. Gilliodts van Scoeren, Cart Bruges*. Antwerp. Guicciardini, *Description of the Netherlands*. Quoted by Macpherson. II., 131.

clergy and sisterhood may well be proud. A modern Gothic church it is, spacious and in measure beautiful, testifying that in their recently acquired comparative prosperity its people are animated by the grand tradition of the Ages of Faith, that looked first of all to the beauty of God's House and the place where His glory dwelleth before pouring out riches upon the habitations of His creatures.

Driving from Pontoon behind a thoroughbred mare, for whose little runaway escapades justification was sought on the plea that, being a good religious animal, she was afraid of being late for Mass, and naturally shied at black sheep when such happened to be by the roadside in her moments of fear, Sunday after Sunday, shine or shower, on highways and byways, on mountain and bog, and in the streets of Foxford itself, we saw the faithful converging to the day's common goal. The crowded foregathering of the men outside the church, before the bell sounds for Mass, is a well-known feature of the Irish country Sunday; and the picture within the sacred edifice, even to the large tub of holy water at the door, is one familiar in Ireland's country churches. Not unkempt and unwashed, as we sometimes see their compatriots on Sunday mornings in the slums of great cities in America and England, are the Irish of Carra and Tirawley in their own land. Neatly clad in stout serge or tweed are the men; the older women are picturesque in dark colored skirts and fringed shawls light and dark, crowned by bright head-kerchiefs catching the sun-rays and making a harmony of colored halos above the heads of the wearers, some of whose faces are framed in frilled white linen caps of spotless cleanliness. The younger people are garbed in more modern fashion, and in demeanor are strictly "correct," restrained, and reverent; but the older people—men and women—seem to be happily oblivious of neighbors and onlookers, so wrapt are they in prayer, sometimes a quite audible outpouring of heart to our Divine Lord. Little they knew that the "Sassenach stranger" close at hand heard them with gratitude craving for a blessing on him and his! English prayers before Mass, as in the old days. How good to hear them once again! And then the Mass—the touchstone of orthodoxy—the great Act of Faith linking all nationalities in a common heavenly brotherhood—"the Mass that *matters*!" Nearly midday is it when the Communion is reached, yet not

a few of the faithful, who could not get to Foxford for the earlier Mass, approach the altar to receive their Lord; and very evident is it that in all reverence they are keenly sensible of the reality of His coming. From the sermons we learn facts worth knowing about the congregation: that nearly all its men belong to the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and are pledged by their membership to total abstinence from alcohol; that a similar pledge is exacted from members of the women's Confraternity of our Lady; that *all* fathers and mothers are urged "never to let the children taste the wet of the whisky"; and that, consequently, Foxford is in the very forefront of the temperance movement in Ireland.

Even in Foxford, however, there are failures to spoil a bright record, but their rarity is proved by the indignant astonishment of the Bishop when, on going through the parish with its rector during the last episcopal visitation, he saw in one of the roadways "the sad and *singular* sight of a drunken man."

After Mass, Benediction; and then a brief tarrying in the churchyard that climbs the hillock from the roadway, to meet and sweep round the church; no wailing is there, but silent prayers by the graves of dear ones already called to the Great Home; then happy sounds of mirthful laughter as, with interchange of news and greetings, the congregation disperses to go its several ways until it reassembles the next Sunday morning. And meanwhile, linking Sunday to Sunday, the missionary work of the Sisters of Charity goes on, elevating the hearts and minds of the people, giving them work and food, and brightening their lives for all time by the charm of a factory.

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN AND SOCIAL REFORM.*

BY JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.



YOU will bear with me if I begin by reminding you that it is a significant—nay, I will say, a historic—moment, when the first National Conference of Catholic Charities officially broaches the question of the Catholic layman's relation to Social Reform. As the years pass future Congresses will, of course, go into the matter more thoroughly, more satisfactorily; yet the discussion inaugurated at this Conference must, as the first, remain unique.

Why do I venture to attach this supreme importance to the present question?

First; because I believe that the working people of this country will not submit much longer to the rules that now control the distribution of wealth.

Secondly; because I believe that to guide the discontented army along legitimate ways, to prevent violent revolution by wise and just reform, no type of man is so well-equipped as the American Catholic layman.

It will occur to you at once, no doubt, as it occurred instantly to me, that there would be a particular fitness in having one of our laymen begin the discussion of the topic before us. Yet, after all, I find it not inappropriate that a priest address you at the outset. For we—the clergy, I mean—feel an imperative need of urging upon your attention the obligations of the Catholic people with regard to social reform. Frankly, we think you are not doing your whole duty in the matter. "Very good," replies the Catholic layman, "but if I have not done my whole duty in the matter, that is largely the fault of the priests." Gentlemen, we plead guilty. It is true. As you have not done your whole duty, neither have we. I have consulted the two distinguished priests who have been foremost in arranging the present Conference. They agree that we have been at fault no less than you; and all three of us confess it here publicly—Mgr. White, I presume, speaking

* An address delivered at the First National Conference of Catholic Charities, held in the city of Washington, D.C., September 25-28, 1910.

in behalf of the prelates; Dr. Kerby for the professors; and I, for the purpose of this confession, representing the parochial priesthood. But what we are further agreed upon is that this reproach is to be wiped out. Prelates and professors and plain priests, we are getting ready to do our part in the apostolical field of social reform. It is as a pledge of our sincerity that we now address you and urge you to consider the gravity of your responsibilities in the matter.

Those responsibilities are, indeed, grave; for our age witnesses no phenomenon more momentous than the urgent, spreading, irresistible pressure of public opinion against the slow-yielding walls of unjust economic institutions. And no comment upon this struggle can be more electrically suggestive than the challenge implied by our meeting here this evening: Catholic laymen, what are you going to do about it? You, who bear Christ's name so proudly—you, the disciples of the saints and the heirs of the knights crusaders; you, whose destiny it is to build up the next generation of God's people out of your own flesh and blood and mind and soul; you, Catholic laymen and Catholic laywomen of the twentieth century and of America—you are bearing a tremendous responsibility and facing a thrilling issue, not unworthy of comparison with the conflicts that, at different epochs of Christian history, tested the strength of martyrs in the Roman tribunals, amid wild northern forests and the mountain caves of Ireland, or on the coasts of the Orient. You, Catholic laymen, have been set by God's providence in the midst of a movement which seems to deserve the name of a social crusade—and what are you going to do about it?

The first contribution that we have a right to expect from the Catholic layman is a contribution of interest—that he be not entirely aloof from, indifferent to, the social miseries that prevail among certain classes of his fellow-beings. You are hardly men of fine feeling or of natural nobility, if you care nothing about what is going on in the workshops and the factories, the tenements and the tunnels, the mines and stock-yards and steel-mills. You are scarcely Christians, if it means nothing to you that women and children are condemned often to lives of suffering, sometimes to lives of sin and shame, by reason of certain conditions in our industrial life that are easily alterable. I shall not try your patience or harrow your

imagination by attempting to paint in high colors the agonies to which many thousands of our fellow-beings are subjected by what is called the present social system. But it is worth our while to recall that there *is* such suffering and that it is largely traceable to economic conventions for which you and I—if we are passive members of the comfortable classes—must be held, in part, responsible.

I assume that all of you are fairly familiar with the main facts in the pitiful story of injustice that stains the record of our civilization. If any one is not, then his ignorance is his shame. These facts appear again and again in newspaper and magazine; they inspire novelist and playwright and poet. Students analyze them; statisticians tabulate them; legislators puzzle over them. What is worse, God's poor die; little children are dwarfed; men are maimed; women are dishonored because of them. What is better, heroic men and women surrender wealth and consecrate life in the endeavor to mitigate the horror of them. And if the American Catholic layman is not even interested; if he thinks he is free to be unconcerned about problems of unemployment, overwork, underpayment, unsanitary housing, occupational diseases, employers' liability, pensions, prices of fuel and food and clothing—if the Catholic layman thinks all this is none of his affair—why, then, God pity us!

Let us put aside for the moment every debatable point; There is one thing universally admitted—that our economic machine is working badly and is crushing human souls in the process. Whether or not the machine can ever be made to function perfectly is, indeed, at best, an open question. But that it can be made to function better, thousands do maintain. Impelled by the hope of preventing the suffering of multitudes, many men and women are devoting the best part of their energies to the reforming—as they call it—of the present social order. Money, sweat, comfort, health are spent generously; life itself is given up not infrequently in this heroic attempt. These persons are not satisfied to relieve misery; they would as far as it is possible, prevent it. Charity does not content them; they clamor for justice.

So, from the Catholic layman, we bespeak zealous interest in the preventive measures adverted to under the name of social reform. But you must have a zeal “according to knowledge”;

and, therefore, we urge you to make yourselves familiar with what bears upon these projects most intimately.

For lack of knowledge, the social reformer has fallen into pitfalls so often and so disastrously that the very cause itself has incurred obloquy. Now one must not give ready credence to every indictment of the existing order; nor attach oneself instantly to every proposed remedy; nor promote fanatically any panacea. Therefore, one must begin by getting the facts correctly; one must proceed scientifically; one must always conclude with a fast hold upon principle. This may mean that he will move more slowly than others; but in the end he will win more support, achieve greater influence, and effect more profitable and lasting results than the hasty and headstrong recruit who would be a brigadier before he has learned the first lessons of the drill-book.

Briefly, then, you must study. First, you should know something of the history of attempts that have been made in the past and of failures that have been recorded. History will manifest, too, the heredity of certain leaders and certain systems of social reform; and perhaps may identify them with proclivities which at present they loudly repudiate.

You should be well informed again, as to the progress of current events—what evils are now entrenched, and who entrenches them; what remedial legislation is proposed and who proposes it; what good bills are killed, what good laws are shelved—and who is responsible for the killing or the shelving of them.

Science implies a conformity of the mind with the actual facts. In the interest of science, therefore, one must have a care not to be swayed by the gusts of passion, or the tides of greed; one must not be blinded by partisanship, or deafened by appeals to race loyalty, or handcuffed by religious bigotry. Let a man dig into the facts and lay down sound conclusions; then let him build upon these his fearless social platform. Thus habit will not paralyze him, nor catchwords frighten him; neither will tradition gag him, nor promises soothe him to sleep. Catholic layman! find out what projects are being agitated in the world of social reform; study their significance; learn how to demonstrate the worth of whatever is good—and stick to your opinion.

Let us affirm plainly now, that among the obligations of the Catholic layman we include an elementary knowledge of

the principles of economics; of the natural laws that govern production and consumption, of wages and capital and monopolies, of trade-unionism and taxation. This is not hard to obtain. With it your usefulness to the cause of social reform is many times multiplied; without it your enthusiasm may transform you into an unmitigated nuisance. For an illustration of the good that can be accomplished by patient, united action based upon scientific principles, I refer you to Father Plater's account of the successful progress in social reform made by the Catholics of Germany.* For an instance of the way and the spirit in which another nation may follow the lead of the Germans, I recall to your minds the recent establishment of the Catholic Social Guild of England. For a book which will introduce you fairly to the elements of economic science, I suggest *Political Economy*, by C. S. Devas. Finally, for a brief general guide to some literature which will easily and effectually increase your knowledge, I may mention Leslie Toke's *Methods of Social Study*, published in a pamphlet on Social Work for Catholic Layfolk by the English Catholic Truth Society.

So far as to economics. But, moreover, you must be so well grounded in the principles of your religion that you can demonstrate to anybody the essential incompatibility of Catholicity and bad citizenship. Never paste a party programme over the pages of your catechism; never sanction a campaign document that is inconsistent with the Christian gospel. No matter what any one may say, the seventh and eighth commandments are as permanently valid as the sixth; the Beatitudes still hold good; and Fortitude is no less a gift of the Holy Ghost when it is nerving a man's conscience on the Tuesday after the first Monday of November. To defraud the laborer remains, even in this our day, a sin that cries to heaven for vengeance; and though we have changed many things, it is still true that on the hinges of justice God swings the doors of the moral world.

Property is sacred; the well-instructed Catholic will never doubt that. And authority is of divine origin; that is as clear as the noonday. It is sure, likewise, that the poor we shall have always with us, and that the one real Utopia borders the farther side of the river of death. But it is equally true that

* *Catholic Social Work in Germany*. By Charles D. Plater, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

Catholic principles censure as criminal the rich man's scandalous waste of goods for the need of which his brother lies starving; that the Church condemns as immoral the man who grows rich on usury, however thickly disguised; and that God visits eternal punishment upon a board of directors as surely as upon a secret society of assassins, though the first may have let the victim's heart's blood out with a majority stockholders' vote instead of with a stiletto.

We have pleaded for interest and for knowledge. If, then, one is interested in the various problems of social reform and thoroughly familiar with the facts and principles that most nearly touch the centres of our economic disturbance, is it enough? We should scarcely be Americans did we not, at once, project the undertaking of some practical measures of readjustment. You shall not satisfy your conscience in this matter by anything short of active service in the cause of reform. It is true that in going on to consider what sort of service each can give, we touch upon complicated and delicate problems. But there is one general rule we can apply to all: Do something.

If you do nothing whatever it cannot all be the fault of the clergy. We are willing to shoulder a good deal of responsibility, but it is not wholly our fault if, for instance, you have never read Pope Leo's Encyclical on the Labor Question; if you do not let the librarians of your city know that Dr. Ryan has written the best book in English on the workingman's right to a living wage; if you do not come in crowds to High Mass on Labor Sunday when Monsignor White preaches one of his stirring and noble discourses on the rights and duties of labor; if you have never spoken a word of sympathy for, or lifted your pen to aid, the work of education which Dr. Kerby has been doing so quietly and effectually for many years in this university.

Examples to reproach our inactivity might be drawn from Holland and Belgium and Switzerland and France and Germany; from our neighbors over in the British Isles—even from our fellow-countrymen of another creed. What to do? Well, there are valuable monographs that need to be translated, pamphlets that should be imported, good book-lists already prepared that would be of immense use if properly distributed in this country. England is now covered with a system of

Catholic clubs for social study; and with this year there begins the issue of a *Catholic Social Year Book*. Five years ago the English published a *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works*. When is ours coming out? Continually the Catholic Truth Society is printing valuable brochures which few of us over here can even name. And—attention, ladies!—the Catholic Women's League has founded three scholarships at the London School of Economics.

Here in America, too, there are groups and organizations that have undertaken most important social investigations; that have elaborated social programmes; that have made their weight tell in social issues with business men, with readers of the press, with legislatures, and with political candidates. Which of these things is it impossible or inexpedient for us to do?

Confess! It is not impossibility or inexpediency, that has retarded us so much as the lack of interest and of knowledge. Something in the way of an examination of conscience, therefore, might be good for us on an occasion like the present.

Maybe you buy an occasional novel or short-story magazine; then why unwilling to buy a Catholic Truth Society booklet or to subscribe for a periodical which will keep you in touch with the world of social reform? Maybe you have time to attend a demonstration of the fall styles in aëroplanes; then why not time for an occasional lecture on strikes and causes of unemployment? If you take the trouble to remember the batting average of some baseball favorite, why should it seem an impossible nuisance to keep track of and to patronize the White List of the Consumers' League? Possibly you are active about having the tariff reduced on some article you would like to import. Yet you do nothing to promote legislation which will permit your brethren to exist humanly and will protect women and children in their health and lives and sacred honor?

Then, again, specifically with regard to mothers and fathers. There are various ways in which the parents' activity can take a practical form. One is that of encouraging the young people to interest themselves in such questions as these in hand. Sometimes there is a book to be bought, a prize to be given, a course of study to be elected; sometimes the subject of a debate, of an essay, or of a lecture is to be chosen. We need not neglect the training of our children in the lesser

matters that we call accomplishments; but God forbid that we should be totally indifferent to their formation in the power to think straight and speak intelligently and act honestly with regard to matters that are getting to be the most vital subjects in the world. Do we know, this moment, whether or not our larger boys and girls are receiving any social formation in their classes at school? Remember! they will receive it, if their parents demand it.

In another field the activity of the layman can manifest itself nobly, and that is the field of practical charitable work. Few of our men are not within easy reach of a St. Vincent de Paul Conference; and hence within reach of one of the best of all opportunities of displaying an active zeal for the welfare of God's unfortunates and of acquiring valuable social experience. But how many of our men, especially our young men, are blind to this opportunity? Is it a good excuse for them to say that they would be more interested in another kind of social activity—preventive or constructive rather than remedial? That would be a fair answer, if they were doing that other kind of work; but if, while waiting for it to come along, they are doing nothing whatever, then it looks very much as if they are shirking.

Another point that cannot be too strongly emphasized is the splendid opportunity presented to our Catholic men at the polls. What percentage of us realize our responsibility in this regard? or, realizing, attempt to discharge the obligation? It is no exaggeration to say that if the Catholic voters of this country to a man voted intelligently and consistently for healthy social legislation, we should have a guarantee against injustice and disaster such as never has been—and perhaps in no other way can be—provided.

Of course one cannot broach the subject of action without advertng at once to the increased value of united, and therefore of organized, action. In the future that may come; perhaps I had better say it is bound to come. But this is too early an hour to enter upon that matter, and for the present we are contenting ourselves with an appeal to the individual.

My friends, you were reminded at the beginning of this paper that you represent the class of men on whom it would seem the welfare of our future must depend. You perceive

the proof of this affirmation when you reflect that in a very real sense you are to be numbered among the Fathers of the Church, since the Church of the next generation will literally be composed of your sons and daughters. Prelates and professors and missionaries of the present day, all alike, will pass away—their bequest of influence to the next generation being limited to that moral impulse they will have given by written or spoken word, by prayer or by example. But the prelates and the professors and the missionaries of the Church fifty years hence will be bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh—the heirs of your moral and religious, as of your material and mental wealth or poverty. They will bear your name—they will largely reproduce your lives—and they are the beings who must determine, in so far as human act can determine, the course of history in society and in the Church for centuries to come.

Tell me, Fathers of the Catholic Church, what influence will you exert over the men and women of this coming generation—what example are you going to leave them in the matter of social reform?

One might imagine the benign figure of that Mother Church which has been parent and nurse and teacher to so many ages of Catholic people, smiling down upon the little group of her children gathered together at this Conference, and addressing them in trustful tones: "Children of mine, during these twenty centuries, I have been with you through many a struggle. Often I have called to you in dire necessity; and you have never failed me yet. Was it the cause of faith or of purity, of peace, of education, or of charity—never once did I find you sluggish or unheroic, but always unselfish, vigilant, brave. Now there is another enterprise in hand. Again I call upon you and again upon you I must depend. This great blundering world of ours, this heedless, far-straying generation, in many ways so good and in many ways so bad, having been deaf to my voice, has wandered into mortal peril. Let us go and save it. It is captive and oppressed; let us win for it liberty and justice. Catholic laymen, children of my bearing and my upbringing, your brethren, the sons of God, die for want of your time, your thought, your labor, your gold, your heart's blood—give to them generously. For, remember, only so can you be named the children of my inspiration."

THE VANDALISM OF THE REFORMERS.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

BY CARYL COLEMAN.



ALMOST all the intellectual movements of the past, of whatever nature they may have been, had their prophets or forerunners, hence it is not strange to find that the Gothic Revival was no exception to the rule. And that years before Pugin wrote his *Principles of Christian Architecture: the Gospel of the Revival*, a plea was written in favor of returning to pointed architecture in ecclesiastical edifices.

At the end of the eighteenth century the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, was embellished with a stained-glass window that gave great offense to the ultra-Protestants of London, as it depicted the Crucifixion, together with representations of saints and angels. The feeling aroused against this *popish decoration* was so strong that it called forth a quarto volume of almost two hundred pages in apology for the window, and in defense of similar decorations, at the same time advocating medieval architecture for church buildings.

The name of the author of the work (*The Ornaments of Church Considered, Oxford, MDCCCXCI.*) is not given. The way in which he handles his subject makes very plain that he was a man of learning and wide reading, nevertheless, he writes with great timidity, evidently from the fear that he might be taken for a *Romanist*, which would have defeated his object. In speaking against the bad taste that then prevailed in church building and decoration, he says: "Our Gothic ancestors had juster and manlier notions than the mimics of Greek and Roman magnificence. The modern taste, not content with introducing Roman temples into our churches, and representing the virtues under allegorical images, has ransacked all the fabulous accounts of heathen theology to strike out new embellishments for our Christian monuments. Now I ask what subjects are properest for religious structures? Such as are taken from the *Iliad* or *Æneid*? Surely not, for they would lead the mind unnecessarily away from its devotion.

Let them be taken from the volume that contains those sacred truths which cannot be too deeply fixed in our minds."

Almost a century later these words, so strong for the time in which they were written, were echoed and re-echoed by Pugin, but with increased force, in his brilliant, though belligerent, *Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture*, where he says: "In the name of common sense, whilst we profess the creed of Christians, whilst we glory in being Englishmen, let us have an architecture, the arrangement and details of which will alike remind us of our faith and our country—an architecture whose beauties we may claim as our own, whose symbols have originated in our religion and our customs. Such an architecture is to be found in the works of our great ancestors." In another work, speaking of Pagan emblems and attributes erected in Christian churches, he says: "What have we, as Christians, to do with all those things illustrative only of *former error*? Is our wisdom set forth by the owl of Minerva, or our strength by the club of Hercules? What have we (who have been redeemed by the sacrifice of our Lord Himself) to do with the carcasses of bulls and goats? And how can we (who surround the biers of departed brethren with blazing tapers, denoting our hope and faith in the glorious light of the Resurrection) carve the *inverted torch of Pagan despair* on the very tomb to which we conduct their remains with such sparkling light? Let us away with such gross inconsistencies, and restore the Christian ideas of our Catholic ancestors, for they alone are proper for our imitation."

If the author of *The Ornaments of Church Considered* had lived to witness the Gothic Revival, he would have indeed rejoiced and joined most heartily with the enthusiasts of the movement, of which he was the precursor, such as John Earl of Shrewsbury, Dr. Rock, and Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, "to whom the Canons of Gothic architecture were points of faith"; men who seemed to believe that the return of England to Catholic unity depended on crockets, finials, and gargoyles, the cut of a chasuble and the Gregorian chant; men who were "grateful that the orientation of the heavens, and the glowing azure of its vault was beyond the reach of the perversity of human ingenuity" and the paganism of the Renaissance. The motive that so strongly moved these earnest men in favor of pointed architecture was threefold, *vis.*, their ardent faith; their insular pride; and their sincere belief that *English Gothic* was

the only channel through which an adequate architectonic expression could be given to Christianity. Their reason for this belief was expressed by one of their number in the following words: "The great argument in favor of *Gothic* architecture (as it is generally called) has always appeared to me to be that which is derived from the circumstance of its *Christian origin, meaning, and destination*. No man of taste, however great his predilection for the Gothic or pointed style on Christian grounds, will for a moment deny the beauty of Grecian or Roman architecture, but however much he may admire the beauty of those styles, he cannot deny their *Pagan origin and meaning*, or the fact that for many hundred years before the Christian era their sole and universal destination was Pagan. Hence the preference for the Christian pointed style over the Pagan or classical is much less a question of *taste* than one of *principle*. As a question of taste it may be defended, and in my opinion powerfully; as a question of principle it becomes invincible, and I have no doubt of its ultimate and universal triumph, than I have of that of Christianity itself. Christianity cannot obtain a perfect triumph until every result of its teachings, every development of its principles, has obtained an universal recognition from the whole human race."

What would these men and other disciples of Pugin, if they were living, say to those students that now hold that English Gothic was the invention of continental rather than English mind? For they emphasize the fact that ecclesiastical art of all kinds, during the tenth and eleventh centuries, in all the countries of Europe, was largely in the hands of Clunisian architects and artists, or under their influence, while the church buildings were often constructed by lay-workmen trained in the workshops and studios of Cluny. And that in the following centuries the great cathedrals and abbeys were, as a rule, built by guilds of masons—the inheritors of the skill of Clunisian artisans and their teachers, the monks—and, moreover, that these guilds were cosmopolitan. Some students go further and question the right of Englishmen to any part in the invention, not only of Gothic, but of any other form of good architecture; their reasons for this opinion being based on their interpretation of the historical and constructional development of Gothic architecture, and on the fact that after the Reformation had isolated England from intercommunication with Catholic nations, the world of art, its architecture and

kindred arts, fell into a most lamentable state of decay. As Pugin himself says, it was "a gradual decay of four centuries, the styles, for styles there were, became so execrably bad that the cup of degradation was filled to the brim."

The author of *The Ornaments of Church Considered*, realizing this degradation, looked forward, although it must be admitted in only a half-hearted way, toward a revival of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Ages of Faith, but, as he says, "freed from all superstitious decorations"; at the same time he seemed doubtful of the artistic genius of the English people, that is as far as painting and sculpture are concerned, for he says: "It is the peculiar fate of this island (England) to have produced a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Newton, without being able to boast of a painter or statuary, whose works can be compared, even by the most partial, with those of other nations." The architectural revival he hoped for has come to pass, but some critics are inclined to believe the revival is even now on the wane, at least as far as the English Roman Catholic body is concerned, and that it received its "death-blow" in the erection of the so-called Byzantine Cathedral of Westminster. A most un-English affair, about which the late Pope Leo XIII. "expressed his wonder that Mr. Bentley (the architect) had been sent to Bulgaria or Dalmatia to choose his models instead of the vales of Yorkshire, so rich in sacred architectural memories."

The book under review was, in truth, *a voice of one crying in the wilderness*, and a storehouse of arguments and facts favoring the embellishment of churches with paintings, sculptures, and colored glass windows. The author even dares to attack the Book of Homilies on this subject. Yet, with all the boldness and learning he brings to bear, there is a tone of fear running through the work, as if too much had been said, so every now and then he turns aside and abuses Catholics, in order, as it were, to show his own orthodoxy. It may be he lived too near the time when the precious ornaments, lands, and buildings of the church excited the cupidity of sacrilegious plunderers to write freely. He had always before his mind the greed of the courtiers of the sixteenth century, and the fanatical hatred of the puritanic iconoclasts of the seventeenth, both alike the enemies of art: the first stole the lands, the gold and silver vessels, pulled down the churches in order to build themselves houses with the materials, or to sell them to

the highest bidder; while the latter, with no love for the beautiful in their hearts—no soul for God's light that passed—

“Through the dim Gothic glass of pictured saints,
Casements, through which the sunset streams like sunrise
On long, pearl-colored beards, and crimson crosses,
And gilded crosiers and cross'd arms and cowls,
And helms, and twisted armor, and long swords;
All the fantastic furniture of widows
Dim with brave knights and holy hermits”—

broke in pieces, or removed from the churches, or used as targets, almost all the works of art that had escaped the plunderers of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth.

The author gives many examples of the destruction of things ecclesiastical, during the days of Oliver Cromwell, through the ignorant zeal of the Puritan party, who seem to have been animated with a positive hatred of beauty. It is appalling to contemplate the desolation they wrought, the number of stained-glass windows they smashed, the pictures they defaced, and the organs they demolished.

At Winchester, in the year 1643, a band of these “sanctimonious Pharisees,” under the command of Sir William Waller, tore down the most beautiful wood-carvings in all England: stories from the Old and New Testament; rifled the monumental tomb of William of Wainfleet, the founder of Magdalen College, scattering his bones hither and thither. This same band, under the authority of Parliament, proceeding from Winchester, visited parish church after parish church, and everywhere their march was marked by the destruction of works of art, the pious offerings of English medieval faith and culture, and thus in the short space of three months they brought to naught the work of years. Sir William Waller's destroyers were by no means the only ones; there were others of like ilk, in various parts of England, committing like acts of vandalism—a fact made plain from the pages of the *Journal of William Dowdsing*, one of the parliamentary visitors. Under the date of January 6, 1644, at Clare, in Suffolk, he tells us, he destroyed two hundred pictures, among them “three of God the Father, and three of Christ and the Holy Lamb, and three of the Holy Ghost like a dove with wings.” At this time he also

removed from the top of the roof of the church statues of the twelve Apostles, which were carved in wood, together with those of twenty cherubims. Our author, in writing of these Parliamentarians, says: "They always pleaded their conscience for what they did. Conscience was the cover to all enormities—what made them turn churches into stables, pull down altars, destroy paintings and glass windows, especially those where Christ was represented in His suffering for the sins of mankind? Why still the large capacious thing, their conscience, which was always of much larger compass than their understanding."

It must not be forgotten, however, that the smashing, mutilating, selling, and burning of objects of Christian art, together with the destruction of all kinds of *instrumenta ecclesiastica* by these vandals, was as child's play, compared with the devastations and desecration of sacred things under the authority of Elizabeth: "the only supreme governor in spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes." In the diocese of Lincoln alone, during the first eight years of this Queen's reign, by the official sanction of the intruded bishop, no less than a hundred and fifty Rood-lofts and their accompanying "images," the crucifix, the statues of St. John and the Blessed Mother, were destroyed.

The reports of the churchwardens, of the time of Elizabeth, to their respective bishops, in answer to the inquiry made in virtue of the "Visitation Articles," are sad reading, for these inquiries, which were also "Injunctions," were warrants for the iconoclastic fanaticism of perverts and the covetous greed of the irreligious. Their tenor was much the same in all the dioceses as that issued in 1561 by Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich: "Whether all aulters, images, holi-water stones, pictures, pastings, as of Th' assumption of the Blessed Virgin, of the descending of Christ into the Virgin in the form of a little boy at Th' annunciation of the Aungell, and all other superstitious and dangerous monuments, especiallie paintings and images in walls, boke, cope, banner, or els where, of the Blessed Trinitie, or of the Father (of Whom there can be no image made), be defaced and removed out of the church and other places, and are destroyed, and the places where such impietie was, so made up as if there had been no suche thing there."

The one object, above all others, that Elizabeth and her bishops wished utterly to destroy was the altar. Archbishop Grindal, in his inquiry of 1571, asks: "Whether in your churches and chappels all aulters be utterly taken down and cleane re-

moved, even unto the foundation, and the place where they stood paved, and the wall whereunto they joined whited over and made uniform with the rest, so as no breach or rupture appear?"

In the churchwards' reports from every part of England entries of the following purport may be read by hundreds:

Parish of Langtoft—21 of May 1565.

Itm. iiii altar stones—broken and defaced—thone solde unto Thomas Woodcroft who turned it to a cestron bottom thother occupied about the mending of the church wall and the thirde sett in a fire herthe.

Parish of Horblinge—18 of Mar. 1565.

Itm. iiii altar stones—ar broken and troughes and bridges ar made of theim.

Itm. the roode lofte—taken down—and sold to Robert Cawthorne and Johnne Craile who haith made a weavers lome thereof and made windoes and suche like things.

Parish of Bradley—25 of April 1566.

Itm. one Rood with Marie and John—brent this yeare—

Itm. a mass book with all the rest belonging to the popish service brent—

Itm. one altar stone—broken and laid in the high waies.

Parish of Denton. 6 of April 1563.

Itm. the images of the roode Marie and Johnne and all other images of papistrie were burnte.

Itm. iiii banner clothes crosse clothe and one rood clothe & one herse sold to Simond hall—he haith made hangings of them.

Itm. one vestment of worsted sold to Willm grene—he haith cutt yt in peces and made him a doublett thereof.

Itm. iiii alter stones—broken in peces.

Parish of Dronght.

Imprimis one Rood with Marie and John weare brent Ao iiii Regno. Elizabeth.

Itm. an altar stone one sup. altarie and linnen clothe for thalter defaced ano. pmo. Elizabeth.

Itm. the tabernacles whearin the xii Apostles stode with other popish papisticall and supsticious Idolls weare brent Ano. sexto Elizabeth.

The above items are taken from a voluminous list in the Episcopal Registry at Lincoln: the original inventories and

accounts of the pillage and devastation committed under and by the authority of the then Bishop of Lincoln acting for the Queen, one Nicholas Bullingham, a man much employed by the government in establishing the State Church, in drawing up the Thirty-nine Articles, and acting as the gaoler of the Bishop of Bath and other Catholic divines. He died in debt, leaving a widow, his second wife, and seven children without provision for their support, although his epitaph says he was "*A painful preacher of the truth.*"

These acts of vandalism of his Lordship of Lincoln and his fellow Elizabethan bishops, "the appointed officers of a Royal Lady who, at her coronation, had openly professed the Catholic religion," and who had then solemnly pledged herself in the face of the nation to maintain "the Ancient Faith," were "carried out in cold blood, with preparation, resolution, and success," in the face of a believing people to their dismay and amazement, but "who were awe-struck by the punishment with which those were threatened who actively interfered in behalf of the ancient rites."

The confiscations, thefts, and devastations, great as they were, which took place through the direct orders or by the connivance of Elizabeth and her bishops, were but the echo of the greater ones perpetrated by Henry VIII. and his courtly sycophants. For example, take one instance, *vis.*, the spoliation of the shrine of St. Thomas, from which the King received 4,994 ounces of gold, 4,425 ounces of gilt plate, 840 ounces of parcel gilt, and 5,286 ounces of plain silver, and no end of precious stones, one of which he had mounted for a thumb ring.

The avarice and hypocrisy of Tudor destroyers, led in Elizabeth's reign by William Barlow, the fountain head of "Anglican Orders," of the works of art which once adorned the churches of England, together with the fanatical ravages of the Puritan religionist, would be difficult to comprehend in this age, when all approve of making the House of God a thing of beauty, were it not for the fact that the whole world had before its eyes, only a few years ago, the result of the vandalism of the *Paris Commune*. It may be said in very truth that greed, and above all that fanaticism of whatever kind—religious or irreligious, political or social—is always the enemy of every form of art, more particularly Christian Art.

To return to our author. *The Ornaments of the Church*

Considered is brought to an end by a description of the window of St. Margaret, Westminster, which called forth the book. The author believed this window to have been made by order of the magistrates of Dort, in Holland, for a present to be given to Henry VII., but, this King dying before its completion, by some strange chance it fell into the hands of the Abbey of Waltham (Austin Canons), Essex, where it remained until the dissolution of that house in 1540, when it was removed to New Hall, Essex, and became in turn the property of various persons. At one time it was owned by Anne Boleyn's father; later by General Monk, who, to preserve it from his puritanical friends, buried it in the ground, where it remained until the Restoration; and still later it passed into the possession of a Mr. Conyers, who sold it in 1758 to St. Margaret's Church for 400 guineas.

The foregoing history of the origin of this window has been questioned; one authority is inclined to believe it was of English manufacture; another that it was ordered in Holland by Ferdinand and Isabella as a gift to Henry VII., in honor of the marriage of their daughter Catherine to Prince Arthur, but before the window reached England Arthur was dead, so it was not erected. Whatever the origin of the window may have been, there is no doubt about the Queen portrayed in one of the side lights being Catherine of Aragon, as she is accompanied by her patron, St. Catherine, and the heralded symbol of the Kingdom of Granada.

The subject of the window is the Crucifixion, which is represented in the usual manner of the sixteenth century, and although it is not a work of the highest artistic merit, nevertheless it is a most interesting example of the later school of glass painting.

Scholars mourn the destruction of the great library of Alexandria by the Mohammedans. May not the lovers of the beautiful as justly mourn the loss of the art treasures of medieval England? Art treasures that were destroyed by the avaricious courtiers of Henry VIII., the ecclesiastical sycophants of Elizabeth, the religious fanatics of Cromwell, and the time-serving politicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who assumed by turn the outward semblance of the Catholic and Protestant religions, as best harmonized with the desire of lucre and other worldly gains.

'WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD.'*

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.



HERE is so much of Mr. Chesterton, and every bit of him is so full of boisterous and proportionate health, that when he puts himself (as it were) into a book of three hundred pages his critics cannot help feeling a little small—which indeed they are, when compared with him. Unfortunately, this feeling of comparative smallness on the part of Mr. Chesterton's critics has determined only too many of them to take him at a disadvantage and, if I may so say, to hit him below the belt. One can imagine one of these critics saying to himself: "There stands Mr. Chesterton! All I can see of him I can understand, but what I understand doesn't fit into my little scheme of things. It is, therefore, my solemn duty to say so." Then follows a criticism in the best below-the-belt manner. But, as I said before, this is very unfair to poor big Mr. Chesterton. It is not fair for the critics to take snapshots of Mr. Chesterton's boots and trousers, all painfully transfixed with their own little critical pins, and then give these snapshots to the world as representations of the man himself.

Having said this, I must now proceed to commit the faults which I have so strongly deprecated in others, but having confessed that I am going to commit them, I shall at least try to avoid doing so.

Mr. Chesterton's book, which has now reached its eighth edition, is a book about the Home, and What's Wrong with the World is, first, that there are a great many people dying for homes of their own, but can't get them; secondly, that there are other people who have homes of their own, but are most anxious to get out of them; finally, that the very people who don't want real homes of their own, won't let anybody else have a real home—if they can prevent it.

* *What's Wrong With the World.* By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In order to emphasize the tremendous importance of the Home, our author proceeds to discuss it in relation to the other great institutions and realities of life which stand above it or about it or beneath it in one or many senses.

1. There is *Heaven* which should be above the Home; and, please God, very often within it.

2. There is *Earth* which should be beneath the Home, and a small portion of which should belong to it.

3. There is the *Home* itself and them that dwell therein—father, mother, and child or children.

4. There is the *State* which was made for the convenience of the Home, and not *vice versa*.

Such, in very rough outline, is the scope of the book; a few more lines may now be sketched in.

The specialist has discovered many things for us, and for these he is deserving of thanks; but they are special things. We must not mistake them for something greater than those old universal things which every child and childlike mind must discover and cling to for itself. If we do make this mistake we shall lose our senses of proportion and with them all that is more excellent in life. Mr. Chesterton has been trying for some time, and with great success, to bring us all back to a true sense of proportion, to a true sense of the things that really matter.

There is human nature, for instance, *homo*, man in the most generic sense of the term, man as distinguished from the brute. There was once no confusion on this point. Every one was taught that man was created by God, and also that the brutes were created by God, but that man was created in the image of God, and that the brutes were not. Then came the theory of evolution and the after-theories of that theory. What has been the effect of all this on the plain man? Its effect has been to obliterate in his mind the clear and dignified distinction which he once was accustomed to make between himself and the brutes. He is much less inclined than formerly to think of himself as a little lower than the angels; he is much more inclined to think of himself as little better than the brutes and not half as clever. The "missing link" is responsible for a tale of disastrous consequences—consequences which are morally, intellectually, physically, and economically

disastrous. "All abuses may be excused, since evolution may turn them into uses. It will be easy for the scientific plutocrat to maintain that humanity will adapt itself to conditions which we now consider evil. . . . The new tyrants will invoke the future. Evolution has produced the snail and the owl; evolution can produce a workman who wants no more space than a snail, and no more light than an owl. The employer need not mind sending a Kaffir to work underground; he will soon become an underground animal like a mole. He need not mind sending a diver to hold his breath in the deep seas; he will soon be a deep-sea animal. Men need not trouble to alter conditions; conditions will soon alter men. The head can be beaten small enough to fit the hat. Do not knock the fetters off the slave; knock the slave until he forgets the fetters." It is quite important, then, that big employers, as well as small, should keep clearly in their heads, and deeply in their hearts, the grand old Christian distinction between man, who was made in the image of God, and the brutes, who were not.

But we need not despair. The specialists who have preached evolution so incessantly and disproportionately since 1859 are coming to the end of their tether: they cannot "humbug all the people all the time." Ordinary people will not stand more than a nasty dose of evolutionary doctrines, the consequences are too painful; they cannot be made to believe much longer that they are living in a sort of convict century between a past, which is full of nothing but the bones of animals, and a future, which is full of nothing but indefinite and impersonal despair. If we are to have a living and glorious future we must learn encouragement and humility from a living and glorious past. "The future is a blank wall upon which every man can write his own name as large as he likes: the past I find already covered with illegible scribbles, such as Plato, Isaiah, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo. I can make the future as narrow as myself; the past (unless indeed one happens to be a necrological specialist) must be as broad and turbulent as humanity." The past is full of huge ideals, unfulfilled indeed, and sometimes, alas, abandoned in despair, but great for all that, and everlasting because sanctioned by God Who made man in His own image. "The first freedom that I claim is

the freedom to restore. . . . I merely claim my choice of all the tools in the universe; and I shall not admit that any of them are blunted merely because they have been used."

The old ideals are assailed chiefly by people who have never tried them or by people who, having tried them, have failed to persevere through their trials. The Home is one of these ideals. The Home "is older than the law, and stands outside the State. This is not to be understood as meaning that the State has no authority over families; that State authority is invoked and ought to be invoked in many abnormal cases. But in most normal cases of family joys and sorrows the State has no mode of entry. It is not so much that the law should not interfere, as that the law cannot. Just as there are fields too far off for law, so there are fields too near; as a man may see the North Pole before he sees his own backbone. Small and near matters escape control at least as much as vast and remote ones; and the real pains and pleasures of the family form a strong instance of this. If a baby cries for the moon, the policeman cannot procure the moon—but neither can he stop the baby. Creatures so close to each other as a husband and wife, or a mother and children, have powers of making each other happy or miserable with which no public coercion can deal. If a marriage could be dissolved every morning it would not give back his night's rest to a man kept awake by a curtain lecture; and what is the good of giving a man a lot of power when he only wants a little peace? The child must depend on the most perfect mother; the mother may be devoted to the most unworthy children; in such relations legal revenges are vain. Even in the abnormal cases where the law may operate, this difficulty is constantly found; as many a bewildered magistrate knows. He has to save children from starvation by taking away their bread-winner. And he has often to break a wife's heart, because her husband has already broken her head. The State has no tool delicate enough to deracinate the rooted habits and tangled affections of the family: the two sexes, whether happy or unhappy, are glued together too tightly for us to get the blade of a legal penknife between them. The man and woman are one flesh—yes, even when they are one spirit" (p. 51).

The Home pulls a man together when and where the State,

were it unwise enough to interfere, could only succeed in pulling him to pieces. Man has many a breaking-point in which, for a season, he is insufficient for the occasion. He must be helped to survive these breaking-points and helped from the outside. Given this help, he will not only recover his interior ability to master his distressing difficulty, but he will also grow by perseverance to a mature and habitual ease with regard to it.

All institutions, laws, vows, promises, and contracts which exist, exist for this main purpose alone—that they enable man to survive his breaking points. The three great institutions of highest value in this respect are the Church, the Home, and the State: the most valuable, because the most spiritual, is the Church: the next is the Home: and the last, because it is the least spiritual of the three, is the State.

Why then (the question at once occurs) should the Church and the Home, the two institutions which are most valuable to man in the crises of his humanity, be compelled by the worldly wise to take with shame the lowest places in their social schemes? This question can only be met by another. Who are the worldly wise who father such schemes upon us? Mr. Chesterton discloses the answer to this question, and also, I think, the answer to the first one as well. He says: "*The luxurious man dictates the tone of nearly all 'advanced' and 'progressive' thought*" (p. 57).

Luxury and leisure breed false ideas, and these ideas are the "advanced" ideas of to-day. They are spread, it is true, by hard-working gentlemen of the press who seldom know whence they come and don't always care to inquire. Take, for instance, the "advanced" ideas which are involved in the popular fallacy of free love. Who started them? Surely a man of "ample means" with a long holiday in which to get tired of one woman and a motor car in which to wander looking for others. Take again the "advanced" idea that women should be economically independent of man. "It probably arose through the sombre contemplation of some rich banking family, in which the banker at least went to the city and pretended to do something, while the banker's wife went to the Park and did not pretend to do anything at all." Or, once more, take the very "advanced" idea that home life is tame

and dull. "This is, indeed, a rich man's opinion. The rich man knows that his own house moves on the vast and soulless wheels of wealth: is run by regiments of servants, by swift and silent ritual. On the other hand, every sort of vagabondage or romance is open to him in the streets." And so he gets the idea that Home is a dull place and, whether he knows it or not, he can't help spreading this idea of his through the mouths and pens of a thousand parasites.

In his parable of Hudge and Gudge, Mr. Chesterton throws still further light upon the hidden sources of "advanced" and "progressive" thought. Gudge is a plutocrat, and affects a fine old crusted Toryism: Hudge is an idealist, who affects a passion for humanity. "Gudge, the plutocrat, wants an anarchic industrialism; Hudge, the idealist, provides him with the lyric praises of anarchy. Gudge wants women workers because they are cheaper; Hudge calls the woman's work 'freedom to live her own life.' Gudge wants steady and obedient workmen; Hudge preaches teetotalism—to workmen, not to Gudge. Gudge wants a tame and timid population who will never take arms against tyranny; Hudge proves from Tolstoy that nobody must take arms against anything. Gudge is naturally a well-washed gentleman: Hudge earnestly preaches the perfection of Gudge's washing to people who can't practise it. Above all, Gudge rules by a coarse and cruel system of sacking and sweating and bi-sexual toil which is totally inconsistent with the free family and which is bound to destroy it; therefore Hudge, stretching out his arms to the universe with a prophetic smile, tells us that the family is something we shall gloriously outgrow" (p. 276). Hudge and Gudge, then, like Jack Sprat and his wife, affect profound differences in economic taste, but, in spite of these differences, most successfully combine to "lick the platter clean!" In the case of Hudge and Gudge, however, the platter (and what's on it) is not their own—it belongs to some poor family living at a sanitary distance from both of them.

The attack upon the Home is conducted in many and various ways. Some attack its protecting atmosphere—that atmosphere of religion without which it can neither subsist nor cohere. Some attack its material foundations, saying that all private property in land should be abolished. Others again

attack it in its relations to external institutions and contend, for instance, that the Home is made for the State and not *vice versa*—hence in all things the State should command and interfere, and that the Home should obey the State and court its interference. Or, finally, there are those who attack the Home in its internal order of life and procedure and claim to reverse this order and procedure for the sole benefit of some one of its members. "A scheme which proposes to leave mother and child economically dependent upon the father," writes Mr. Wells, "forbids the practical freedom of women."

"The practical freedom of women." What does it mean after all? It means that women should be at liberty to do anything they please short of living their own proper life in its own proper place, which is—the Home. Mr. Chesterton is at his very best on this point. But I have already written more than I should, and quoted more than is usual, but assuredly with the most pure intention of inducing readers, whom I have troubled, to go direct to that place where reading will not be troublesome—namely, to *What's Wrong With the World*.

HERBERT CARDINAL VAUGHAN.*

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.



TRUTH, says the Gaelic proverb, is the food of the historian. And the same may be said of the biographer, who does for one individual what the historian does for an age or for a nation. But the task of finding this food and duly digesting it is beset with so much difficulty that critics, however much they may differ on other matters, are generally agreed in complaining of the exceeding rarity of a good history or a good biography. Some fail for want of knowing the real facts, and thus we are hampered by a host of histories and biographies full of false and misleading statements. And others, with a painstaking accuracy in regard to dates and details, may yet fail to see things in their true proportions; and the result may be that "lie that is half a truth," which, as the poet says, "is ever the blackest of lies," since in this case it is harder to remove the false impression. Even when we set aside those who are ignorant or incompetent and those whose malice or party spirit will not allow them to tell a true tale, it is still hard to find a fit biographer. Nor need we wonder at this; for in truth the office seems to require a combination of incompatible conditions. He must be near to his subject, for how else can he have a real knowledge of the facts? And he must be far off if he is to see it as a whole in all its aspects and judge it with impartial justice. There is a knowledge that seems only possible to a contemporary, and a judgment that must needs be left to the impartiality of posterity. Looked at in one

* *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*. By J. G. Snead-Cox. 2 Vols. Price \$7 net. St. Louis: B. Herder; London: Herbert & Daniel; Burns & Oates. 1910.

NOTE: We think it worth while to recall here the interesting fact, that the article on the late Cardinal Vaughan on the occasion of his appointment to the see of Westminster, which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June, 1892, was written by the late Henry Charles Kent, a brother of the writer of the present article. Henry Charles Kent died in 1898, at the age of 34. [EDITOR C. W.]

way, a near kinsman, or an intimate friend, or a comrade in arms should be the best of biographers, for beyond the bare knowledge of facts accessible to the world at large, he has shared his hero's confidence and can enter into his feelings and understand his real motives. But, on the other hand, from the nature of the case, such a biographer is in a peculiar danger of being swayed by the pardonable partiality that comes from these close relations. And it is seldom that the impartial outsider is able to acquire or assimilate the knowledge of the near friend, or that the friend or follower can attain to the detachment and aloofness of the stranger. Happily, however, some writers do in fact succeed in surmounting these difficulties and give us books that are really good biographies. And such certainly seem to be the case with the lately published *Life of Cardinal Vaughan* by his kinsman and confidant, Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, the Editor of the *Tablet*. For if the critics agree in complaining of the rarity of good biographies, they would seem to be equally at one in recognizing this book as one of those rare achievements. In fact, a comparison of several reviews in very various journals, Catholic, Anglican, Non-conformist, or neutral organs of literary criticism, may well support this familiar Latin phrase, *omnes omnia bona dicere*. Nor can this agreement be ascribed to any prepossessions in favor of the author or his hero, as is sometimes the case where a book owes its success not to its own merits but to the magic of a popular name. For though Mr. Snead-Cox is by no means a novice in literature, his best work has all been done anonymously, and his fame as an author only begins with the book before us. And if the name of Cardinal Vaughan at any rate was generally known, it can hardly be said that it excited any widespread enthusiasm such as would account for the popularity of his biography. Indeed, we imagine that very many readers, even among Catholics, will first learn to know him and appreciate his merits from studying the picture presented in these pages. Nor, on the other hand, can it be said that the success of the book owes anything to this general reader's ignorance, which might have made him too ready to accept pleasing fiction or specious special pleading in place of authentic biography. For those of us who had other sources of information about Cardinal Vaughan and his work, and were thus in a position

to test the author's accuracy, will assuredly accept this as a faithful picture of the man and a true record of his life and labors.

It may be well to add that even those readers who must needs depend entirely on the author's word, and have no external means for testing the accuracy of his statements, may yet have some good ground for confidence that the truth is being told them. For while the author's relationship to Cardinal Vaughan, his long association with him in literary work, and his obvious possession of a mass of private journals and correspondence shows that he can speak of what he really knows; on the other hand, his frank acknowledgment of his hero's limitations or failings, and his singularly fair treatment of those who came into conflict with the Cardinal, are enough to show that this is no idealized biography written by a mere disciple or admirer.

Here, as in the case of most books of biography, the readers may be in this way roughly divided into two broad classes, the outside public to whom the book makes the hero known, and the friends who knew him already, but are none the less glad to have the familiar features recalled to them by a faithful portrait. But it may be observed that this line of division cannot be drawn very sharply. For it is obvious that there are many different kinds or degrees of knowledge. And while on the one hand most of those who take up the book at all must have had some previous knowledge, however slight, on the other hand it may well be believed that there are few who will not learn something further from the study of this biography. Indeed we may say that, save for a comparatively small circle of near kinsmen or intimate friends, most of us—even those who had seemed to know him fairly well—will find here much that is little less than a revelation, and much that may help to correct previous false impressions. Certainly, many of those who had at best but an imperfect and superficial acquaintance with his policy and opinions, and who did not come under the spell of his personal influence, must feel that now, for the first time, they have come to know the real Cardinal Vaughan. And though it is likely enough that their own objections to some parts of the Cardinal's policy may still retain all their force, their whole estimate of the man and his work will surely undergo a great change, and as they now know

him as he really was, they will esteem him far more highly. This, we take it, is the true triumph of the biographer.

Some of us must have experienced a change of this kind on first reading that masterpiece of biographical art, Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*. Perhaps we were long familiar with the historian in his writings and his public capacity, and there was doubtless much in his historical judgments or his political principles that we regarded with imperfect sympathy, if not with abhorrence. But on reading Trevelyan, though we might retain to the full our Jacobite views of history or our objections to some of the essayist's critical verdicts, we felt that we had now come to know the man himself and had learnt to regard him with a new sympathy and admiration. In this respect Mr. Snead-Cox's *Life of Cardinal Vaughan* may well be likened to the *Life of Macaulay*. Those who are familiar with Sir George Trevelyan's fascinating portraiture of his uncle will be able to appreciate the compliment implied in this comparison, and though it may be feared that the literary and political matter which fills the pages of the earlier biography has interest for a somewhat wider circle than that which can be reached by the most attractive treatment of religious subjects, it may be hoped that the life of Vaughan will take a permanent place with the life of Macaulay among the masterpieces of English biographical literature. For both these eminent men, so different from each other both in their personal character and in their work and station, were singularly fortunate in their biographers, who, it may be added, were both of them kinsmen in full sympathy with their subject. And here we fancy that though in some respects the purely literary and historical value of Trevelyan's work may give it the first place, there is at least one important point on which the palm must surely be given to the Catholic biographer. As we have already remarked a near kinsman or intimate friend is peculiarly open to the danger of undue partiality. He may be tempted to give his hero an impossible perfection; and, on the other hand, he may do less than justice to those who were arrayed against him. Now it must be admitted that, possibly from the difference of age and the nearer relationship, Trevelyan is hardly able to recognize the limitations or imperfections of Macaulay as readily and as frankly as Mr. Snead-Cox is able to do in the case of Cardinal Vaughan. And certainly no one can say

that Liberal Catholics or others who crossed the path of the Cardinal fare as badly in this biography as the unfortunate Croker does in Trevelyan's pages. This is a distinct advantage, for the *Life of Cardinal Vaughan* necessarily deals with the story of many strenuous struggles, such as the controversy on Vaughan's work as an Oblate in St. Edmund's College, and *majora movemus* the fight for Papal Infallibility in the *Tablet* and elsewhere, the prolonged conflict with the Regulars in Salford and in Rome, the battle with Barnado for poor Catholic children, and the controversy on Anglican Orders and the Reunion movement. And, though on most of these matters it may be surmised that the author himself is in sympathy with the views of Cardinal Vaughan, no candid advocate of the other side could find just ground for taking offense at the picture presented in these pages.

This pacific and conciliatory attitude may be ascribed, we suppose, to kindly feeling, or to tact or to prudence. But for our part we prefer to dwell on the point that this attitude is in accordance with the true nature of biography, and may be sufficiently explained by the discriminating instinct of the biographer. For it is here that biography, like history, suffers most harm from the disastrous intrusion of alien elements and of motives not its own. Too many writers forget that while the same facts may be considered alike by the theologian, the historian, and the biographer, they are considered in each case in a different aspect, so that each several fact may give rise to three distinct questions. It is thus with the great controversy on Papal Infallibility and the Vatican Council, which, naturally enough, fills a conspicuous place in these pages. To the theologian, the main point must needs be the doctrine itself, and he is chiefly occupied in illustrating the evidence in its favor and disposing, as best he may, of difficulties and objections. The historian, again, has in some sort an independent interest in all the facts and all the persons concerned. For him it is necessary to know not only the theological arguments and evidence, but likewise the state of feeling, whether right or wrong, in the various nations or parties. But from this point of view of the biographer dealing, let us say, with Herbert Vaughan's campaign in the *Tablet* in defense of Infallibility, his method of maintaining the doctrine, his estimate of the opposing parties, and his peculiar policy of suppressing

the letters of obnoxious correspondents; the main question really lies in the personal equation. It is throughout subjective rather than objective. In other words, the chief question for the biographer is not so much the doctrine in itself, or the facts, or the real state of the opposing parties, but simply the question: How did these things appear to Herbert Vaughan? For it is by this alone that we can rightly understand his character and judge of his conduct in this critical period. It matters not that the theologian might be able now to set the doctrine in clearer light, or that historical research might enable us to see the actions and motives of Liberals and Inopportunists in a somewhat different aspect. For, however valuable, historically or theologically, these things would really be irrelevant to the purpose of the biographer. Mr. Snead-Cox seems to see this clearly, if we may judge by the line he takes in dealing with Herbert Vaughan's manner of conducting his campaign in the *Tablet*.

This instance may, indeed, be taken as typical. For, in our view of this matter, the same principle will suffice to explain the author's treatment of other controversies, such as those on the question of Bishops and Regulars, or on Anglican Orders. Here we imagine that this record will be more satisfactory to readers in sympathy with Cardinal Vaughan than to a champion of the Regulars or to one who looked at the other problem from the Anglican standpoint. And such a one might possibly be tempted to say that Mr. Snead-Cox was making out a case, and that the Religious or the Anglican advocate, like the Lion in the Persian fable, might have produced a different result if they had been permitted to paint the picture. But further reflection should suffice to show that here again the biographer is justified, inasmuch as he is concerned not so much with the rights and wrongs of the controversy in itself, but with Herbert Vaughan's part therein and the motives that determined his course of action. It is Herbert Vaughan's view, and not the author's or the reader's, that has to be taken into consideration. Looking at the matter in this light, even those religious or Anglican Catos, who would fain have seen the other cause triumphant, may still find here a satisfactory explanation and vindication of Cardinal Vaughan's action. And though their own views may remain unchanged still they will rise from the study of this biography with a new respect for his character.

It is possible, no doubt, for the candid non-Catholic reader to give due attention to all the evidence adduced by the biographer, and still think Cardinal Vaughan wrong in his theological doctrine, as, on the other hand, it is possible for many Catholics to think him mistaken on some points of policy; or even when we are all agreed on the end in view some may suspect that he was not always happy in his choice of means, or that some of his words or actions were hasty or indiscreet. But we venture to say that it is scarcely possible for any candid and intelligent reader to doubt of his absolute sincerity or his single-minded and self-sacrificing service to his Divine Master.

Nor is this only our own estimate of the effect of this candid and illuminating biography. For in the comments of a host of critics we find abundant evidence that this is in fact the impression produced in many and very various quarters. Not to speak of the increased admiration expressed by Catholic writers, it is pleasant to note that even in organs of pronounced Protestantism where such a militant ultramontane might have expected scanty sympathy, devout Evangelicals or Nonconformists are happy to recognize a true servant of Christ under the unfamiliar trappings of a Roman Cardinal. As might have been anticipated some exception has been taken to some of the Cardinal's devotions or penitential practices, though the blame is thrown not on the man but on the system. One critic, for example, lamented the "materialism" manifested by Cardinal Vaughan when with pious simplicity he placed the Brief which appointed him to the See of Salford first on the altar and then in the hands of the statues of our Lady and St. Joseph, in order as he said that he might thus receive his office from their hands. But the objection only betrays a strange misconception of Catholic doctrine and the principle of religious symbolism. Did the writer imagine that Cardinal Vaughan really thought that the material contact of the Brief with the hands of the statues could have any beneficial effect on his episcopal labors? And would it not be well, before talking of Roman "materialism" to ask what was the real meaning of his action?

We cannot expect Protestants, while they remain what they are, to accept the Catholic doctrine of the intercession and invocation of the saints. But in judging the conduct of Catholics, whether peasants or Cardinals, it is only fair to

adopt this doctrine as a hypothesis. And on this theory it seemed perfectly natural that a devout Catholic, on taking up a new work, should wish to place it, and himself, under the protection of his Heavenly Patrons. The main thing, of course, is to do this by the inward devotion of the heart. But, unless all vocal prayer is to be condemned, it is surely permissible to give oral expression to this spiritual dedication. And if this may be done audibly, why not also visibly by means of some symbolical action. Certainly our other feelings, as love and loyalty and patriotism, or national mourning or rejoicing, are freely expressed in a visible manner, and why should the natural symbolism, so freely allowed in these matters, be denied to religion.

Much the same may be said of the penitential armlet, a representation of which is given in the biography, and has apparently shocked the susceptibilities of some good people. For it may be remarked that sport and fashion have their asceticism no less than religion. The athlete in training must needs mortify some natural appetites, and many have undergone painful operations for the removal of some deformity merely disfiguring their appearance. May not some bodily penance be endured for the sake of a spiritual good? *Castigo corpus meum*, says the Apostle most revered by Protestants. And with the Bible before us, it is scarcely possible to reject the principles of bodily penance and mortification. And once the principle is admitted, the question of means, whether by fasting from food or enduring other bodily discomfort, is a mere matter of detail. There is no need to linger on the point, or points, of this little instrument of penance. But it is remarked that it has at any rate one special merit, that of secrecy. For one whose life was lived in public, any self-denial in the matter of food can scarcely escape observation; whereas this pain, endured under the cover of rich raiments, may well seem a literal fulfillment of the injunction to fast in secret.

Some question may be raised—and we believe it has been raised in certain quarters—as to the wisdom of making such matters public now. And some who would in no wise advocate a general policy of suppression, or anything in the nature of idealized biography, would yet prefer that such things as their private devotions and practices of penance should be excluded by a sort of biographical *disciplina arcani*.

And it may be urged in support of this view that Cardinal Vaughan himself would have been horrified at the suggestion of these posthumous revelations of his private devotions and penitential practices. Well, if he had wished to have these hidden deeds brought before the world they would have had a very different character. And we should be disposed to say that it is only on the hypothesis of his disapproval that the posthumous publication can be edifying. But we need not stay to discuss the general principle of disclosing such private matters in works of religious biography. But it may be remarked that on the other view this branch of our literature would have to undergo a far more drastic revision than any that has been suggested by the most ruthless historical critics. And assuming, as all our hagiographers have done hitherto, that such revelations of hidden holiness are allowable, it may be added that there are some reasons that seem to make this course particularly appropriate in a biography of Cardinal Vaughan. For on the one hand it may be said that this side of his life was so much out of sight, that even among his friends and fellow-Catholics his true character was likely to be misunderstood. And as in some other respects he presented a marked contrast to a man like Cardinal Manning, a superficial observer might be led to imagine that the austere asceticism of the one was wholly wanting in the other. If only for this reason it is well that the world should know that beneath the outward display of pomp and ceremony and the hard practicality of Herbert Vaughan there was a deep spiritual life of lowly self-sacrifice and mortification, fitly symbolized by the sharp instrument of penance hidden under the rich robes of the Cardinal. On the other hand, it is too commonly supposed that bodily penances of this kind are only characteristic of morbid natures, and that such devotional devices as placing a letter in the hands of a statue can only commend themselves to weak-minded sentimentalists. And it may, therefore, be well for us to see that such things were done by one of such a strong and vigorous character, and so full of practical common sense, as Herbert Vaughan.

This reminds us that the book before us, while primarily of personal and biographical interest, is withal something more; and besides giving us a true and faithful portrait of a man, may throw some light on the history of the world in

which he moved and help the causes which he had so much at heart. Mr. Snead-Cox does not profess to tell the history of the time. His book is purely and essentially biographical, yet there is enough notice of the circumstance amid which his hero lived and labored to furnish the necessary historical background for the central portrait. And, as might be expected in the case of one who took such an active part in the strenuous religious struggles and ecclesiastical politics of his age, the biographical element does much to illustrate and explain this history.

It is easy to imagine how this book might have been fashioned if the task had been entrusted to a writer with a more pronounced purpose of doctrinal defense on spiritual edification. A theological controversialist, sharing Vaughan's views on the chief questions at issue, might have lingered longer on the pages devoted to the battles that raged around the Vatican Council, and insisted on the lessons to be learnt from the rebellious aberrations of critical scholars and historians. And then, more occupied with Anglican controversy, might have dilated at length on Anglican Orders and the movement for Reunion. And thus the book might have become less a biography than a belated manifesto against liberal Catholicism, or a fresh contribution to controversial theology. Others, again, anxious for the edification of their readers, whether within or without the Catholic fold, would have given us more of an idealized biography, casting a veil of decorous reticence over such painful episodes as the battle of Bishops and Regulars, or what may be called the unseemly squabble between two Catholic prelates as to the funeral expenses of a brother bishop.

Such changes or omissions might be defended, we suppose, as a necessary subordination of biography or history to some higher interest. And it may be urged with great plausibility that the triumph of true religion, and the avoidance of scandal whereby souls may perish, are matters of far greater moment than the perfection of biographical portraiture or the requirements of historical criticism; and that it would be better that the fullness and artistic proportions of the biography should be sacrificed, so that all scandal may be avoided and Catholic orthodoxy may be more firmly established. But, on the other hand, it may be urged with yet greater force that a biography

mainly devoted to its proper purpose of personal portraiture may in the end be of more help to the Catholic theologian and historian than one that is a polemical pamphlet; and that, in the truest sense of the word, a frank and faithful history or biography is far more edifying than a bowlderized version. For, after all, what can be more scandalous than the implied confession that the real facts of Church history are not fit for publication? Rightly understood, it is the real history, whether of men or nations, that enlightens and edifies; and there are lessons to be learnt from the darker as well as from the brighter pages. As Pope Leo XIII. reminded us, we have an example of this in Holy Scripture itself, which records the falls and failings of God's chosen servants. And for this reason the Church historian or religious biographer who frankly and fearlessly sets forth the truth to the best of his ability may be satisfied that he is thereby rendering a service to the cause of religion. A true and faithful biography of a Bishop who has lived and labored for the Church of God is something more than a mere literary memorial. It is in some sort a continuation of his life and activity. For if the work is done well, the man himself still lives and speaks in its pages, so that all who read may profit by his example and share the advantage of his inspiring influence, like the friends among whom he moved in his mortal pilgrimage. If a good biography is in any case a rarity, a good life of a great Bishop is, naturally, yet more rare. And we may well be grateful to Mr. Snead-Cox for giving us such a book in his *Life of Herbert Cardinal Vaughan*.

FRANCIS THOMPSON; HIS LIFE AND WORK.*

NOTE. The thirteenth of November, 1910, marks the third anniversary of the death of Francis Thompson. [EDITOR C. W.]

BY A. B. PURDIE.

I.—HIS LIFE.



CHILL, damp night in London's streets, an hour from midnight; thin mists are curling round the street and shop lamps, and underneath passers-by, wrapped close and warm, hurry home to genial firesides. On the curbstone stands the ubiquitous hawker, lethargied by the biting air and too dulled to drive his meagre trade. The night advances; the crowd melts; the garish shop-lights are extinguished; and London commits itself to the darkness, the passer-by to his home, the hawker to the shadowy arches by the Thames Embankment, or the refuse-heaps of Covent Garden.

Some thirty years ago, if we had been among those passers-by in the shadow of Charing Cross, we would perhaps have been struck by a hawker thereabouts, an unprofessional one indeed, and one whom the world, with a sympathy extending only to words, would describe as having seen better days. Thin and nerve-broken, physically shattered, he is clad in a shabby, frayed ulster and disastrous hat, and seeks to earn a few pence from the sale of matches. How many, I wonder, who saw and perhaps pitied that wretched piecing of humanity, realized that it was a tabernacle containing the fair soul of a sweet and true singer? How many, I wonder, who passing in the later watches of the night, and recognizing that same figure reposing on the rubbish heap of vegetables, realized that to the sleeper it was a Jacob's stone whereto descended the angels of song? And how many, pitying that frail form, cold and shivering on the Thames Embankment, with the gray,

* *Poems*. By Francis Thompson. *Sister Songs*. By Francis Thompson. *New Poems*. By Francis Thompson. New York: John Lane Company; London: Burns & Oates. *Shelley*. By Francis Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: Burns & Oates.

sullen river beneath and cold sky above, imagined that therein was grandest inspiration?

The gods are hard to their children; Francis Thompson was to drink deeply of the bitterness of life, that thus the sweetness might be more sweet.

A short sketch of the life of this great Catholic poet will, perhaps, help to our appreciation of his poetry, which was the sincere effluence of his life—a life concerning which, he wrote:

Whereof thou hast not the surmise, and slight
Is all that any mortal knows thereof.

He was born at Preston, in 1859, and at the age of eleven went to Ushaw College, with the intention of devoting himself to the service of God—a fond hope that was never to be realized. Some of his old school-fellows have recalled the dusty past, when "Tommy," a frail-looking lad, with high cheek-bones and *retroussé* nose, would sidle quaintly along the ambulatory wall—"the cynosure of neighboring eyes"; they have told of his strange, meditative ways, which won for him the sobriquet "mooney," and his great aptitude for fireside talking. He was extremely fond of the fire and was alternately nick-named "brown-silks" from the heat-affected color of his garments. Thus early, too, did he develop his love of poetry:

From almost earliest youth
I raised the lids o' the truth,
And forced her bend on me her shrinking sight"
(*Sister Songs*, p. 26).

"Tommy" was generally to be seen poring over some tome of verse, either diligently transcribing or in absorbed reading, running his nervous fingers through his hair. His shyness and aloofness, which he was never rid of through life, were not results of melancholy; he was bright-humored and witty, and even organized a band of pirates in the Bounds! As he rose higher in the school, his love of literature increased, and the end of each year would see him at the top of his class in classics and literature, and at the bottom in mathematics. A few of his poetical efforts in these days have survived. His "juvenalia" of a more serious nature, particularly a little descriptive essay on "The Storming of the Bridge of Lodi," did not pass unnoticed by his superiors.

In sports, as is common to his class, he made no mark, but cricket had a strange fascination for him, and after death, among his papers were found the averages of the leading cricketers of the past thirty years. Attached to them was the following stanza, trifling, perhaps, yet weird, and showing how naturally Thompson read the spiritual into the practical and material—

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
 Though my own red roses * there may blow ;
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,
 Though the red roses crest the caps, I know.
 For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,
 And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,
 And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host
 As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,
 To and fro.
 O my Hornby † and my Barlow † long ago !

School-life, which meant for Thompson days of quiet dreaming, and a paradise wherein he held converse with the soul of poesy, came to a close in 1877, when he was in the class of syntax: an unsympathetic stepmother, with very worldly ideals, was perhaps primarily responsible for the shattering of an incipient vocation, and Francis Thompson proceeded from Ushaw to Owen's College, Manchester, to study medicine with the ultimate purpose of succeeding to his father's practice.

This was the last thing in the world to which the poor boy was naturally inclined; the soul and not the body was to be his province, the immaterial and not the gross material. In his initial clinic he fainted at the first sight of warm, flowing blood; and thereafter studiously avoided lecturer and lecture-room, and wandered over the libraries and reading-rooms of Manchester to satisfy his all-absorbing passion. As a consequence, he failed in his examinations, and at length, unable to abide the righteous indignation and anger of his father, fled from home and eventually came, resourceless, to London. Lacking initiative and physical strength, he felt the pinch of life at once; he gained what scant pittance he could by selling matches, calling cabs, holding horses, or doing any odd jobs

* An allusion to the poet's Lancashire parentage.

† A famous Lancashire cricket player.

that came his way. Still, his earnings were not sufficient for the necessary sustenance of life ; numberless nights his bed was a seat in the Park, on the Embankment, in Covent Garden, or in the kindly shade of some railway arch. In one of his poems he makes reference to this misery :

Forlorn and faint and stark
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star ;
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny ;
Stood bound and helplessly
For time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me ;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheelèd car
(Sister Songs).

It was too much for his tender frame ; hunger and cold told on his weak constitution ; he was wretchedly ill at times, desolate and abandoned. He, whose experiences in so many respects are similar to those of De Quincey, at last had recourse, like the writer of the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," to laudanum, and gained relief, even if temporary and fraught with dire effects, from the burden of intolerable woe. In the after years he sung of the earth which

Against its own dull will
Ministers poppies to our troublous thought *
(“ Anthem of Earth ”) ;

and his was the cry of De Quincey's—"O just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel' bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath . . . for one night gives back the hopes of youth. . . ."

We will not here enter upon the full details of the story of his redemption; he was rescued from the misery of the streets, and never again suffered homelessness. Passed forever were the days when Ferdinand de Rothschild might pay him in silver for a halfpenny newspaper; passed forever that sad

*Cf. Virgil's "Soporiferum papaver" (Aen. iv.).

yet happy night, when half-dead he received the charity of a poor girl of the streets—a child of sin. And as De Quincey has immortalized Anne, so was the deed of this Magdalen to be told to the world—"for a memorial of her":

. . . and, bled of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee, a spring flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city streets blown withering.
She passed—O brave, sad, lovindest tender, thing!—
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive
(*Sister Songs*).

And so the little tragedy of his life was finished; he met, in his dreary perambulations about London, an old college friend not in very bright circumstances, but not so low as to refuse shelter to the "Tommy" Thompson of his old school-days. In this more settled state our poet took pen and paper, and a few weeks later the editor of *Merrie England*, a Catholic magazine of the eighties, was poring over the most un-presentable of manuscripts, but one which was worth deciphering. Thompson's future was determined; he was invited to the editor's office, and thence to his home to be received into the family. Here were spent perhaps the happiest days of his life, when he felt not want, and breathed in a thoroughly literary atmosphere. His benefactors and their children have received a legacy of song that will immortalize them. They were, indeed, the inspiration of many of the poems in his first volume, published in 1893, and of *Sister Songs*, which appeared in 1895 and was dedicated to Monica and Madeline Meynell. He dedicated his first work to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell in the following lines:

If the rose in meek duty
May dedicate humbly
To her grower the beauty
Wherewith she is comely,
If the mine to the miner
The jewels that pined in it,

Earth to diviner
 The springs he divined in it,
 To the grapes the wine-pitcher
 Their juice that was crushed in it,
 Viol to its witcher
 The music lay hushed in it,
 Their lives if all livers
 To the Life of all living,
 To you, O dear givers !
 I give your own giving
 (Dedication to Poems);

and to one of the children he wrote :

Over thy form, dear child, alas ! my art
 Cannot prevail ; but mine *immortalizing*
 Touch I lay upon thy heart.
 Thy soul's fair shape
 In my unfading mantle's green I drape,
 And thy white mind shall rest, by my devising,
 A Gideon-fleece amid life's dusty drouth
 (Proem to *Sister Songs*).

The evil effects of the laudanum habit made themselves felt on Thompson, and, "unwinding the accursed chain," to use a phrase of De Quincey's, he retired to repose and quiet in the Premonstratensian Monastery at Storrington. In that pretty Sussex village

Where the thistle lifts a purple crown
 Six foot out of the turf,
 And the harebell shakes on the windy hill
 ("Daisy"),

he found plenty to appeal to his rich, poetical faculty. Here he watched Nature, "dabbled his fingers in the day-fall," revelled in the sunset, and saw in the stars "glimmering tapers round the day's dead sanctities." This was the scene of his happiest musings and the inspiration of some of his most beautiful imagery.

It was here that he penned his "Ode to the Setting Sun," which drew a delighted editor by express train from London, on an errand of congratulation.

The red sun,
 A bubble of fire, drops slowly toward the hill,
 While one bird prattles that the day is done.

He is sad at its setting—at the death of the day. Death and birth are the fairest things in life, and the fairer of these is Death. Is not the glory of everything in its fall?

It is the falling star that trails the light,
It is the breaking wave that hath the might,
The passing shower that rainbows maniple.
Is it not so, O thou down-stricken Day,
That draw'st thy splendors round thee in thy fall?

And as the golden orb dips slowly in the west, he apostrophizes it, lauds its greatness and beneficence—"Thou, genitor, that all things nourishest" from the earth that "was suckled at thy shining breast" to the "splendid rose"—

With dusky cheeks burnt red
She sways her heavy head,
Drunk with the must of her own odorousness.

O why must all beauty pass? Why must Orpheus ever pursue a doomed Eurydice? is his heartfelt cry.

Even as he trembles to the impassioned kiss
Of reincarnate Beauty, his control
Clasps the cold body, and foregoes the soul!
Whatso looks lovelily
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain.

And the sun is set: "no rift disturbs the dewy shade and chill"; and as the poet meditates, he sees a symbol in the sun—

If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station:
Thou art of Him a type memorial.
Like Him, thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon thy Western rood;
And His stained brow did veil like thine to-night,
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.
Thus hath He unto Death His beauty given:

And so of all which form inheriteth
 The fall doth pass the rise in worth ;
 For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
 But death hath in itself the germ of birth.

And in an after strain, as he stands in the shadow of the
 Cross before the monastery gates, he sings :

Even so, O Cross ! thine is the victory.
 Thy roots are fast within our fairest fields ;
 Brightness may emanate in Heaven from thee,
 Here thy dread symbol only shadow yields.

Therefore, O tender Lady, Queen Mary,
 Thou gentleness that dost enmoss and drape
 The Cross's rigorous austerity,
 Wipe thou the blood from wounds that needs must gape.

" Lo, though suns rise and set, but crosses stay,
 I leave thee ever," saith she, " light of cheer."
 'Tis so : yon sky still thinks upon the Day,
 And showers ærial blossoms on his bier.

At Storrington, too, our poet composed that pretty lyrical
 piece to " Daisy," whom he met on the South Downs.

The hills look over on the South,
 And southward dreams the sea ;
 And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
 Came innocence and she.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
 On the turf and on the spray ;
 But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
 Was the Daisy-flower that day !

After recuperating his lost strength, he returned to lodgings in London, but never a day passed but he visited the Meynells, and spent some few hours in the family circle, delightful in his simplicity, even more garrulous than when he held forth before his school-fellows at Ushaw, moving the children to laughter by his odd little ways, and especially when manipulating his after-dinner cup of coffee, he stirred with such vigor, as to deposit the best part of the contents in the saucer or elsewhere ; he added to their mirth by entering into complicated explanations to the effect that that little foi-

ble was hereditary. And the laughter of the children he not only pardoned but loved for many years, so the mother tells us.

The year 1891 was marked by the death of Cardinal Manning, and Thompson's editor asked him for a poem on the subject. This elicited from the poet a threnody "To the Dead Cardinal"—which is characterized more by the personal note of dread anticipation, and despair as to his own fate hereafter. It was written in one of those intervals of depression and spiritual desolation into which he occasionally lapsed:

The grave is in my blood ;
 I shake
 To winds that take
 Its grasses by the top ;
 The rains thereon that drop
 Perturb
 With drip acerb
 My subtly answering soul ;
 The feet across its knoll
 Do jar
 Me from afar.

I have no thought that I,
 When at the last I die,
 Shall reach
 To gain your speech.

But you, should that be so,
 May very well, I know,
 May well
 To me in hell

With recognizing eyes
 Look from your Paradise—
 "God bless
 Thy hopelessness!"

In the following year Thompson was introduced to Coventry Patmore, another Catholic of high and beautiful thinking, who paid his tribute to his younger brother in a fine appreciation in the *Fortnightly Review*. He spoke of the "qualities which ought to place him in the permanent ranks of fame with Cowley and with Crashaw," and wrote: "Mr. Thompson

places himself, by these poems, in the front rank of the pioneers of the movement, which, if it be not checked, as in the history of the world it has once or twice been checked before, by premature formulation and by popular and profane perversion, must end in creating 'a new heaven and a new earth.'" Their admiration was mutual. Thompson has in turn paid his tribute to Patmore in his poem on the portrait by Sargent:

If any be
That shall with rites of reverent piety
Approach this strong
Sad soul of Sovereign Song,
Nor fail and falter with the intimidate throng ;
If such there be,
These, these are only they
Have trod the self-same way ;
The never-twice-revolving portals heard
Behind them clang infernal, and that word
Abhorred sighed of kind mortality,
As he—
Ah ! even as he !

These two poets met in 1894 at Pantasaph, where Thompson, under the kind care of the Capuchin Friars, was resting again for reasons of health. Among Patmore's correspondence is a letter dated 1894 to his wife, referring to this visit: "Francis Thompson and all the Fathers spent two hours last night in my room, and we had excellent talk. Father Anselm, the superior, and a profound contemplative, said he had never read anything so fine as the 'Precursor.' . . . The Fathers help me to get through my cigarettes, of which I should like to have another consignment as soon as possible. I spend part of my day with Francis Thompson, who is a delightful companion, full of the best talk. The monks feed me up as if I were a pig being fattened for the fair and give me as much of their company as I like to have" (*Champney's Coventry Patmore*. II., p. 133).

It was at Pantasaph, in the midst of a country of glorious sunsets, that Thompson composed his last pieces, which were published as *New Poems* in 1897. These mark the close of his poetical career, which extended over five years. Coventry Patmore had died in 1896, and after that Thompson gave

but two odes to an appreciative world, the one written on Queen Victoria's Jubilee, for the *Daily Chronicle*, the other an ode on the English Martyrs, which appeared in the pages of the *Dublin Review*.

His efforts were now directed to the writing of prose, and he joined the staff of the *Academy*, and also contributed to the *Athenæum*. He wrote articles and reviewed books on any conceivable subject—poetry, biography, history, theology, and even strategy. His thought and expression was still as brilliant as in early days, and his language rich and sonorous. "A Thompson article in the *Academy*," says Lewis Hind, who was editor at that time, "gave distinction to the issue. What splendid prose it was! Reading the proofs, we would declaim passages aloud for the mere joy of giving utterance to his periods. He wrote a series of articles on *Poets and Prose-Writers*, which must some day be recovered from the files; he wrote on anything." Mr. Wilfrid Whitten ("John o' London"), too, who worked with him on the *Academy*, has given us a description of Thompson at this time: "A stranger figure than Thomson's was not to be seen in London. Gentle in looks, half-wild in externals, his face worn by pain and the fierce reactions of laudanum, his hair and straggling beard neglected, he had yet a distinction and an aloofness of bearing that marked him in the crowd; and when he opened his lips, he spoke as a gentleman and a scholar. A cleaner mind, a more naïvely courteous manner were not to be found. . . . No money (and in his later years Thompson suffered more from the possession of money than from the lack of it) could keep him in a decent suit of clothes for long. Yet he was never "seedy." From a newness too dazzling to last, and seldom achieved at that, he passed at once into a picturesque nondescript garb that was all his own, and made him resemble some weird pedlar or packman in an etching by Ostade."

The only prose-works of his that have been published, are *Health and Holiness*, A Study of the Relations Between Brother Ass the Body and his Rider the Soul, an *Essay on Shelley*, of which we shall have more to say later, and a biography, *St. Ignatius Loyola*. These last two are posthumous publications, and were found among much literary material which Thompson has left, and which is by degrees being presented to expectant readers in various periodicals.

Thompson's health, we have observed, was never good, and at last his frail system fell a prey to consumption. He was wasting visibly, and not even Storrington of sweet memories could restore his waning powers. There he stayed in the earlier part of 1907 with Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blount, but on November 2 was taken to London, where he entered the Hospital of SS. John and Elizabeth, in St. John's Wood, as a private patient.

Ten days later, in the slow dawn of a November morning,

When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey.
And souls went palely up the sky,

his soul too was summoned hence by its Maker.

He was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, at Kensal Green, next to the grave of Mrs. Craigie, and in his coffin among other tokens was placed a handful of roses from George Meredith, with the testimony: "A true poet, one of a small band."

So closed a short but remarkable life; he had given his message to the world and eased his aching breast of melodies; nor fretted he to give back to the red earth his little "puff of dust."

Tellus, behold me come,
Thy son stern-nursed ; who mortal-motherlike,
To turn thy weanlings' mouth averse, embitter'st
Thine over-childed breast. Now mortal-sonlike,
I thou hast suckled, Mother, I at last
Shall sustenant be to thee. Here I untrammel,
Here I pluck loose the body's cerementing,
And break the tomb of life ; here I shake off
The bur o' the world, man's congregation shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows : my cell is set
Here in thy bosom ; my little trouble is ended
In a little peace

(" Anthem of Earth ").

II.—HIS WORK.

It is our next duty to speak a little of Thompson's work, not with the pretensions of a critic, but with the appreciation of a humble admirer. And here I beg the indulgence of my readers if I appear to do him an injustice by many omissions. In the space at our disposal, our treatment must necessarily

be restricted; but if I can give some small idea of the place which Thompson holds in poetry, of his genius and of his power, my purpose will be realized.

I hope to achieve this by immediately turning to his great essay on "Shelley," which appeared posthumously in the pages of the *Dublin Review*, and to which an interesting history is attached. Now his fellow-poets and reviewers hailed Thompson in almost a frenzy of delight, as a second Crashaw—"Crashaw born again, but born greater," said one; and others classed him as a member of the Metaphysical School, in which Crashaw and Donne were leading lights, and whose habit it was to seek "to express something after, something behind, the simple obvious first sense and suggestion of a subject" (*Saintsbury*, p. 411). They tried to give expression to the expressionless and inexplicable, if one may speak so boldly; to describe and draw out those deep currents that flow in the waters of the soul; poetry is the true pantheism seeing where God has traced His finger in all things:

All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkèd are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star
("Mistress of Vision");

perceiving how great is allied to small, and how small is great:

Nature is whole in her least things exprest,
Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm
("Correlated Greatness").

In true knowledge of Nature, too, is a needed a *supplementum sensuum defectui*, which the Metaphysical School supplied by a daring richness of imagery, conjuring up from behind every image and every ostensible thought, vistas and backgrounds of others dimly vanishing, with glimmers in them here and there into the final enigmas of life and soul. Thompson, then, was classed among the Metaphysicals, and as one of the best of them; and he himself in the essay published after his death, in which he forwards a vigorous *apologia* for Shelley, ranks that poet as a Metaphysical indeed, but as what the Metaphysical School should have been. He calls Crashaw a

Shelley *manqué*, and Shelley the range found for which the Metaphysical School was trying. So then we can institute our comparison. On the one hand we have his contemporaries applauding Thompson as a Crashaw, but greater; on the other hand Thompson writing passionately of Shelley and extolling him as the ideal which Crashaw should have been but was not. It would not be an unjust conclusion perhaps that Thompson then is a Shelley, and though not committing ourselves to such a statement, we may with profit listen to what Thompson has to say of Shelley and see if he is mirroring himself, giving us as it were a piece of self-criticism.

He opens his remarks with an ardent appeal for Catholic appreciation and recognition of poetry. "Once poetry was as she should be," he says, "the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; the minister to the mind, as the Church to the soul. But poetry sinned, poetry fell; and in place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the feet of her pagan seducer. The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion." In impassioned sentences he calls for the home-return of his prodigal, for the reunion of sanctity and song, the intertwining of the palm and the laurel. "This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her; you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross." And that is the keynote of the whole of Thompson's poetry:

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord;
Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden's trees,
The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows

("To a Poet Breaking Silence").

To him the earth is the Church; the ritual of Nature and of the Catholic Church are one and the same; the former in the pageantry of the seasons, the latter in her grand solemn offices, pays homage to the great God.

All Nature sacerdotal seems. . . .
 The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,
 In tones of floating and mellow light,
 A spreading summons to even-song.
 See how there
 The cowlèd night
 Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.
 What is this feel of incense everywhere?
 Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced clouds,
 Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,
 The mighty spirit unknown,
 That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne?
 ("A Corymbus for Autumn").

To Thompson everything on this earth and in this world is sacrament and symbol of the great truths of faith: the stars are:

Heaven's death-lights which kindle yellow spark by spark
 Beneath the dreadful catafalque of the dark.

Nature is a

Never-done ungaped-at Pentecostal miracle, .

Our Lady is

Sweet stem to that rose Christ, who from the earth
 Suck'st our poor prayers, conveying them to Him
 (*Sister Songs*),

and the Sun is symbol of the Blessed Sacrament which "Day, a dedicated priest, lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly," from out the Eastern tabernacle, sprinkling benediction through the dawn and blessing the earth, and in the purple evening setting it "in august exposition meetly within the flaming monstrance of the West"* ("Orient Ode").

Thompson, then, is the pioneer of the new movement, or rather the old movement revived, which he so strongly advocates in his essay. Let us proceed, and see what he has to say concerning Shelley, and mediately concerning himself.

* Cf. Psalm 18. "In sole posuit tabernaculum suum."

In the first place he declares we have "no lineal descendant in the poetical order" of Shelley—and this is owing to the general defect of modern poetry—the predominance of art over inspiration, of form over soul. Our poetry is not sufficiently free and spontaneous; its movement is hampered by useless ornament, which makes it artificial.

"There is a certain band of words," he writes, "the Prætorian cohorts of poetry, whose prescriptive aid is invoked by every aspirant to the poetical purple, and without whose prescriptive aid none dares aspire to the poetical purple: against these it is time some banner should be raised." Thompson himself does so with a vengeance in his own poetry. He has been called a word-coiner, obscure, involved, ungrammatical, hyperbolical, and long-winded, so that one critic suggested that Mr. Thompson would call a spade—"a broad obtuse Chalybian delving blade."

Yet if he is obscure and involved, as indeed at times he is, it is due to the fact, which he recognizes himself, that his power of vision is greatly in excess of his power of expression; that our "untempered speech," descended "grimy and rough-cast still from Babel's bricklayers," is impotent to catch his finest thought. He is possessed

With sight to pass the frontier of all spheres
And voice which does my sight such wrong.

O dismay!
I, a wingless mortal, sporting
With the tresses of the sun?
I, that dare my hand to lay
On the thunder in its snorting?
Ere begun,

Falls my singed song down the sky, even the old Icarian way"
("The Mistress of Vision").

But better perhaps that his music should be wild and true, than too scrupulously exact, labored, and perhaps false. Shelley is his ideal poet for this very spontaneity, and Shelley was spontaneous because he was ever a child. "Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the

elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy-god-mother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell, and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death."

And such an enchanted child was Shelley to the end of his days, keeping his dream unbroken. For poor Thompson, as we have seen, the dream was all too rudely shattered and spoilt; and he was doubtless conscious of his own past, when he contrasted Shelley with Clarence Mangan—"outcast from home, health, and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future, an anchorite without detachment and self-cloistered without self-sufficingness, deposed from a world which he had not abdicated, pierced with thorns which formed no crown, a poet hopeless of the bays, and a martyr hopeless of the palm, an exile banned and proscribed even from the innocent arms of childhood."

Life was very real for Francis Thompson, and he knew in all its bitterness what it is to be a man, and what it is to lose one's childhood—the childlikeness of a Shelley; and so he loved children, his days were brightened by their company, and his poetry is a sweet tribute of love and regard. He sings of "the heart of childhood so divine for me," bids his young god-child, when they both be dead—"Look for me in the nurseries of heaven," and dedicates his whole volume of *Sister Songs* to the praises of the young children who were his associates in the after-days of his deliverance.

Again, it is not difficult to read Thompson into his own description of Shelley in the following passage, which is perhaps one of the most beautiful in the essay: "He is still at play, save that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst

the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kenneled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song."

Thompson did the same, but with this difference, that he was a Christian, and whereas Shelley's play led him to an unsatisfying pantheism, Thompson's drew him to the feet of Divine Love.

I . . .
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
 On the wilful face of skies;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spumed of the wild sea-snortings;
 All that's born or dies
 Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day's dead sanctities.
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and *I* saddened with all' weather,
 Heaven and *I* wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat;
 ("The Hound of Heaven").

But his ultimate satisfaction and joy was not in Nature, as was the case with Shelley, but through Nature he came to God.

Ay, if men say that on all high heaven's face
 The saintly signs *I* trace
 Which round my stolèd altars hold their solemn place,
 Amen, amen! For oh, how could it be—

When I with wingèd feet had run
 Through all the windy earth about,
 Quested its secret of the sun,
 And heard what thing the stars together shout—
 I should not heed thereout
 Consenting counsel won :—

“ By this, O Singer, know we if thou see.

When men shall say to thee : Lo ! Christ is here,
 When men shall say to thee : Lo ! Christ is there,
 Believe them : yea, and this—then art thou seer,
 When all thy crying clear

Is but : Lo here ! lo there !—ah me, lo everywhere ! ”

(“ Orient Ode ”).

Speaking of the poetry of Shelley, Thompson once more lets escape a secret of his own verse : “ It would have been,” he says, “ as conscious an effort for him to speak without figure, as it is for most men to speak with figure. Suspended in the dripping well of his imagination, the commonest object becomes encrusted with imagery.” That Shelleian gift Thompson inherited in its fullness ; his poetry is piled to overtoppling with the grandest and richest imagery—now immense as in “ The Hound of Heaven ”—now profuse and beautiful as in the love odes in *Sister Songs*, and always moving to bewildering wonder. I will give but one short example which is descriptive of the cold spring of 1891, and in which the earth is likened to a ship :

This labouring, vast, Tellurian galleon,
 Riding at anchor off the orient sun,
 Had broken its cable, and stood out to space
 Down some froze Arctic of the aërial ways :
 And now, back warping from the inclement main,
 Its vaporous shroudage drenched with icy rain,
 It swung into its azure roads again

(“ To my Godchild ”).

And if we would seek for an explanation of this power, which makes his verse a Prospero's island :

Full of strange noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

VOL. XCII.—16

Will make me sleep again ; and then in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open, and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me ; that when I wak'd,
 I cried to dream again ("The Tempest") ;

—if we would seek the explanation of the magical power, we have but to remember that it was the power of Shelley. "He had an instinctive perception (immense in range and fertility, astonishing for its delicate intuition) of the undeifying analogies, the secret, subterranean passages between matter and soul ; the chromatic scales, whereat we dimly guess, by which the Almighty modulates through all the keys of creation." "To Shelley's (and to Thompson's) ethereal vision the most rarified mental or spiritual music traced its beautiful corresponding forms on the sand of outward things. . . . His thoughts became a mounted infantry passing with baffling swiftness from horse to foot, or foot to horse." (See examples of this in *Sister Songs*). The best example of this, Thompson thinks, is to be found in "Prometheus Unbound." "This amazing lyric world . . . where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air ; . . . poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste."

After all, Thompson might have been but describing his own "Ode to the Setting Sun," which has been pronounced one of the lyrical masterpieces of the century. Therein, too, poetry is spilt like wine with daring exquisiteness, and music runs to drunken waste. He thus addresses the westering sun:

And now, O shaken from thine antique throne,
 And sunken from thy cœrule empery,
 Now that the red glare of thy fall is blown
 In smoke and flame about the windy sky,
 Where are the wailing voices that should meet
 From hill, stream, grove, and all of mortal shape
 Who tread thy gifts, in vineyards as stray feet
 Pulp the globed weight of juiced Iberia's grape ?
 Where is the threne o' the sea ?
 And why not dirges thee
 The wind, that sings to himself as he makes stride
 Lonely and terrible on the Andéan height ?
 Where is the Naiad 'mid her sworded sedge ?
 The Nymph wan-glimmering by her wan fount's verge ?

The Dryad at timid gaze by the wood-side?
 The Oread jutting light
 On one up-strained sole from the rock-ledge?
 The Nereid tip-toe on the scud o' the surge,
 With whistling tresses dank athwart her face,
 And all her figure poised in lithe Circean grace?
 Why withers their lament?
 Their tresses tear-besprent,
 Have they sighed hence with trailing garment-hem?
 O sweet, O sad, O fair,
 I catch your flying hair,
 Draw your eyes down to me, and dream on them!

In contrast to the deep, rich, organ tones of both poets is the fairy music of their lighter lyrical pieces, and if the "Lover of Shelley leans most lovingly" on "The Skylark," "The Cloud," or "The Sensitive Plant," it might also be true to say that Thompson will be remembered by many for his "Corymbus for Autumn," "Daisy," "Ultima," and that charming little poem, entitled "The Poppy," the first three stanzas of which are very prettily conceived:

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,
 And left the flushed print in a poppy there:
 Like a yawn of fire from the grass, it came,
 And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.

With burnt mouth red like a lion's it drank
 The blood of the sun as he slaughtered sank,
 And dipped its cup in the purpurate shine
 When the eastern conduits ran with wine;

Till it grew lethargied with fierce bliss,
 And hot as a swinked gipsy is,
 And drowsed in sleepy savageries,
 With mouth wide a-pout for a sultry kiss.

Like Shelley, he "could at need sacrifice smoothness to fitness," "he would forego the more obvious music of melody, if he would better secure the higher music of harmony." The first verse of "The Hound of Heaven," which is the story of a soul trying to escape the love of God, aptly illustrates this:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
 Up vistaed hopes I sped;
 And shot, precipitated
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
 But with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbèd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 They beat—and a Voice beat
 More instant than the Feet—
 “All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

To conclude our little whisper of praise, we would draw attention to the closing paragraph in this essay on “Shelley,” in which Thompson seems to recall his own early sorrow. Why is it, he asks “that the poets who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth—the Shelleys, the Coleridges, the Keats—are the very poets whose lives are amongst the saddest records in literature? Is it that . . . the harvest waves richest over the battlefields of the soul?” It is indeed so, and he has confessed as much in “The Hound of Heaven”:

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
 Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
 Be dunged with rotten death?

and the Persian Poet has told us:

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The rose, as where some buried Cæsar bled (xviii.).

Is it “that the heart, like the earth, smells sweetest after rain; that the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain charm-poisoned at their base? Such a poet, it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal wonder.” This, too, is so, and Mrs. Browning has told us of those who “sigh the glass dim with their own breath's sigh.” “The god of

golden song is the god too of the golden sun; so peradventure songlight is like sunlight and darkens the countenance of the soul. Perhaps the rays are to the stars what thorns are to the flowers; and so the poet, after wandering over heaven, returns with bleeding feet."

Therefore must my song-bower lone be
That my tone be
Fresh with dewy pain alway.

And so we leave Thompson, sorrowful in the gladness which his poetry inspires, for there is a strain of sadness in all that is beautiful. His was a noble heart and a noble soul; and he lived up to the gospel he preached, leaving to posterity in his life and work an example and a message. It has been said that youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret; Thompson's youth was a happy blunder; his manhood a crowned struggle—nor lived he for the possible regrets of old age, but anticipated them by realizing that God must clear the wood ere He can limn with it. ("The Hound of Heaven").

His voice will ever be heeded; his song will echo down the ages, even if it be the song of a dreaming, "sun-hazed sleeper." Is it not good to dream sometimes?

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread;
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap; but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper!
("The Poppy").

New Books.

Comparison between the *Dublin THE POETRY OF IRELAND. Book of Irish Verse*, recently published (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd. New York: Oxford University Press, 1909: Price \$2.50), and the already famous *Oxford Book of English Verse*, is inevitable, and would even seem invited. Yet manifestly any such comparison is unfair and misleading. For obvious reasons, alike linguistic and political, existing Irish verse cannot possibly stand in the same class with the regnant heritage of English poetic literature. Irish poetry, *in the English language*, did not have a beginning until the middle of the eighteenth century! That it should have grown, in one hundred and fifty years, into a recognized literary influence, into a fine art of distinctly national inspiration, is glory enough for the country which gave it birth.

Two strains, from the very first, are notable in Irish poetry. There is the laughing, tuneful, tender, naïve strain, voiced by Sheridan, by Moore, by "Father Prout," and many a joyous ballad. And then there is the tragic strain, mystic at once and magic, which has clung about lone hilltops in centuries of otherworld brooding; the strain which wails through all the elegiacs, which James Clarence Mangan caught in poignant echo, and which has largely dominated the Celtic revival of the last two decades. And all this, of course, is just the light and the shadow, the contrast, the versatility of the Celtic temperament.

Perhaps nowhere else is the Irish attitude more conspicuous than throughout its national poetry. It is not like any other national poetry in the world; and yet many other nations have as loyally loved their *patria*. But Ireland is not praised as fatherland—not even as motherland; she is the *love* land of her children, the Queen, the Virgin Lady, the Little Dark Rose, the "emerald set in the ring of the sea." With a passion intense, chivalric, and mystic, too, her sons tender their fealty. Irish of the Irish, and no isolated note, is the vibrating beauty of Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen":

"Over dews, over sands.

Will I fly for your weal—

Your holy, delicate white hands

Shall girdle me with steel.

At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen?"

O ye that pass by, behold and see if there be any love like to this love which the all-suffering Isle of Destiny has drawn from the hearts of her wandering children! Even the devotional poetry and the love poetry of the land are colored by this national hue; for have not faith and love wept together, rejoiced together, through all the long struggle of Ireland?

Just here it may be remarked that no serious exception can be taken to any of the poems included in the Dublin Book—but there are several open questions in its omissions. Versions of the old epic and heroic poetry of Gaeldom are given us in selections from Samuel Ferguson and Aubrey de Vere; yet many of the latter's most beautiful verses are excluded. The same may be repeated of Lionel Johnson's lyrics. It is a delicate and difficult question: but is an Irish poet *Irish* only when writing upon Celtic themes? May not the national note be accentuated at the expense of the universal?

With this single criticism, all praise should go to the Dublin editor. To every reader he must bring recognition of that Irish Renaissance which is still in process of becoming. This was one of the artistic phenomena of the century just passed. Out of it, and together with it, grew the Irish Literary Society, the Irish National Theatre, the Gaelic agitation of Dr. Hyde and Stephen Gwynn, and a whole school of poets.

At the very forefront of these one inclines to place William Butler Yeats, whose dreamy yet passionate genius has woven us a poetic fabric of memorable beauty. Much of this is cast in dramatic form, and consequently is excluded from the present anthology; but one hopes that a later edition may present some more generous selection from his delicate and distinguished lyrics—particularly "When You are Old and Gray and Full of Sleep," a poem dear to all readers of Mr. Yeats. George W. Russell ("A. E."), on the other hand, is admirably repre-

sented. "A. E." is a transcendentalist with much of the noble sweep and the philosophic vagueness of our own Emerson. He sings of the "dark divinity of Earth," of sunsets "thrice a thousand years ago" in glittering Babylon; but, withal, his "Reconciliation" is a poem of real dignity, and in the "Hermit" croons a magic never known to the New Englander. Several tender and bewitching lyrics from Katharine Tynan Hinkson are included; a love poem of rare charm by Thomas Boyd; some elemental stanzas by Padraic Colum, a young poet with the seeing eye; and selections, of course, from Lady Gilbert, Seumas MacManus, and George Sigerson. Through all of these poets breathes the mystery and the magic and the poignancy of Celtic inspiration; the strange pathos of earth, the heart's unrest, the love and pursuit of unattainable ideals. Scarcely ever have they found more beautiful expression than in the verses of Nora Hopper (Chesson)—in the yearning loneliness of her "Dark Man," in the exquisite fairy lore of her "Dirge for Aoine."

So, in a place apart, stands the poetry of Ireland; and it is well that the busy world's ships should pause and listen to its song. Yet, when all is said, the crowning poetic gift of the Celt is forever incalculable. Into all English-speaking literature it has carried the beacon light "that never was on land or sea"; the great Arthurian motif is one of its most memorable gifts! Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who lived and died before the present literary revival, caught this half-unconscious cry of his race:

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."

THE DURABLE SATIS-
FACTIONS OF LIFE.

Under the fervently deductive scrutiny of the Catholic philosophy of twenty centuries, the words *durability*, *satisfaction*, and *life*, as applied to man's existence, lose much of their claim to perma-

nency, content, and spiritual vitality in Charles W. Eliot's very modern book, *The Durable Satisfaction of Life* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. Price \$1). The five essays, comprising the volume, seek to answer the question with which the author begins his work: "For educated men, what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life?"

With all good will to give to the book its due, one might argue that the writer is lucid throughout, but if lucidity, as applied to this work, means the illuminating development of an argument on life and its durable satisfactions, one looks in vain for the stability of Dr. Eliot's premise and the durability of his conclusions as applied to life in its relation to Eternal Truth.

There is a note, clearly sustained throughout, that is discordant and incompatible with satisfaction in its durable form, and Dr. Eliot's ideals seem bounded by the modern moral code of conscious human respect. There are numerous sentences in the work which, if removed from their setting, might sound wise or well to the collector of epigrams, but should the critic seek thus to strain the quality of justice, he would seem unfair to both reader and author, since it is the latter's object to prophesy to the world the religion of the future, and as he considers this religion a "consummation devoutly (?) to be wished," he takes occasion to demonstrate its dangerously ephemeral and modernistic principles before the American students to whom it has been his responsible privilege to lecture at various times.

The terrified negro urchin who exclaimed to the dressed-up skeleton: "I knows you, if you *is* got yer clothes on!" possessed a discrimination worthy of emulation. Could the student of to-day detect the wily skeleton clad in the filmy garments of compromising sophistry, he might arm himself against each new appearance and be able to say in alarm to the sickly semblance: "Lo, here it comes again!"

It is an attitude most astounding and often unconsciously assumed by the blind followers of negation, optimistically to presuppose durable satisfaction for the individual while denying the religious tenets that have vitalized the history of Christendom. Little do men of the new schools realize that they are ingrates in their failure to admit their large indebtedness to the past. But for that religion, which according to them

is not good enough for the future, Dr. Eliot and his kind would not be enjoying the privileges and advantages of the present.

In her nature of possessing all things, the Church, that vast repository of durability and good, still insists on authority and, as if in fractious answer to this insistence, Dr. Eliot says: "The religion of the future will not be based on authority either spiritual or temporal. The decline of the reliance upon absolute authority is one of the most significant phenomena of the modern world. . . . As a rule, the Christian churches, Roman, Greek, and Protestant, have heretofore relied mainly upon the principle of authority, the Reformation having substituted for an authoritative church an authoritative book; but it is evident that the authority both of the authoritative churches and of the Bible as a verbally inspired guide is already greatly impaired, and that the tendency toward liberty is progressive and among educated men irresistible."

As if in answer to the promise of a religion so full of menace, a writer in the *Outlook* says:

America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit; not from excessive organization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. And within the reach of its influence are those who most need to be taught. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more. Wherever it goes it teaches submission to control, and that is the first step toward that habit of self-control in the individual, which is an indispensable condition of self-government in the community. . . . The *Outlook* congratulates America upon the evidences of spiritual prosperity in the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and it gratefully appreciates the services which that Church is rendering to the community by inculcating the spirit of reverence for law and lawful authority which is the foundation of civil and religious liberty.

Surely Dr. Eliot must see that there are "educated men" many leagues removed from his mental attitude, and across the

water there is one in London to-day who says, in his work on Bernard Shaw: "All works must become thus old and insipid which have consented to smell of time rather than of eternity. Only those who have stooped to be in advance of their time will ever find themselves behind it."

SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS. about which, three hundred and fifty years ago, courtiers and
By Camus. clergymen and other gentlemen

used to loiter to exchange greetings. Among them was often seen the attractive figure of a certain self-exiled Florentine, whose quaint and witty sayings drew men to his devoted friendship; but he spoke most commonly of such topics as the beauty of virtue, heaven, and Jesus Christ. One of the corner houses is still standing, and a bronze plate has been let into the wall, bearing this inscription: "Here Philip Neri chatted about God."

We now have a good English version of another saint's—Francis de Sales'—chats about God and divine things, *The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales*, by his friend, Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley. (Translated by J. S. With a Preface by his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers. Price \$1.80 net).

These are the spontaneous utterances of a saint remarkable for ready and perfect expression of thought. He was a born persuader of men, and his sanctification by the Holy Ghost elevated this native gift into a regenerative force seldom equalled. No one could be long in his company without being sanctified. It is fortunate for the generations which have followed him that Jean Pierre Camus, an intimate friend as well as a devoted disciple, happened also to be a facile and graphic writer. He constantly sought opportunities to put on paper the conversational wisdom of the saint. These precious sweepings of the goldsmith's shop he called the *Spirit of St. Francis de Sales*, and he has given us a peculiarly charming and wonderfully edifying volume of colloquial spirituality.

Our readers doubtless know that, in the earlier part of the fifth century, the sayings of the Fathers of the Desert were arranged and published by John Cassian.

His work was done after he had lived several years among

them, passing up and down through their lauras and monasteries. His book was for ages, perhaps even till St. Bernard's era, the foremost standard authority of Christian asceticism. To this day, under the name of *Cassian's Conferences*, it is an indispensable volume in every religious person's library. We do not rank Camus equal in any wise with Cassian. But St. Francis de Sales is in many respects the equal of the great hermits and cenobites of Egypt and Palestine; and even with Camus' defective record, his sayings are wonderful incentives to a life of entire perfection. Add to this substantial merit the fact that St. Francis lived in the open, was a vigilant, fearless chief pastor of souls, his whole life long the director of saintly men and women, some of whom holy Church has placed on her altars. His vocation was the most public and active known to religion. These qualifications of his career give his teaching, especially his more artless and conversational teaching, a value peculiarly practical. As one reads these little paragraphs of instinctive wisdom, grouped under headings which catalogue pretty much all the virtues and vices of every state of life, many a time he hears a self-whisper: I wish I had this saying by heart.

We did have an American translation of the *Esprit*, but it was so much abbreviated as to be almost fragmentary, and was hurt by the translator's defective knowledge of the English idioms, as well as by the intrusion of his personal eccentricities into his rendering of the original. Though it is now quite forgotten, it served a good purpose in its day. This translation is in every way excellent, having been made under the supervision of English Visitandines, and with the patronage of the Archbishop of Westminster. We ought to add that, although the book is good for all classes, it is of particular use for the clergy.

CATHOLIC RELIGION.

By Father Martin.

The claim put forth by the Cleveland Apostolate Publishing Company for Father Martin's book, *Catholic Religion* (Price \$1), is a

large one. "Did you ever wish," they ask, "for a book you could give to a man and say: 'This will tell you all about the Catholic Church'? Here it is."

The volume is certainly remarkable for the amount of mat-

ter compressed within its red covers without presenting an alarming bulk. Naturally, the great originality of such a work can only lie in its plan of presentation. This is admirable. The author has fully recognized that though the eye and the attention of the incipient convert are caught, now by one thing, now by another in the teaching or practice of the Church, he yet needs to know at once that the overwhelming difference between the true Mother of Souls and her myriad imitators lies in the absolute coherence and solidarity of her doctrine. Full comprehension of this truth can only be the outcome of years of study in history, philosophy, and theology. But a clear outline of the fact can and should be given to the "plain man." He has it here in *Catholic Religion*—a book which clearly grew out of the actual notes and instructions of the practical working missionary.

Father Martin begins at the beginning. The first part of this book, "Foundations of Religion," touches "upon the religious ideals and needs of humanity—often vestiges of great truths that suggest a lost inheritance of knowledge—perceived by poets and philosophers and expressed by them darkly, without the sureness and fullness of revealed truth."

The second part deals with "The Christian Church." Its most striking chapter is the sixth, "The Church and the Bible." Few expository writers have understood so well as Father Martin the mountains of difficulty piled up before the non-Catholic inquirer through his habitual misuse of such simple words as "faith," "tradition," "grace," "salvation," etc., and few have answered them so admirably in a treatise intended for popular use.

Father Martin, throughout his book, summons to his support all manner of unorthodox writers, ranging from Carlyle and Emerson, Huxley and Spencer, to Dr. Osler and Mark Twain.

With regard to the third part, "The Christian Life," we imagine the illustrations will be sometimes as effective as the letter press. Those representing the administration of the Sacraments, St. Ignatius Loyola in Mass vestments, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and monks and sisters at their ordinary occupations, will be of special interest and very real use to the neophyte, for whose sake we are also glad to see the exact construction of a confessional carefully diagrammed.

We hope that in a second edition the publishers will not allow the illustrations to be backed by type.

The fourth part, "The Church in History," is a marvel of true historical sense governed by the instinct for compression. The most noticeable chapters are those on "The Culture of the Middle Ages," under Ruskin's sub-division of the Book of Words, the Book of Deeds, and the Book of Arts, and on the Reformation. We recommend the book in a particular way to all Catholic students forced to study history in public high schools. We heartily congratulate Father Martin on his work. He has given us a valuable book of Catholic defense and exposition.

There is already a paper covered edition at thirty-five cents, and we understand that it is hoped eventually to produce a ten cent copy. May it come soon!

This is the fourth edition of a **CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS**. popular student's manual of apologetics. (*Apologétique Chrétienne*, par Anatole Moulard et Francis Vincent. Paris: Bloud et Cie.) It is written by two young professors of Combrée, in the diocese of Angers, France. It follows the usual lines of a theological text-book arrangement of the treatises on God, Man, Religion, the Church, and the Papacy. A few chapters are added on the Charge of Intolerance, the Relations of Church and State, the Church and Rationalism.

As might be expected, there is nothing strikingly original in the method of treatment, and nothing peculiarly attractive from the viewpoint of style in these brief dogmatic sketches. Still the statement of Catholic doctrine is most accurate and orthodox, and the authors are usually most careful in excluding all personal viewpoints on debated questions.

It is a manual well-calculated to instruct the average French schoolboy in some important Catholic doctrines, although the reason of some omissions is rather hard to understand. Perhaps the writers have a second volume in mind, which will complete the *lacunæ* of the first. We must concede that it is rather an impossible task to meet all the objections of modern Rationalism and Protestantism within the narrow compass of a five-hundred-page text-book. We are certain frequently to meet with refutations that remind us of the *ab-*

surdum est of the old philosophy manuals, wherewith the callow philosopher quickly dismissed the arguments of a Spencer or a Kant.

The bibliography, arranged according to chapters, is fairly complete and modern, but the book needs a careful index of subjects and authors.

We were not aware that the Church to-day still claimed the right of deposing princes (p. 462), but thought that in the Middle Ages this power was conceded the Popes by the common consent and public law of Christendom. On an open question like the extent and scope of the coercive power of the Church, we would ask our authors to consult again a book they often quote, Vacandard's *Inquisition*, and then explain more fully the text of the *Quarta Cura* (p. 395).

After an accurate statement of the Catholic doctrine on the relations of Church and State, our authors make the astounding assertion: "The separation of Church and State does not exist *de facto* in the United States" (p. 461). We suppose that a French Catholic of to-day is so used to the absolute tyranny of an anti-clerical government under a pseudo-separation régime, that he must needs fail to grasp the status of the Church in our own free land.

FLAMSTED QUARRIES. After reading *Flamsted Quarries*,
by Mary E. Waller (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50),
By Waller.

it seems as if the one true note in the entire book is sounded by the prophetic dedication—To Those Who Toil—which, supported by a menacing hand in bas-relief on the outer cover, gives fair warning to unwary triflers who are not prepared to plod through its five-hundred odd pages. The story is placed in Flamsted, a small Maine village abounding in conservatism and local color. We see the hamlet changed into an industrial centre through the selling of land to a New York syndicate for stone quarries; foreign workmen invade it, riding rough shod over local prejudice, united in nothing save the fellowship of labor, the mutual desire to wrest a livelihood from the gray granite of Maine.

The first importation from the world without Flamsted is Father Honoré, a voluntary exile from his native France. In the portrayal of this character Miss Waller nearly achieves a

living, consistent study; but the clergy in fiction are doomed to speak in threadbare platitudes and to do deeds of inhuman heroism; so in the end, after a struggle covering a few chapters, he succumbs to type. The plot circles about a youth, of worldly ambitions tending towards Wall Street, who loves an orphan girl, but because of his aspiration to marry an heiress is prevented from speaking "that word of four letters which a woman writes large with legitimate, loving pride in the face of the world," for which she waits, we are told, "in joyful anticipation to make her future fair and blest." At length, after much ingenious self-revelation, the girl discovers "that this which she was experiencing with Champney Googe—the man she loved with all her heart—was not love."

So at the close of a hectic interview she bids him leave her, and he complies. After his dismissal the youth abandons himself to high finance, not big game shooting in the Rockies, the one point of difference between him and his prototype. This departure from precedent proves unfortunate, for he becomes a fugitive from justice through appropriating the funds of Flamsted quarries. He expiates his lapse by seven years in a State prison, whence he emerges determined to gain peace of mind in honest labor, despising the methods of money-making which do not include the sweat of the brow. As his term included stone-breaking he is in excellent condition to return to the quarries he once managed. There he finds the orphan girl, and to nobody's surprise, he articulates the four-lettered word which had proved his Waterloo before.

The plot is over-weighted by discursive descriptions and by minor characters who indulge in homely philosophy both in and out of season, regardless of the inaction thus produced. Mr. C. G. Nelson, the illustrator, evidently paid but little attention to the author's text.

The Man and the Dragon, by
THE MAN AND THE DRAGON. Alexander Otis (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50), is a notable novel, distinctly American and quite up-to-date. It tells of John Price, self-made, manly, and energetic, whose position as editor of a city newspaper enables him to combat a powerful political boss on the one hand, and the magnates of a street railway monopoly on the other. The story of his

desperate struggle for clean politics, and of his final success through defeat, is well told. The said political boss, "Thomas Evans, hatter and furrier, devoted husband, fond father, unscrupulous politician, found places and homes for the widow's orphaned children, who visited the sick in his district, who forced through costly public improvements that starving workmen might have bread, who found sinecures for young men that they might earn their way through college, who crushed political opposition with an iron hand, and nominated to office the representatives of the people, from coroner and inspector of elections to mayor and congressman."

It would surely be interesting to know whether Mr. Thomas Evans, with his genial philanthropy and his conscienceless political rule, has any original in real life or in Rochester. Mr. Otis, himself a lawyer and politician in that city, knows the importance and the many aspects of the civic problems in his story, and handles them ably. The book makes enjoyable reading.

The Dweller on the Borderland,
THE DWELLER ON THE by the Marquise Clara Lanza
BORDERLAND. (Philadelphia: John Joseph Mc-
Vey. Price \$1.50), is a psycho-

logical novel, concerning the conversion to Catholicity of the hero, Lionel Farnsworth. The story begins with Lionel himself, his wife Maggie, and the baby, whose name does not matter, all located in a Morningside flat. They had recently come to New York, where Lionel secured a position as tutor to a boy preparing for college. Next, carefully concealing the fact that he was married, he proceeded to fall in love with Hilda Burton, the aunt of his pupil. Through her influence he became interested in the doctrines and practices of the Church. Matters came to a climax in their mutual acknowledgement of love and in his confession of his marriage. Then in rapid order followed Maggie's death, his own conversion to Catholicity, and, last and most startling, the announcement, heartbreaking to Hilda, of his intention to enter the Jesuit order.

Candidly, we do not personally enjoy the story. It has become common in certain literary fields to take the sinful in human nature and cover it with the decent-sounding cloak of

psychological study. We have been haunted by the idea that in the present instance the author added to the psychological cloak a few Catholic trimmings, and really made the garment more unseemly and grotesque than ever. Throughout the book is an evident over-straining after the manner of Bourget and Henry James. About one-third of the volume is occupied with the description, in polysyllables, of the contortions and frequent somersaults of Lionel's inner consciousness, and might profitably have been left out. The intelligent reader will take care to skip it. Some one has said that "fire is the most searching of all analysis, and fire reduces its object to ashes"; overanalysis has certainly burnt out the character of Lionel, making him appear weak and selfish. His conversion, altogether an affair of the emotions, recalls, by contrast, that exquisite story of the intellectual and spiritual conversion of Ormsby in Canon Sheehan's *My New Curate*.

In Mr. Oppenheim's latest novel, **THE LOST AMBASSADOR.** *The Lost Ambassador* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50), a fair heroine, with more beauty than brains, finds herself, like a lone Babe in the Woods (of London this time), deserted by a villainous uncle. The hero, a sort of "Johnny-on-the-spot," hastens to her rescue. He discovers and baffles the uncle, gets himself tangled in mysterious plots and counterplots, that include the false sale of two newly-completed battleships belonging to the Brazilian government. The story is after the approved "six-best-sellers" model. Mr. Oppenheim is called "the Prince of Story-tellers"; then, whoever he may be, long live the king!

CHRISTMAS TALES. "We don't need new toys," said an astute department store salesman to a lady who complained of the "same old line" of dolls, trumpets, and tin kitchens every year. "Old toys are good enough, as long as there are new children every year."

The same thing holds good in Christmas juveniles. The old snow-effect, the old, old bells, the Oldest Story told anew, will never be trite to such fresh-hearted readers as those for whom Miss Cathryn Wallace writes her Christmas stories,

One Christmas Eve at Roxbury Crossing; and Other Christmas Tales (New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. Price 75 cents). A really novel Christmas story might be an artistic success, but would surely be a publishing failure. The child public would none of it. Little Roxburgians will be especially delighted by the realism of the title story, wherein Father Frawley, C.S.S.R., puts his head out of the window of the Redemptorist House to hear the mounted police clatter by; and the Indian who brings home the lost child on Christmas Eve of "Long Ago" is an old friend who will be dear to a new generation.

We must, however, protest, in the name of the many children whose success in life depends on their ability to write the English language correctly, against the startling typographical novelties displayed in the punctuation of this little book.

GREAT is the book concerning which the only questions are plainness of print, portability in size, durability of binding, and fair seeming adornment of cover and page. Such a book is the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Brother Leo, of the Christian Brothers, Professor of English Literature in St. Mary's College, Oakland, California (New York: The Macmillan Company. Price 25 cents).

Here it is in perfectly plain print, of pocket size, strongly put together, and retailed at a quarter of a dollar. Brother Leo's notes are few and pertinent, as become both the book and the editor, and his Introduction gives an excellent summary of the claim of À Kempis to the honor of authorship.

The *Imitation* is the one book that is worthy, if such a high dignity can be earned at all, to be a companion volume to the New Testament. No book is so true an interpretation of the Gospel of Christ, or rather so stimulating a distillation of its spirit. Yet, curiously enough, literal quotations from the inspired book are not very frequent: À Kempis voices rather than quotes the teaching of Christ.

As to the text, Brother Leo's version doubtless is a good and true one. Veteran Imitationists, however, cannot be weaned from their ancient Challoner, acknowledging, as they may, that new minds enjoy new flavors of translation, espe-

cially by so religious an interpreter and one that knows all about the book and its author.

We wish this edition of the *Imitation* many reprints; and take the liberty of suggesting the convenience of having Book and Chapter printed as page headings.

Keith of the Border, by Randall Parrish (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.35 net), is a story of the Western frontier forty years ago. It is melodrama of the heiress-finding, villain-thwarting type, with plenty of shooting in every chapter. The Western atmosphere is well presented.

This volume, *L'Opposition Religieuse au Concordat*, by C. Latreille (Paris: Hachette et Cie.), treats of the opposition which the Concordat engendered among many of the French bishops. It is by the author of *Joseph de Maistre et la Papauté*, which has been crowned by the French Academy. The present volume deals with a question of French Church history on which there is but little known, and unveils the threatened danger of a schism which would have wounded most severely the Church in France.

Students of church history and of the Fathers should welcome the handy, authoritative, and reasonably-priced edition of texts and documents being published under the direction of MM. Hemmer and Paul le Jay. The latest addition, *Les Pères Apostoliques, III.: Ignace d'Antioche et Polycarpe de Smyrne, Epîtres; Martyre de Polycarpe*. Text Grec, Traduction Française (Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils), to the series contains all the extant letters of St. Ignatius, the epistle of St. Polycarp to the Philippians, and the Martyrdom of St. Polycarp. The former are especially valuable as insisting strongly upon the hierarchical constitution of the Church.

M. Auguste Lelong, of the University of Paris, has written an introduction to each author. After a short biography, he considers the text and authenticity, a still unsettled question in the case of St. Ignatius. Then follows the Greek text with French translation on opposite pages. The volume is concluded with a thorough index of topics and scriptural quotations.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (10 Sept.): A complete translation of the Papal Letter censuring "Le Sillon."—The celebration in honor of the third centenary of the canonization of St. Charles Borromeo began in Milan on September 1.

(17 Sept.): Over £40,000,000 per year are expended in relieving Great Britain's poor. "In London there are at any moment from 120,000 to 130,000 paupers, and the number of those who live by charity is quite as large."

—"The Holy Father has issued, under date September 1, a *Motu Proprio* which may be described as a corollary to the Pontifical documents already in existence regarding Modernism."—On the occasion of his recent visit to Canada the Archbishop of Westminster crossed the Continent, preaching and visiting schools and hospitals on the way.

(24 Sept.): "The Eucharistic Congress at Montreal." A summary of the proceedings of that great event.—A dispute has arisen in the cotton trade which may terminate in a strike or a lock-out directly affecting 150,000 employees.—"The Millenary of Cluny" was celebrated recently in the Church of Notre Dame de Cluny under the presidency of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims.

(1 Oct.): More about the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal. The great Eucharistic Meetings, the Procession, and the triumphal closing scenes.—"The Archbishop of Westminster and the Language Question in Canada." The frank words of his Grace, appealing for English-speaking priests for Western Canada, before the Eucharistic Congress have evoked some criticism to which he replies in an interview printed in one of the Canadian newspapers.—The Hebrew Mayor of Rome signaled "the fortieth anniversary of the Breach" by a speech at Porta Pia, which at once heaps "abuse and outrage on the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, on the Vicar of Christ on earth, and on the Church itself." In a letter to his Vicar-General, the Sovereign Pontiff made a solemn protest against the attack of Mayor Nathan.

Expository Times (Oct.): The Rev. R. H. Strachan, M.A., writes on "The Newly Discovered Odes of Solomon, and Their Relation to the Fourth Gospel."—In "A Note on Ezechiel xxxii., 17-32," the Rev. F. H. Woods, B.D., says that this passage of Ezechiel is a corruption, and so by the help of the "LXX." he endeavors to restore it as far as possible to the original text.

The Crucible (28 Sept.): The Editor gives some notes and comments upon the recent "International Conference of Catholic Women's Leagues," which took place at Brussels, August 26 and 27. Her words are highly commendatory of its success and of the energy displayed by the general feminist movement.—"Blind Alley Education" criticises the schooling that leads to nothing. "A smaller proportion of *practically* qualified students leave our [Catholic] schools than . . . other schools in the country." The preparatory system of education is the particular subject of the discussion.—"The Higher Education of Women in Pre-Reformation Days." Article by Rev. T. Kendal, O.S.B. The writer tells us that "in this essay an attempt is made to give some notion of the educational ideals of women in pre-Reformation times, to show that these were as high as those which studious men set before themselves, and that women in many cases attained an influence, an importance, which their successors have seldom reached and never surpassed."—In the open question of "The Surveillance of Letters" another view of the discussion is published, in which the writer maintains that the reading of parents' and children's letters has many advantages.

The International Journal of Ethics (Oct.): B. Bosanquet, in "The Prediction of Human Conduct: A Study in Bergson," maintains that we can predict for others in as far as we are the same with them. "And, contrary to Bergson's agnosticism, we can be and are the same with others in a considerable degree."—"In Thinking About Oneself," by Helen Wodehouse, deals with three classes of people: the egoist, the self-satisfied person, and the moral man who is self-conscious.—"Two Modern Social Philosophies," by Ernest L. Talbert, treats of the origins and developments of Socialism and An-

archism. The author claims that the importance of Socialism is not limited to Europe. "It is an undercurrent flowing against our traditional American spirit, and is not to be measured by the number of voters."

Le Correspondant (25 Sept.) Michel Salomon writes appreciatively of William James. His claim to live, thinks the author, is his concrete analysis of consciousness.—"Athalie," by Mason-Forrestier, shows the local traces of Ferté-Milon in Racine's great work. Racine is defended from the charge of Jewish descent.—Guy de Cassagnac and Gustave Hue present ten unpublished letters of "The Last Years of Dumouriez." They excite a little pity for the man who died "hated in his own country, tolerated in a strange land."

(1 Oct.): Under the heading "Human Adaptation to the Geographic Conditions," Jean Bruhnes treats the mineral resources, vegetable production, climatic conditions, and commercial locations of the different European countries.—"St. Francis of Sales and His Family," by Henry Bordeaux, is a review of the book of the same title by Mgr. L. E. Piccard.—"Some Notes and Souvenirs on Albert Vandal," by C. N. Desjoyeaux, is a brief outline and review of the works of Vandal as an historian, his work as a lecturer on historical subjects, and powers as a conversationalist.

Études (5 Sept.): "The Age of Admission to First Holy Communion." The age of discretion, for Communion as well as for confession, is about seven years. A full knowledge of Christian doctrine is not necessary for Communion. Those in charge of children are obliged to see that the children go to confession and Communion.—"James Balmès," by Lucien Rouse, insists especially upon his characteristic of "good sense."

(20 Sept.): "A Visit to the Exposition of Brussels," by M. Parra.—"Italian Reviews," by Louis Chervoillot. The following subjects are considered. "The War on Catechism"; "Cavour and the Jews"; "Italian Emigration"; "St. Charles Borromeo and the Plague of Milan."

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Sept.): Charles Dunan, on "Kant and the Reform of Cartesianism," says that, far

from having buried the philosophy of Descartes, Kant was himself a pure Cartesian; and that both these "sister doctrines" now present but an historic interest, since the concept of mechanism upon which they depended has already had its day.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Sept.): Writing of "The Gospel of St. Luke," E. Mangenot opposes M. Loisy's criticisms on the findings of other scholars as learned and as independent as himself, especially Harnack. He tries to show that M. Loisy, instead of presenting results unanimously admitted by contemporary critics, has joined himself to one of the most radical of schools and has disdained the solid arguments a Harnack has renewed with great vigor in the traditional sense.—Léon Désers begins a new department entitled: "Pastoral Chronicle," with the intent to pass in review methods, books, discussions of congresses, etc., for the benefit of those interested, to renew their ardor and to revive in them the flame of the apostolate. The school is discussed in this number.—Apropos of a "Manual of Byzantine Art," F. Martin sketches briefly the history, origin, and influence of the Church of St. Sophia, Constantinople.—Eugene Evrard considers the theatrical sketches of Abbé Louis Bethléem, the success of "Chanticleer," by M. Rostand, and the value of the "Barricade," a drama of Paul Bourget.

(1 Oct.): J. Bricout contributes the Introduction to a general history of religion entitled "Is there a History of Religion?" The work is to consist of a series of articles by a number of learned Catholic writers on the religions of the various nations and peoples. Each successive number of the *Revue* is to contain one of the articles. In the Introduction M. Bricout considers at some length the history, the object, the method, and some of the systems of the history of religions and its relation to Catholics.—Ch. Calippe writes upon "The Question of Domesticity." Such topics as the wages and conditions of work of domestics, social duties towards servants, unions of domestics, laws and proposed laws in their favor, and works to be created and developed, are discussed. With regard to wages and conditions of

female domestics his words indicate that much is needed for the amelioration of the lot of this particular class. —G. Planque, writing on "The Religious Movement in English-Speaking Countries," gives an account of the Apostolic Mission House of Father W. Vaughan and of the Congress of Leeds, the first national Catholic Congress held in England; he considers also the royal Declaration. —"The Age for First Communion" is a letter from Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice, to Cardinal Coullié, Archbishop of Lyons, pleading for a continuance of the present custom of not allowing children their First Communion until they have been thoroughly instructed in the catechism.

Études Franciscaines: "Decree on the Age of Admission to First Communion." Sacred Congregation, Rome, August 8, 1910. Children should not be deprived of the blessings and graces of Holy Communion after the age of discretion, on the grounds of ignorance of the catechism or of the importance of the Sacrament. A full and complete knowledge of Christian Doctrine is not necessary for First Communion.

La Revue Apologétique (Sept.): M. Stellio, under the title "Catholicism and Literature," favorably criticises Carton de Wiart's latest novel *Les Vertus Bourgeoises*, dealing with the French and Brabantine Revolutions.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Sept.): H. Lesetre writes on "The Supernatural in the Bible." —"The Lay Morality Concerning the Problem of Death," by J. Revière, is an exposition of said problem according to the leading lay moral writers. —The opposition to the decree urging pastors and parents to see that children seven years of age receive Holy Communion. Both guardians and spiritual directors object that children of this age are not sufficiently advanced in matters of religion.

(1 Oct.): The important question of the education of the young is made the subject of Pierre Petit Julleville's article. The author concludes by saying that priests play an important part in this matter. —"The Public Exercise of Catholic Worship According to the French Civil Legislation," by F. Cimetier, is the beginning of a series of articles pertaining to the rights of the "Parish

clergy in their churches from the viewpoint of civil law." —In the article "The International Apologetical Congress at Vich," J. Lebreton gives an account of the proceedings.—"The Progress of Catholicism in the United States." The Protestants admire the progress of the Catholics. Statistics show an important increase.

Chronique Sociale de France (Aug.-Sept.): Under the caption "Social Catholicism and the Gospel," Jean Terrel considers the question whether a Catholic can be "social" without his faith and his social ideas interfering one with the other. He concludes that to be truly Christian one must also be "social."

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach: "The 'Fallacy of Consciousness,'" by Max Przibilla, S.J., is an extensive consideration of how self-interest warps conscience and judgment. "Know thyself" is the first task of one seeking virtue or truth.—Alfonso Bâth, S.J., sympathetically considers the Edinburgh Congress under the title, "Protestant Missionary Activity at the Present Day." Catholics, he suggests, can learn from Protestants methods of financing missions, and should strive more earnestly to recruit missionaries among the Teutonic races, since they dominate politically so much of the non-Christian world.—K. Kemp, S.J., thinks that "The Goal of Modern Philosophy" is thorough scepticism.

La Civiltà Cattolica (17 Sept.): This number contains the Letter of the Pope to the Hierarchy of France concerning the organization "Le Sillon."—"Le Sillon": Its Censure and Reform." The writer endeavors to show that the censure of the Sillon is entirely justified, and that its reform is necessary. In its official documents it advocates a "humanitarianism without consistency and without authority, which is opposed to every intention of its founders and inspirers."—"England's Rule in India in 1910." An examination into the present political state in India should be conducted with great caution and hesitation; even the most clear-sighted and practical statesmen in the United Kingdom are not of the same mind in judging of the tendencies and dispositions on the Indian Continent, nor are they agreed as to the programme of action for the future.—*Gwi-*

daismo e Cristianesimo (*Judaism and Christianity*), an apologetic work by E. Pincherle, a converted Jew, receives a lengthy review.

(1 Oct.): "Religious Instruction and Modern Naturalism." Naturalism, with its manifold evil effects, must be combatted by the clergy through the teaching of the catechism; this has become one of the gravest of their obligations at the present day.—*The Jesuits*, a work by H. Boehmer, Professor at Bonn, which has recently been translated into French, "is not a true history of the Company of Jesus." This work is made the subject of a lengthy article.—"New Measures Against Modernism." The *Motu Proprio, Sacrarum Antistitum* "is notable for its opportuneness and efficacy; it places the Modernists, who are ever expressing their sincerity and frankness, under the necessity of retracting their errors and submitting, or else of throwing off the mask and revealing themselves."—"Roman Affairs": The Congregation of the Holy Office has placed several works on the Index: *Revista Storico-Critica Delle Scienze Teologiche*, a monthly periodical published at Rome, and the latest works of A. Manaresi, E. Buonainti, and F. Mari, all published in Rome.

La Ciencia Tomista (Sept.-Oct.): "Balmès and St. Thomas," by Father Norberto del Prado, shows the high admiration Balmès had for "the great, the sublime, the incomparable St. Thomas Aquinas."

España y America (15 Sept.): First installment of the "Encyclical of His Holiness Pope Pius X. Concerning 'Le Sillon.'" While sympathizing with the intentions expressed by the founders, he thinks the society has drifted away from these original objects. To continue as a Catholic organization "Le Sillon" must submit to the direction of the diocesan bishops.—P. J. Pérez presents extensive statistics showing the productiveness and prosperity of agriculture in Argentina.

Recent Events.

France. The rulers of France have been engaged in the somewhat commonplace occupation of protecting

the savings of the people from undue risk, and of securing orders from the Turks for articles of French manufacture. They have been more successful in their efforts in the former case than in the latter. Hungary tried to negotiate a loan for about a hundred million of dollars; but the patriotic feelings of the French refused to allow their money to go towards the expense of finding arms which it was probable would be used against themselves. The Turks have been making repeated efforts to supply themselves with funds from the same source, but both the insufficiency of the security and the probability which has recently arisen, that the money would be used to strengthen the Triple Alliance, have made the government hesitate before giving the necessary approval to the project. The fact that it was not unlikely that the money obtained from France would be spent in Germany made the French still more unwilling to accede to the wishes of the Turks. France wanted Turkish custom, but Germany had outbid her. It is a humiliating spectacle to see Christian nations competing for the favors of the Turk, who is proving himself almost as intolerable under the new as he was under the old *régime*.

The willingness of the government to undertake what would be looked upon elsewhere as purely a business matter is shown by the opening of a new department of the Ministry of Public Works, to be known as the "National Touring Bureau." The object is to centralize all information which may interest travelers in France and to increase the facilities for travel in the country. The establishment of this Bureau under the auspices of the government is an indication of the extent of the increasing dependence of the Old World upon the New.

Savoy has been celebrating the Jubilee of its annexation to France. The President took part in the festivities and was welcomed by the people with every mark of enthusiasm. The fact that there was no reference to Napoleon III. in the speeches that were made excited the ire of M. Ollivier, who was the Prime Minister of France when the war was declared

in 1870. The France of to-day, he says, "shows cowardice on every hand; cowardice above and cowardice below; cowardice in deed and word and thought; and, above all, cowardice in history, falsification of facts, and the abolition of national traditions." Which of the two is the worse, cowardice or foolhardiness, it is hard to say, but even if it were true that France has been careful not to provoke war, and has done too much for the sake of avoiding it, M. Ollivier is the last person in the world to call attention to such an error.

Repeated accidents upon a railway which is under the management of the State have raised the question whether the State is well fitted for the carrying on of this branch of business. The fact, however, that the railway in question has only recently passed under State control, and that its defects were largely due to the former owners, make it impossible to give a decisive answer.

The strike of railway men which has recently taken place has been expected for a long time. There is in France an organization, called the Confederation of Labor, which has for its object the destruction of the existing order, both political and economical, by what it calls direct action. It is animated with the most bitter hatred towards capitalists, and has no scruples about taking any means, lawful or unlawful, for effecting its purpose. A General Strike is what it most desires, but so far it has not been able to bring this about. It has made several attempts and has failed. The strike which has just taken place is but the last of a series, and it has met with the same fate as those that went before. The credit of the victory is attributed to M. Briand who has been both energetic and conciliatory. The railway men had to choose between their duty to the country as soldiers in the reserve, and the pecuniary advantages offered by the promoters of the strike. When M. Briand declared it to be an insurrection, patriotism in the majority of cases prevailed over self-interest and the Confederation's call was not obeyed. Immense damage, however, was done and many trades and industries disorganized, even though the strike failed to reach the dimensions which its promoters had planned.

The French Church has been celebrating the thousandth year of the foundation of the Benedictine monastery of Cluny, an event which took place on the 11th of September, 910. European scholars and representatives of French learned Societies have taken

part in the celebration, Representatives of the French Academy, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, of the Academy of Fine Arts, as well as representatives of the government, joined with bishops, priests, and monks in praising the work of an establishment which all agreed in recognizing as having occupied for centuries a unique place in the history of Christianity and civilization. The writer of one of the papers developed the idea that the Benedictine Order of Cluny was an essentially French institution. "While Catholicism," he said, "was the least national of religions, beneath the unity of its organization and the universality of its doctrine, the Church has not effaced the special hereditary characteristics of the peoples of which it is composed. The Divine Sower may have scattered the same seed on the fields of humanity. The diversity of the soil and of the air gives a different tinge to the crops that are produced. There is a French Catholicism—that of St. Bernard, of Gerson, of Vincent de Paul, of Bossuet, of Lacordaire—a happy alliance of idealism and good sense, of sentiment and reason, a common need of discipline and liberty, the same aversion from the individualism which isolates human beings and from autocracy which absorbs them, a love of clearness in beliefs as well as in duties."

In common with France, Spain,
Germany. Austria, and England, Germany
has been disturbed by labor dis-

putes. It would seem that the workingmen are trying to prove that they can act as unreasonably, or at least can make themselves as disagreeable to the rest of the community, when they have the power, as in former times other classes have been in the habit of doing. A shipping dispute has been going on in Germany for a long time involving large numbers of men belonging to the shipbuilding and allied trades. In this case the employers were the active aggressors, having locked out the men. The end has not yet come. An insignificant dispute in Berlin involved one of the districts of that city in serious turmoil. Conflicts between the people and the police took place for four or five successive days and nights. There were indications that the populace had been regularly organized, and the Social Democrats were accused of being the organizers. This, however, they disclaim. Four British and American journal-

ists, who ventured upon the scene of operations, were attacked wantonly, it is said, by the police. The President of the Police praised the journalists for their courage, but refused all redress.

The Social Democrats have been holding their annual congress at Magdeburg, and as they have this year a membership of 720,038 compared with one of 633,309 last year and of 384,327 in 1906, each of whom is a voter for the Reichstag, such an assembly cannot be neglected. It has no less than 76 daily newspapers, one of which has a circulation of 139,000. The Party has its own divisions and sub-divisions. The main line of cleavage is between those who are willing to obtain by parliamentary action, and by co-operation with other parties, such ameliorations of the lot of the workingman as opportunity affords, and those who will accept all or nothing. The Socialist members of the Baden Diet had voted for the Budget, and thereby had compromised the purity of Socialist principles. The consideration of their case took up much of the time of the Congress, and the debate ended in a vote of censure being passed upon those who should depart from the pure principles of non-co-operation. A resolution was passed which declared that any member who in future should vote for the estimates should *ipso facto* be excluded from the party. The offending members withdrew from the meeting at which this resolution was passed; but there is good reason to expect that no permanent division will take place and that the party will present a united front to all opponents at the approaching General Election next spring.

The Pan-German League has also been holding its annual meeting, but for some reason or other little public attention has been given to its proceedings. Entire disapproval of the proceedings of Baron von Schoen, until recently Foreign Secretary, was expressed, and the English proposals for a limitation of armaments were characterized as attempts to meddle in the affairs of a foreign power. England ought to realize that she was making herself ridiculous. In addition to these, and similar exchanges of incivilities, each of the two countries is striving to learn the strength one of the other. A German lieutenant has been arrested in England, and two Englishmen have been arrested in Germany for a too close inspection of their respective fortifications.

Austria-Hungary.

The visit paid by the German Emperor to the Emperor of Austria, in order to offer his personal Jubilee congratulations, brought out very clearly the closeness of the relations between the two Empires, and the fact that the alliance is not merely between the governments and sovereigns, but that the hearts of the peoples—so far as they are German—are in full sympathy with the alliance. Domestic intimacy is the expression used to characterize the relations at present existing. This is largely due to the support which was so unhesitatingly given by the Kaiser to Austria-Hungary in the annexation crisis. The two countries are now looked upon as belonging one to the other. When the German Emperor comes to Vienna he comes as a friend so close that no special emphasis need be laid on his presence. A visit paid to the Rathhaus, or City Hall, of Vienna, in order to receive an address of the citizens, was an innovation, for Imperial visits have hitherto been confined to higher circles. He was received by these citizens with enthusiastic applause repeated over and over again. In the speech which he made, his Imperial Majesty recognized that this reception was a token of the inmost sympathy existing between the people of Vienna and himself, and that it was chiefly due to his action in "taking his stand in shining armor at a grave moment by the side of your most gracious Sovereign." This declaration confirms the fact, so often and so long denied, that Russia was threatened by Germany with armed intervention, in the event of an attack upon Austria in the recent annexation crisis. It throws a light, too, upon the existing relations between Russia and the other two Empires, especially as the speech was made on the eve of the *rapprochement* of Turkey to the Triple Alliance.

Ever since this same annexation-crisis the relations between the Dual Monarchy and Great Britain have been, if not cool, certainly not very warm. The fact, however, that the new King of England sent, to announce his accession, a special and exclusive representative, and one so distinguished as the Earl of Rosebery, was taken as a great compliment, as in fact it was meant to be. It was looked upon as an expression of the desire to change the attitude of Great Britain towards Austria, and even by some it was said to be an expression of regret that such an attitude had ever been taken. That the relations between the two Powers have again become hearty and friendly,

and that the last traces of misunderstanding have been removed, was the express declaration of Lord Rosebery. With France, on the other hand, a change for the worse has taken place. The refusal of France to find the money which was needed by Hungary and even the hesitation over the Turkish Loan have provoked considerable resentment both in Austria and in Hungary, and leading newspapers have indulged in language not lacking in strength.

Russia. Things have been quiet in Russia, although the quiet, in all likelihood, is that which precedes a storm.

The only action taken so far by Finland is to refuse even to discuss the new law by which her rights have been restricted. The most noteworthy event, and it is indeed noteworthy, is that M. Isvolsky is no longer the Foreign Minister, having been appointed Ambassador in Paris. Count Aehrenthal will doubtless triumph, and possibly better relations may be established with Austria. The new Foreign Secretary is, however, said to be in sympathy with the policy of his predecessor, especially in regard to the *entente* with Great Britain.

Portugal. The recent revolution in Portugal, which has brought to an end one of the most ancient of European

monarchies, although surprising in the way in which it was effected, was no surprise in itself. In fact in well-informed circles it has been long anticipated. For many years Portugal has been going from bad to worse. The existing evils were due more to its Parliament than to the Throne. The rival politicians were united in only one thing, and that was how they might, in the most effectual way, fleece the people; and, as being the most effectual way, they agreed among themselves to take turns, establishing the system called Rotativism. The late King tried to put an end to these iniquitous proceedings, and for that purpose made Senhor Franco a quasi-dictator. After the assassination of the King an attempt was made to establish an honest system of government and to redeem the past. But the old system soon came again into operation, and with still more manifest signs of corruption. This led to a widespread feeling of discontent, or perhaps we should say of despair; the situation was aggravated by the conduct of the

King, whose private life, if it can be called private, was of such a character that even Catholics, who are naturally supporters of the established government, were becoming alienated by the conduct of the reigning monarch. Republican journals gave repeated expression of the desire to appeal to the nation by means of a Referendum in order to ascertain the wishes of the people as to a constitutional settlement. Strange to say it was among naval and military officers that the existing evils were very keenly felt. This was so well known that on the occasion of the recent elections every warship was sent away from Lisbon, in fear, it is said, of a revolt. The long-expected Revolution began with a declaration from some of the troops of the garrison, who gave their support to the Republicans and took up arms for the establishment of a Republic. It ended by a further defection of loyalist troops after two days' fighting in Lisbon. The Navy co-operated by bombarding the Royal palaces. The President of the Republic of Brazil was an on-looker. Only nine days before every Regiment had defiled before the King on the historic site at Bussaco and the peasantry, gathered in thousands, had cheered vociferously. Now the King himself has abandoned his own cause, and a Republic has been proclaimed in the midst of universal acclamations. A Provisional Government has been formed. The reason for this so sudden and apparently so complete a success is that the Republican party has never been even accused of the venality which has been the characteristic of all the other Parties.

The ambition of the new *regime*
Turkey. in Turkey forms for Europe a
greater source of anxiety than the

revolution in Portugal—for that is a comparatively isolated and local event, although there are, of course, possibilities of its developing into something more important, should it have an effect upon Spain. The real power in Turkey is in the hands of the Committee of Union and Progress, however constitutional it may be in theory. The Sultan is hardly named, and seems to have no influence upon the course of events. The Committee of Union and Progress, like every other body of men, has representatives of a more moderate and conservative tendency, and those of a more aggressive and extreme one. The former wish Turkey to devote her energies to internal improvements, roads and

schools and the development of commerce; the latter are in favor of adopting a vigorous foreign policy towards Greece, and perhaps Bulgaria, and as a means thereto wish to spend all the money available, and more than is available, on the army and navy and to raise a large sum by means of loans. It is into the hands of the aggressive party that the power seems now to have passed. In politics there is said to be no gratitude, and the conduct of the Young Turks seems to be another exemplification of the truth of this saying. If there were any opponents of the Young Turks in the action which they took to overthrow Abdul Hamid and his loathsome rule, Austria-Hungary and Germany were those opponents, whereas France and Great Britain did all that was legitimately in their power to support the action of the destroyers of the tyrant's despotism. But notwithstanding the services rendered by the latter and the opposition encountered from the former, it seems certain that Turkey is entering into a combination with the Triple Alliance and throwing the support of all the strength she has in opposition to her former friends during the recent crisis—Russia, France, and Great Britain.

A few months ago there was a prospect of a Federal Alliance with Turkey of the Balkan States, Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and possibly Greece, supported by Russia, for the purpose of a peaceable maintenance of the existing state of things, and to allow Turkey time and opportunity for the internal development of her resources. Now these projects have been set aside, everything is being sacrificed for the strengthening of the military and naval forces; Greece is being treated in a high-handed manner, deliberately calculated to provoke war; a military convention has been signed with Rumania, by which the latter country is pledged to place her forces on the Bulgarian frontier in the event of the outbreak of a conflict between Bulgaria and Turkey.

Official denial has been made of the existence of this convention, but political morality is at so low an ebb that no reliance is placed upon such denials, especially when, as in this case, there are decisive evidences to the contrary. The dependence of Rumania upon Germany is so great that action of this kind would not have been taken except with the consent of that country. It is in this way that it is thought that Turkey is now to be looked upon as grouped with the Powers which constitute the Triple Alliance.

But, in order that Turkey may carry out her plans, a large sum of money is necessary. In order to get this, recourse has been made to France. Now the government of France acts as the guardian of the savings of its people, and when it will not give its endorsement, no loan can be quoted on the Bourse; and the people, those of them at all events who are prudent, will not subscribe. The French government, seeing that the money which it was sought to raise in France would, or at least might, go to enrich and give strength to its adversaries, and taking into consideration also that Turkey already owes to France by far a larger amount than to any other power, has refused, unless certain conditions are fulfilled, to give the necessary approbation, and has persisted in this refusal, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Grand Vizier and the Finance Minister of Turkey, who paid visits to Paris for the purpose of securing the concession. The latest news is that German and Austrian financiers are holding out hopes to the Turks that they will do what France has been unwilling to do. It is worthy of mention, as showing the relations of the Powers, that efforts made in England to secure the loan were unsuccessful on account of the loyal support which was felt even by financiers to be due to France as a party to the *entente cordiale*.

The position at present, therefore, seems to be that Germany with her allies has regained in Turkey the position of predominance which she held under Abdul Hamid, that the chief supporter of his tyrannical rule now dictates, or at least largely influences, the present constitutional rulers. Whether that influence will be used to encourage the warlike party in Turkey to take that action against Greece which they have so long desired, the future will not be long in disclosing. The extreme rigor of the proceedings which have been taken in order to disarm the Macedonians of all races is another proof of the violent spirit by which the Young Turks are animated.

Disarmament of the various nationalities is, indeed, a thing to be desired both in itself and as an evidence of the end of the chaotic anarchy which has existed for so long a time in the Balkan provinces, and as a means for preventing its recurrence. But the way in which the work has been carried into execution by the Turkish authorities has already provoked one insurrection, that of the Albanians, and is leading to such a feeling of resentment and indignation that there is a probability

of a general uprising in which Greeks, Bulgarians, and Albanians of both creeds would take part.

The Greeks in Macedoina especially have been subjected to the most cruel treatment, with a view, it is thought, to excite public opinion in Greece and thus bring on the desired conflict. Their notables, priests, and ecclesiastical dignitaries have been arrested. Peasants have been put to torture, houses burned down, churches closed. In fact the violence used by the military authorities recalls the worst days of the uncontrolled despotism of Abdul Hamid. For all that, no one desires a return of his loathsome rule, and according to the best authorities there is no danger of such a return. But the Young Turks have much to learn before they can receive the approbation of those who have hitherto sympathized with them. We hope some way will be found of teaching them a lesson.

Greece.

It will be remembered that the Greek Assembly was dissolved in order that a National Assembly for the revision of the Constitution in its non-fundamental principles should be elected. The Military League, under the usurped control of which for a considerable period efforts had been made to effect reforms, at the same time by its own action ceased to exist. The elections have been held and have resulted in the formation of a Revisionist Assembly, although there are among its members some who wish to transform it into a Constituent Assembly and to proceed to a complete transformation of the Constitution. This, however, would be a breach of faith and would be resisted by a majority of the members, although there may be legitimate room for controversy about what are and what are not the non-fundamental principles of the Constitution. The question may arise in this way as to whether or not a Second Chamber should be established.

The result of the General Election is to leave in a state of considerable uncertainty the question whether a real reform will be effected. The object which it was hoped to obtain was to eliminate the self-seeking politicians to whom the lamentable state of the country, its weakness and corruption, was due. But their supporters have come back to the Assembly 190 in number, out of a total of 358, while those who

represent the new party, with a mandate to put an end to the methods of the old political parties, number only 80. There are three other groups, supporters of M. Mavromichalis, 35 or 40 in number, 10 Socialists, and 45 Deputies from Thessaly, whose primary object is the expropriation of the Thessalian landlords. There was a scene at the opening session of the Assembly which makes it hard to look with any degree of reverence upon the new constitution-menders. Deputies belonging to the new Party, which is to renovate Greece, would not allow the leader of one of the old parties to take the oath; they carried off the New Testament which he was about to use; a series of free fights followed, and in the end soldiers with fixed bayonets had to make their appearance. The question was raised whether any oath could be taken, it being contended that the Constitution had been violated by the illegal manner in which the last Assembly had acted. But necessity knows no law, and, whether legal or illegal, the members of the Assembly decided that the oath should be taken, and declared themselves not a Constituent but a Revisionist Assembly.

In the midst of all these discordant elements there is reason to hope that some unifying and harmonizing principle will be found. The King is precluded from taking an active part by the constitutional position of non-interference to which he has rigidly and faithfully adhered, and by so doing has rendered his throne secure. There are those who think that a savior of the country has been found in M. Venezelo, who has been for some time at the head of the Executive Government of Crete. He is the author and creator of the present Assembly, of which he has been elected a member. Great confidence is felt in him by members of all parties, and it is expected that he will before long be placed at the head of the government. As the King said in his address at the opening of the session, the task will be a very laborious one, and will need all the wisdom at the command of the members in order to find a remedy for internal evils, and to defend the country from external foes. Greek orators in the Assembly are in the habit of quoting Aristotle and Plato; but it would seem better to apply their own common sense to the solution of the present-day problems, and not to look for guidance to heathens who knew nothing about the existing state of things.

With Our Readers

THE consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, on Wednesday, October 5, was an event of historic importance and of particular interest to all the Catholics of the United States. The celebration, it may be said, began on Sunday, October 2, with Pontifical High Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the reading of Archbishop Farley's letter to his priests and people "on the happy consummation of more than half a century of toil and anxious care."

His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli was enthusiastically escorted into the city on Tuesday. His Grace the Archbishop of New York, accompanied by many priests and laymen, went out to welcome the Cardinal, and he was greeted on his arrival in the city by a chorus of over 3,000 children from the parochial schools.

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THE following day witnessed the most impressive ceremony that American Catholics have ever seen. At half-past five in the morning his Grace, the Archbishop of New York, began the solemn service of Consecration. Pontifical High Mass was sung at 11 o'clock by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The ceremony was remarkable for the presence of three princes of the Church, Cardinal Vannutelli, Papal Legate to the Montreal Eucharistic Congress, Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, and, as we have already stated, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The Catholics of the city, and the non-Catholics also in great numbers, took part enthusiastically in the celebration. Forty bishops and more than one thousand priests were present in the Cathedral. We quote the following from one of the New York evening papers:

"While the processions were in motion all traffic on Fifth and Madison Avenues was halted one block either side of the Church. It took five hundred policemen to keep back the crowds in the neighborhood of the Cathedral."

The presence of the great crowd showed with what joy the people of New York welcomed the consecration, the presence of prelates and priests from all parts of our country proved that the joy was one common to all American Catholics and the event a significant one in the life and growth of Catholicism throughout the land. The spirit of all was voiced by Archbishop Glennon, the preacher of the day, when he said: "We to-day join in dedicating and consecrating to Almighty God this church of churches, this cathedral of cathedrals in the great metropolis of a great nation."

Solemn Pontifical Vespers were sung by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. Thursday was given over to the children, who assisted at Solemn Pontifical Mass. On Friday the religious orders of the diocese gathered in the Cathedral; and the celebration closed with a reception to his Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli by the Catholic laymen of New York at the Catholic Club.

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THE consecration marked the glorious fulfillment of half a century of effort and sacrifice. Begun at a time when its founders could plead in excuse for such a tremendous and seemingly foolhardy undertaking, only the abiding faith that was in them; continued through trial and sacrifice, in the face of opposition from within and without, mocked at by hostile ones, scorned by the indifferent, St. Patrick's Cathedral stands to-day consecrated to God's service forever as a monument of wonderful faith, of enduring hope, and of undying zeal. It will be to us a reproach and an inspiration. A reproach if we ever falter in following the footsteps of our present leader and his predecessors in the hierarchy; an inspiration so that even in our sorest trials we ought never to despair. As it has proved the past glorious, so will it prove the future of our Church in this country still more glorious. Hope is a virtue that has its own reward, and St. Patrick's Cathedral stands to-day as the best proof of what Christian hope can attain and of what Catholic loyalty and devotion can accomplish. Its stones are eloquent of a great lesson for us individually and for us as a great body of American Catholics.

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THE inestimable services of Archbishop Hughes, of Cardinal McCloskey—the centenary of whose birth was synchronous with this celebration—of Archbishop Corrigan, who built the great towers and began the Lady Chapel, are written indelibly in the history of the diocese and in the hearts of our Catholic people. To the present head of the diocese, our beloved Archbishop Farley, whose labor was to make secure for all time what his predecessors had begun and completed, the day of consecration must have been one of unalloyed and well-merited happiness. He saw his life-hope crowned with success. He had hoped, with the faith and the trust and the courage of his forefathers, and he had attained. With his own hands he consecrated for all time the Cathedral which he had been most instrumental in making God's own—and by that consecration he gave to the Church and to his country an edifice that is a worthy testimony to the one saving faith of time and eternity. As participators and sharers in his joy, he saw himself surrounded by the eminent princes of the Church, by prelates, by priests, by people; and to

him it must have been a glorious, inspiring evidence of the vitality and strength of Catholicism in this land where he has labored so long and so faithfully.

In his modesty he sent forth a letter congratulating his priests and people, and giving to them the credit. We feel that it is he who is to be congratulated, that to him must go the honor of initiation, of inspiration, and of success. His unselfish labors in the government of the greatest diocese of our country, labors manifold, constant, and many of them unknown to the average man, have endeared him to the hearts of his people, of his fellow-citizens, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The labors of others have been in him continued and through him have been crowned with success in the consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

THE death of the illustrious priest, the Rev. Louis A. Lambert, pastor of the Church of the Ascension, Scottsville, N. Y., and world-renowned editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, was duly announced in both the secular daily and the Catholic weekly press in their issues of the last week of September; and the secular press seemed to vie with the Catholic in its earnest and eloquent eulogy of the departed champion of Christian truth. Both were unstinted in their well-merited tributes to the memory of the most brilliant Catholic controversialist of modern times. In Rochester, where the famous priest was as well-known to non-Catholics as to Catholics, where the intellectual power of the vanquisher of Ingersoll was held at its proper estimate, and where the winning personality of the man had endeared him to men of every class in life, the tributes in the daily press—whether in the form of contributions from ardent admirers, of reportorial notice from men specially assigned to the work, or of editorial comment—seemed to take on an accent of affectionate admiration of the man. They all sounded the same keynote of love, and were couched in terms of respectful tenderness to a degree altogether unusual in the obituary notice.

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ABOUT two years ago it became evident that Father Lambert's constant application to his editorial work, as well as his assiduous attention to his parish duties, had undermined the powerful constitution of the physical and intellectual giant. He was then seized with an attack of pleurisy, from which he really never fully recovered. In July of the present year it became evident even to himself that change and rest were imperative. About two months ago he wrote to the writer of this sketch: "I am not at all well, have just seen the bishop and he has given me a vacation. I have just

finished my paper for the Montreal Congress ; I do not know how they will like it." He added : " I have great difficulty in writing ; but by getting the pencil in a certain position I can manage to push it along." The note was written in pencil—something quite unusual for him—and was barely legible, showing the feeble condition of the writer. His intention was to spend his vacation on the Jersey coast, but, his strength soon failing, he was removed to Idylease, Newfoundland, New Jersey, where his death occurred on Sunday, September 25. His remains were taken to Scottsville, where his funeral took place on September 29. Pontifical High Mass was sung by his Bishop, the Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, of Rochester, who, also, in an eloquent sermon, paid a high tribute to Father Lambert's worth. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery overlooking his church and home, and the loving hands of his parishioners transformed the grave that was to receive them into a veritable bower of repose. The bugler of Myron Adams Grand Army Post, of Rochester, of which Father Lambert was an enthusiastic member, sounded the farewell note of comrades at the grave where the remains of one of the most distinguished writers of modern times will sleep until awakened by the note of the arch-angel's trumpet.

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FATHER LAMBERT was born at Allenport, Pa., February 11, 1835. His grandfather was among " The Pikemen of '98 " in the battle of Vinegar Hill. His father came to America in 1811, in company with his brother—Father Lambert's uncle—who was the second bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland. His mother was of Quaker extraction, her ancestors having come to America from England with William Penn. Father Lambert studied at St. Vincent's College, Pa., and at the theological seminary of St. Louis, at Carondelet, Missouri. In 1859 he was ordained priest for the diocese of Alton. When the Civil War broke out he offered his services in the army and was duly appointed as chaplain of the eighteenth regiment of Illinois Infantry Volunteers, ranking as Captain of Cavalry. He was with his regiment through their campaigns in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, " a sharer in their perils and hardships." After a two years' service in the army, he resumed his parochial work in the diocese of Alton for a brief period, but in 1868 came to New York City, where he became teacher of philosophy and theology in the Paulist novitiate at Fifty-ninth Street. His next work was at Waterloo, N. Y., where he became pastor and built the foundations and a goodly portion of the walls of the present handsome church edifice. From Waterloo he went to Scottsville, where he remained to the end.

FATHER LAMBERT was in turn editor of three Catholic papers, on each of which he left the indelible impress of his genius. It was Emerson who said: "If you can write a better essay, preach a better sermon, or make a better horseshoe than other men (we quote from memory), though you live in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to your door." Father Lambert was a literal exemplification of this truth. From his obscure, humble presbytery in Scottsville there went out a light that flashed around the world. The name of the victor who, in a single conflict, so triumphantly routed the entire forces of atheism and infidelity in the person of their leader, the blasphemous Ingersoll, is a household word in every Christian home and one of the brightest jewels in modern Catholic literature. Father Lambert was the author of several works, but his enduring fame will rest on his *Notes on Ingersoll*.

EVERY one, except, perhaps, the irresponsible and radical Socialist, will admit that the family is the basis of our social and national existence. It is one of the cardinal principles of our orderly and progressive life. Yet it is threatened with widespread denial and destruction, and in the face of such a bewildering, far-reaching disaster, many, very many of our countrymen, thinkers, legislators, leaders of different religious bodies; representatives of supposed public opinion, champions of the national welfare, are either holding their hands in helpless despair or else offering a cowardly compromise with human passion and with sin.

With serene composure writers of the day are propagating the most immoral theories; defending libertinism; destroying the family; sacrificing children body and soul to the caprice of passion, depriving them of that which alone can give them worth of character and growth of soul; and with equal composure, or with equal ignorance, are undermining the whole structure of individual worth and of national life.

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WE might fill the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD with examples. We will quote but one as illustrating very clearly what we have said. It is taken from a most respectable-looking and thoughtful book just published called *The American Hope*.

"If, after the spiritual relation between husband and wife has ceased, another woman's beauty of mind and of spirit seem to the husband pre-eminently to demand perpetuation, it is the worst possible condition to have him still bound to serve the first in a relation which must be abhorrent to both, whereas he might be free to serve the second in a relation which is godlike. It is clearly true, also,

that when the relation has ceased, the woman should be free, with our characteristic American liberty, to perpetuate as far as she may the body, the mind, and the spirit of another man, if any seem to her pre-eminently to demand her aid for perpetuation."

It is a pitiful commentary on our age and on the results of our education when we say that the writer of these words is evidently sincere, for the book is dedicated to the author's children. Every one who knows life, knows the necessary translation that must be given to "beauty of mind and spirit"; knows that if there is one thing pre-eminently lacking in the champions of divorce it is the spiritual sense; knows that the talk about "a relation which is god-like," under such circumstances, is arrant nonsense; and yet a nonsense that is the fertile mother of personal licentiousness and social chaos.

* * *

WE have spoken of what may seem to be academic and theoretical. We will now review an example which will show practically into what chaos we are being led and into what confusion the family as an institution is being driven.

A wife, lately, and in the usual manner, obtained a divorce in Reno, Nevada, from her husband. At the time the wife went to Reno both were legally residents of the State of New York. After obtaining the Nevada divorce the wife sued in the New York courts for the custody of her children. But the New York judge declared that the Reno divorce was invalid in New York, and held further that the Nevada court did not have jurisdiction in the case. As a consequence, the couple are married in New York, but divorced in Nevada. Within our own country, therefore, this man and woman are husband and wife, and they are not husband and wife; the wife is at liberty to marry again; and again if she marries she is guilty of bigamy; the children belong to her in Nevada; in New York she has no claim upon them, since they belong to the father. Under such circumstances—and at the root of it all is not difference in State law, but the radical evil of divorce—what becomes of our homes? What fate awaits the hopeless, dependent child, for whose welfare God has established the family?

HIS Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, just before he left the United States, paid this tribute to America:

"I venture to say that no stranger has ever left your hospitable shores with more vivid and lasting impressions of the present greatness and promising future of this magnificent country. The opportunity afforded me of visiting you came through my official mission to Canada, where I recently represented Pope Pius X. at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal. His

Holiness, ever longing to know more about the United States, and the condition of the Catholic Church here, was desirous that I should also pay a visit to the States.

"I must admit that having heard so much of your country, its vast area, its millions of inhabitants, its prosperity, its resources, its opportunities for the immigrant and the progress of the Church, I rejoiced to know that I was soon to witness with my own eyes this wonderful land. I am now departing, willing to testify that the reality surpasses my most sanguine anticipation.

"I have found here a republic that is one in reality, not merely in name like most of the republics of Europe. It has been most refreshing and inspiring to come in touch with the spirit of Christian justice and charity that influenced the founders of your institutions, at present dominates their development, and predestines, I am confident, their glorious future.

"Within a few weeks I have traveled through the large cities of the West and East, and everywhere I witnessed the greatest possible reverence for religion and respect for authority—both now sadly lacking in some of the old countries of Europe. The permanency of your republic is assured if recognition of God and obedience to authority continue to exercise their benign influence on American life.

"Naturally I was especially concerned with the progress of the Catholic Church in the United States. The evidences I have seen of the marvelous growth of the Church in this country have impressed me most profoundly. Here, unhampered by hostile legislation and free to work out her mission, the Church, an infant in years, shows all the vitality and strength of a giant. I am convinced that the Church is contributing in a large measure to the upbuilding of the nation; and if she continues to enjoy the liberty she now possesses she will do still greater things in the future for the welfare of the country. Her influence makes for upright citizenship and the stability of government.

"I know that your extraordinary material wealth and prosperity have a tendency to deaden the finer feelings of the soul and the higher instincts of the mind, because commercialism is by its very nature apt to be baneful in its influence on culture. Yet I could not avoid observing the deep interest in religion, art, and learning as evidenced in your monumental buildings, your museums, your libraries, your beautiful churches, both Protestant and Catholic.

"I shall certainly tell the Holy Father of the warm welcome I received on all sides, from non-Catholic as well as Catholic; and I shall bear in grateful memory during the remainder of my life the days, all too short, that I spent among you."

IN the address for the Catholic laity of New York, at the reception to his Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, the Honorable Morgan J. O'Brien said :

"For the first time in the history of the Catholic Club, and for the first time in America, the opportunity is given to a Catholic association to welcome three illustrious princes of the Church.

"The progress and development of this Archdiocese has been as marvelous and as unprecedented as the progress and development of our country, and New York stands forth to-day the largest Catholic city in the world. This wonderful achievement, though marked by the finger of man, was the work of God. Those who would question the vital force, the living principle and the supernatural spirit of the Catholic faith, can find in the great moral and material development in this diocese alone a complete answer.

"And what Catholicity has done here has been equally evident throughout our entire country and throughout its entire history. As part of our Catholic heritage we recall that it was a Catholic monk who inspired Columbus with hope; that it was Columbus and a Catholic crew that first crossed the trackless main; that it was a Catholic queen who rendered the expedition possible; and that it was a Catholic who gave his name to the entire continent. And more, the early history of our country is the history of its Catholicity, and the Catholic names written in the four quarters of our continent by the early discoverers are carved in enduring brass upon the massive doors of the capitol at Washington.

* * *

"This country has steadily advanced in population and wealth; our nation has won a place among the great powers of the world; many of our people have amassed wealth running into the millions, and our corporations are striding continents; but under the shadow of this national and individual prosperity, we find the presence and growth of tendencies which are a menace to our national security. Whilst, therefore, glorying in our achievement and proud of our wonderful development, we could not, if we would, fail to observe dark and ominous clouds which hover over our national firmament, and which are the inevitable forerunners of a violent storm. Such a storm may effect good or bad, according to the manner in which it is met and directed. If the now smoldering embers are to be fanned into a living flame, ruin will follow; if, on the other hand, advantage is taken of present conditions to direct into safe and patriotic channels the torrent, then instead of evil good will flow.

"This is an era of transition, when the nation, stirred to its depths, is wrestling with great problems, religious, social, industrial, and political. The spirit of unrest demanding drastic changes which pervades our country is observable throughout the world. The safety of a republic is necessarily dependent on the virtue of its citizens, and virtue is dependent upon religion; and it is proper to note the fact that our government was established and our prosperity built up by men of severe and rugged virtue, who were imbued with religious principles, and who in their day solved the great problems that were presented to the fathers in a way consistent with truth and justice.

"Hence the duty and obligation which rest upon an association like ours, and upon all those who love their country, to see to it that from present conditions good shall flow. To accomplish this nothing is more needful than the prevalence of right principles and of right ideals and moral standards, and herein lies our mission as a Club. The effect of our rapid national development, the maddening, dazzling struggle for wealth, has tended to increase materialism and socialism, and against such implacable foes of the present

civilization all who believe in the vital force of religion, whether of our faith or not, can stand and successfully defend against all attacks upon our national security.

“Stimulated by the glorious record made by our fathers in the Faith, this Catholic Club was founded, and it is our purpose that it shall go forward imbued with the same lofty motives, the same high ideals, with the same spirit of self-sacrifice and ambition for noble achievement, remembering always that buildings and commerce, and things which serve only to mark material growth, are perishable and will pass away, and that the only permanent things of value are those associated with and produced by moral forces. It is because our faith teaches these things that we love it.

“It is the success in promoting and sustaining these which has crowned the labors of the Church in the past in this country, and it is the significance of our meeting this evening, and fortunate indeed will it be for us and for our country if, when the history of the next century is written, our descendants can meet and rejoice over a like history, as full of noble deeds and glorious achievement, and so fruitful in the creation and establishment of those things which tend to secure the happiness of the individual, the betterment of the race, and the advancement of a true Christian civilization.

THE name of Hilaire Belloc, the brilliant historian and essayist, is a sure guarantee of capable work.

The right view of the great historical movements that have marked Christianity since its beginnings is a most valuable asset in these days of questioning and of debate, and, in great measure, of shallow opinion. It is most valuable and important for every Catholic not only that his own personal life as a member of the great historic Church of Christ be stimulated, but also that he may be able to defend and expose the practice and the teachings of that Church to non-Catholics.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD will publish next month, and during the coming year, a series of papers of pre-eminent importance by Mr. Belloc, to which we wish to call the attention of the clergy and the laity of America. In the December CATHOLIC WORLD will appear an explanation by Mr. Belloc of the series and his first paper. The articles will be of permanent and fundamental importance, particularly in this, that they will deal with and expose those great principles in the light of which history must be read and in which light alone it may be read correctly.

The papers will be of the deepest interest to every one. They will illuminate for us, in an inspiring way, the history of our Church, and we feel that they will receive a hearty welcome.

We respectfully request our readers to spread the news of this announcement among all their friends and acquaintances, that others also may enjoy this coming “feast of reason.”

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The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales. By his friend, Jean Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley. Price \$1.80 net. *A Minister's Marriage.* By Austin Rock. Price 75 cents net. *Pleadings for the Holy Souls.* By E. Leahy. Price 20 cents net. *The Idea of Development.* By Rev. P. M. Northcote. Price 60 cents net. *The Friendly Little House; and Other Stories.* Price \$1.25. *The Turn of the Tide.* A Story of Humble Life by the Sea. By Mary Agatha Gray. Price \$1.25. *Sermons of St. Bernard on Advent and Christmas.* Price 75 cents net.
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- MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:**
Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone. Selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury. Vols. I. and II. Price \$5 net.
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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCII.

DECEMBER, 1910.

No. 549.

WHAT WAS THE ROMAN EMPIRE?

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

I.

THE history of European civilization is the history of a certain institution informed at its origins by the influence of a religion which it ultimately accepted and finally was merged in. This institution having accepted that Religion, having made of that Religion its official expression, and having breathed that Religion in until it became, so to speak, the spirit of the whole, was slowly modified and remodified by certain political accidents; but the institution suffered no breach of continuity: it never died, and the same is true of the Religion which was its soul. This institution was known among men as "the Empire"; the Religion which informed it was and is called "The Catholic Church."

It is immaterial to the historical value of this historical truth whether it be presented to a man who utterly rejects Catholic dogma or to a man who believes everything the Church may teach. A man utterly remote in distance, in time, or in mentality from the phenomenon we are about to examine would perceive the reality of that phenomenon just as clearly as a man who was steeped in its spirit from within and who formed an intimate part of it. The Oriental pagan, the contemporary atheist, the hypothetical student of some remote future, reading history in some place from which the Catholic faith may have utterly departed, and to which the habits and traditions of our civilization may be wholly alien, would, in proportion

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VOL XCII.—19

to his science, grasp this truth as clearly as it is grasped to-day by the Catholic student of European race. The only people who do *not* grasp it, or do not admit it, are those writers of history whose special, local, and temporary business it is to oppose the Catholic Church, or who have a traditional bias against it. These men are numerous, they have formed in the Protestant universities a whole school of hypothetical and unreal history in which, though the original researchers are few, their copyists are innumerable: and that School of History is still dogmatically taught in the anti-Catholic centres of Europe and of the world.

Now our quarrel with this School should be not that it is anti Catholic—that concerns another sphere of thought—but that it is unhistorical.

To neglect the truth that the Empire with its institutions and its spirit was the origin of European civilization; to forget or to diminish the truth that the Empire accepted in its maturity a certain religion; to conceal the fact that this religion was not vague but determinate, and was not promulgated by individual holders of opinions but incorporated in a fixed institution; to fail to identify that institution with the existing institution still called the Catholic Church; to exaggerate the little influence which came from outside the Empire and slightly tended to modify its spirit; to pretend that the Empire or its religion have at any time ceased to be—that is, to pretend that there has ever been a solution of continuity between the past and the present of Europe—all these things and all the attitude implied by them, spring from conscious or unconscious historical falsehood.

There is nothing upon which we can cast our eyes, and in which we differ from the rest of mankind, which is not originally peculiar to the Roman Empire or demonstrably derived from something peculiar to it.

In material objects, our wheeled traffic, our building material, our cooking, our staple food and drink; in forms, the arch, the column, the bridge, the tower, the well, the canal, the alphabet, the very words of most of our languages, the syntax of still more, the logical sequence of thought in all, spring from that source. The saw, the hammer, the plane, the chisel, the file, the spade, the plough, the rake, the sickle, the ladder; all these we have from that same source. And of our institutions

it is the same story. The divisions and the subdivisions of Europe, the parish, the province, the fixed national traditions with their boundaries, the emplacement of the great European cities, the routes of communication between them, the universities, the parliaments, the courts of law, and their jurisprudence, all these are of the Empire: or are demonstrably derived from the institutions of the Empire in so overwhelmingly great a proportion that the remaining elements which may be extraneous to the Empire are insignificant.

It may here be objected that to connect so closely the worldly foundations of our civilization and the Catholic or universal religion of it, is to limit the latter and to make of it a temporal phenomenon.

The accusation would be historically valueless in any case, for in history we are not concerned with the claims of the supernatural, but with a sequence of proved events in the natural order. But if we leave the province of history and consider that of theology, the argument is equally baseless. Every manifestation of divine influence among men must have its human circumstances of place and time. The Church might have sprung under divine providence in any spot: it did, as a fact, spring up in Judea. It might have risen at any time: it did, as a fact, rise at the inception of that Imperial system which we are about to examine. It might have carried for its clothes and have had for its sacred language the accoutrements and the speech of any one of the other great civilizations, living or dead, of Assyria, of Egypt, of Persia, of China, of India. As a matter of historical fact, the Church was so circumstanced in its origin and development that its external accoutrement and its language were those of the Mediterranean.

Now those who would falsify history from a conscious or unconscious bias against the Catholic Church, will do so in many ways, some of which will always prove contradictory of some others. For truth is one, error disparate and many; and the attack upon the Catholic Church may be compared to a violent, continual, but inchoate attack upon some fortress, which will proceed now from this direction, now from that, along any one of the infinite number of directions from which a single point may be approached. To-day there is an attack from the North, to-morrow an attack from the South. Their directions are flatly contradictory, but the contradiction is ex-

plained by the fact that each is directed against a central and fixed opponent.

Thus, some will exaggerate the power of the Roman Empire as a pagan institution; they will pretend that the Catholic Church was something alien to it; that it was great and admirable before Catholicism, weak and despicable upon its acceptance of the creed. They will represent the faith as creeping like an Oriental disease into the body of a firm society which it did not so much transform as liquefy and dissolve. Others will take the contrary tack and make out the Roman Empire to have fallen before the advent of numerous and vigorous barbarians possessing all manner of splendid pagan qualities—sometimes of modern Protestant qualities (purely hypothetical), which are contrasted against the diseased Catholic body of the Empire which they were attacking. Others adopt a simpler manner; they treat the Empire and its institutions as dead after a certain date, and discuss the rise of a new society without consideration of its Catholic and Imperial origins. Nothing is commoner, for instance, in English schools than for boys to be taught that the disastrous pirate invasions of the fifth century were the “coming of the English,” and the complicated history of Britain is simplified into the story of how certain pagans (with a suspiciously acceptable character*) occupied and developed a land which Roman civilization had proved inadequate to hold.

It is, again, a conscious or unconscious error (conscious or unconscious according to the learning of him who propagates it) which treats of the religious life of Europe as though it were something apart from the general development of our civilization. There are innumerable text-books, for instance, in which a man may read the whole history of a European country, from say the fifth to the nineteenth century, and never hear that any one went to Mass. Warped by such historical errors a man is at a loss to understand the ordinary motives of men. Not only do the great crises in the history of the Church escape him, but the great crises in civil history as well.

* “Progressive and thoroughly patriotic,” is the Protestant Bishop of Oxford’s choice of adjectives (Stubbs: *Constitutional History*. Vol. I., p. 39). Their kings are “dignified and important,” but enjoy no more than “a single honor” (*Idem.*, p. 28). “Regarding the family ties” (*Idem.*, Charters, p. 7). “Honoring their women” (*Idem.*) “The whole business of the Nation is transacted by the Councils of the Nation” (*Idem.*, p. 4), etc., etc. A fantastic picture.

To set right, then, our general view of history it is necessary to be ready with a sound answer to the prime question of all, which is this: "What was the Empire?"

If you dropped a man into the United States to-day and let him have a full knowledge of all that had happened since the Civil War, of the Civil War itself a partial, confused, and very summary account, and of all that went before it you were to leave him either wholly ignorant or ludicrously misinformed and slightly informed at that, what could he make of the problems in American society, and how would he be equipped to understand the nation of which he was to be a citizen? To give such a man the elements of civic training you would have to let him know what the Colonies were, what the War of Independence, and what the main institutions preceding that event and created by it. He would have further to know the outlines of the struggle between North and South, and the principles underlying that struggle. Lastly, and most important of all, he would have to see all this in a correct perspective.

So it is with us in the larger question of that general civilization which is common to both the Americas and to Europe, and which in its vigor has extended garrisons as it were into Asia and Africa. We cannot understand it to-day unless we understand what it developed from. What was the origin from which we sprang? What was the Empire?

The Roman Empire was a united civilization, the prime characteristic of which was the acceptance, absolute and unconditional, of one common mode of life by all those who dwelt within its boundaries. It is an idea very difficult for the modern man to seize, accustomed as he is to a number of sovereign countries more or less sharply differentiated, and each colored, as it were, by a different religion, a different language, and so forth. Thus the modern man sees France, French speaking, with an architecture, manners, laws of its own, etc.; North Germany under the Prussian hegemony, German speaking, with yet another set of institutions, and so forth. When he thinks, therefore, of any great conflict of opinion, such as the quarrel between oligarchy and democracy to-day, he thinks in terms of different countries. Ireland, for instance, is democratic, England is anti-democratic, and so forth. Again, the modern man thinks of a community, how-

ever united, as something bounded by, and in contrast with, other communities. When he writes or thinks of France he does not think of France only, but of the points in which France contrasts with England, North Germany, South Germany, Italy, etc. The men living in the Roman Empire regarded civic life in a totally different way. All conceivable antagonisms (and they were violent) were antagonisms *within one State*. No differentiation of State against State was conceivable or was attempted. The world outside the Roman Empire was, in the eyes of the Imperial citizen, a sort of waste; it was not thickly populated, it had no appreciable arts or sciences, it was barbaric. That outside waste of sparse and imperfect peoples was something of a menace upon the frontiers, or, to speak more accurately, something of an irritation; but that menace or irritation was never conceived of as we conceive of the menace of a foreign power; it was merely the trouble of preventing imperfect, predatory, and small barbaric communities from doing harm to a vast, thickly populated, and highly organized state.

The members of these communities (principally the Germanic peoples, but also on the other frontier the Nomads of the desert and a handful of saints beyond the Scottish lines) wanted to deal with the Empire, to enjoy its luxury, now and then to raid little portions of its frontier wealth; they could never have dreamt of the "conquest"; and on the other hand the Roman administrator was concerned with getting them to settle in an orderly manner on the frontier fields, coaxing them to serve as mercenaries in the Roman armies, or, when there was any local conflict, defeating them in battle, taking them prisoners and making them slaves. I have said that the mere number of these exterior men was insignificant, and, I repeat, in the eyes of the citizens of the Empire their lack of culture made them more insignificant still. At only one place did the Roman Empire have a frontier against another civilization, properly so called. It was a very short frontier, not one twentieth of the total boundaries of the Empire, it was the Eastern frontier, guarded by spaces largely desert, and though a true civilization lay beyond, that civilization was never of great extent nor really powerful. This frontier was variously drawn at various times, but corresponding roughly to the plains of Mesopotamia. The Mediterranean peoples of the

Levant, from Antioch to Judea, were always within that frontier, the mountain peoples of Persia were always beyond it. Nowhere else was there any real rivalry or contact with the foreigner, and even this rivalry and contact counted for little in the general life of Rome.

The point cannot be too much insisted upon, nor too often repeated, so strange is it to our modern modes of thought, and so essentially characteristic of the first centuries of the Christian era and the formative period during which Christian civilization took its shape. Men lived as citizens of one State which they thought necessary and which they even regarded as eternal. There would be much grumbling against the taxes and here and there revolts against them, but never a suggestion that the taxes should be levied by any other than imperial authority, or imposed in any other than the imperial manner. There was plenty of conflict between armies and individuals as to who should have the advantage of ruling, but never any doubt as to the type of thing which was to be ruled over, nor as to the type of function which the "Emperor" filled, nor as to the type of universally despotic action which he exercised. There were any number of little local liberties and customs which were the pride of the separate places to which they attached, but there was no conception of such local differences being antagonistic to the one life of the one State. That State was for men the World.

The complete unity of this social system was the more striking from the fact that it underlay not only such innumerable local customs and liberties, but an almost equal number of philosophic opinions, of religious practices, and of dialects. There was not even one current language for the educated thought of the Empire, there were two, Greek and Latin; and in every department of human life there co-existed this very large liberty of individual and local expression, coupled with a complete, and as it were necessary unity, binding the whole vast body together. Emperor might succeed Emperor, in a series of civil wars, several Emperors might be reigning together, the office of Emperor might even be officially and consciously in commission among four or more men. But the power of the Emperor was always one power, his office one office, and the system of the Empire one system.

It is not to the purpose of these few pages to attempt a

full answer to the question of how such a civic state of mind came to be, but the reader must have some *sketch* of its development if he is to grasp its nature.

The old Mediterranean world out of which the Empire grew had consisted (before that empire arose) in two types of society: there stood in it as rare exceptions *States*, or nations in our modern sense, governed by a central Government, which controlled a large area, and peopled by the inhabitants of many towns and villages. Of this sort was ancient Egypt. But there were also, surrounding that inland sea, in such great numbers as to form the predominant type of society, a series of *Cities*, some of them commercial ports, most of them controlling a small area from which they drew their agricultural subsistence, but all of them remarkable for this, that their citizens drew their civic life, felt patriotism for, were the soldiers of, and paid their taxes to, not a nation in our sense but a *municipality*. These cities and the small surrounding territories which they controlled, which, I repeat, were often no more than local agricultural areas necessary for the subsistence of the town, were essentially the Sovereign Powers of the time. Community of language, culture, and religion might, indeed, bind them in associations more or less strict. One could talk of the Phœnician cities, of the Greek cities, and so forth, but the individual City was always the unit. City made war on City. The City decided its own customs, and was the nucleus of religion. The God was the God of the city. A rim of such points encircled the eastern and central Mediterranean wherever it was habitable by man. Even the little oasis of the Cyrenæan land with sand on every side, but habitable, developed its city formations. Even on the western coasts of the inland ocean, which received its culture by sea from the East, such City States, though more rare, dotted the littoral.

Three hundred years before our Lord was born this moral equilibrium was disturbed by the huge and successful adventure of the Macedonian Alexander. The Greek City States had just been swept under the hegemony of Macedon when in the shape of small but invincible armies the common Greek culture under Alexander overwhelmed the East. Egypt, the Asian littoral and much more, was turned into one Hellenized civilization. The separate cities, of course, survived, and after

Alexander's death unity of control was lost in various and fluctuating dynasties derived from the arrangements and quarrels of his generals. But the old moral equilibrium was gone and the conception of a general civilization had appeared.

Meanwhile in Italy one city, by a series of accidents very difficult to follow (since we have only later accounts—and they are drawn from the city's point of view only), became the chief of the City States in the Peninsula. Some few it had conquered in war and had subjected to taxation and to the acceptance of its own laws; many it protected by a sort of superior alliance; with some few its position was ill-defined and perhaps in origin had been a position of allied equality. But at any rate, a little after the Alexandrian Grecifying of the East this city had in a slower and less universal way begun to break down the moral equilibrium of the City States in Italy and had produced between the Apennines and the sea (and in some places beyond the Apennines) a society in which the City State, though of course surviving, was no longer isolated or sovereign, but formed part of a larger and already definite scheme. The city which had arrived at such a position, and which was now the manifest capital of that scheme, was ROME.

Contemporary with the last successes of this development in Italy went a rival development very different in its nature, but bound to come into conflict with the Roman because it also was extending. This was the commercial development of Carthage. Carthage, a Phenician colony, had its city life like all the rest. It had shown neither the aptitude nor the desire that Rome had shown for conquest, for alliances, and in general for a spread of its spirit and for the domination of its laws and modes of thought. The business of Carthage was to enrich itself, not indirectly as do soldiers (who achieve riches as but one consequence of the pursuit of arms), but directly and by commerce. The Carthaginian occupied mining centres in Spain, and harbors wherever he could find them, especially in the Western Mediterranean. He employed mercenary troops. He made no attempt to radiate outward slowly step by step, as does the military type, but true to the type of every commercial empire, from his own time to that of Britain, the Carthaginian built up a scattered hotchpotch of dominion, bound together by what is to-day called the "Com-

mand of the Sea." That command was absolute. Rome challenged Carthage, and after a prodigious struggle, which lasted to within two hundred years of the birth of our Lord, destroyed the Carthaginian power. Fifty years later the town itself was destroyed by the Romans, and its territory turned into a Roman province. So perished for many hundred years the dangerous illusion that the merchant can triumph over the soldier: but never had that illusion seemed nearer to the truth than at certain moments in the duel between Carthage and Rome.

The main consequence of this success was that, by the nature of the struggle, the Western Mediterranean, with all its City States, with its half-civilized Iberian peoples, lying on the plateau of Spain behind the cities of the littoral, the corresponding belt of Southern France, and the cultivated land of Northern Africa, fell into the Roman system, and became but in a more united way, what Italy had already long before become. The Roman power, or, if the term be preferred, the Roman confederation, with its ideas of law and government, was supreme in the Western Mediterranean and was compelled by its geographical position to extend itself inland further and further into Spain, and (what was of prodigious consequence to the world) into GAUL.

But before speaking of the Roman incorporation of Gaul we must notice that in the hundred years after the final fall of Carthage, the Eastern Mediterranean had also begun to come into line. This western power, the Roman, thus finally established, occupied Corinth in the same decade as that which saw the final destruction of Carthage, and what had once been Greece became a Roman province. All the Alexandrian or Grecian East followed. The Macedonian power in its various provinces came to depend upon the Roman system in a series of protectorates, annexations, and occupations, which two generations or so before the birth of Christianity had made Rome, though her system was not yet complete, the centre of the whole Mediterranean world; the men whose sons lived to be contemporary with the Nativity saw that the unity of that world was already achieved. The World was one, and was built up of the islands, the peninsular, and the littoral of the Inland Sea.

So it might have remained, and so one would think it nat-


urally would have remained, but for that capital experiment which has determined all future history, Julius Cæsar's conquest of Gaul.

It was this experiment and its success which opened the ancient and immemorial culture of the Mediterranean to the world. It was a revolution which for rapidity and completeness has no parallel. Something less than a hundred petty States, partially civilized but in no degree comparable to the high life of the Mediterranean, were occupied, taught, and as it were "converted" into citizens of this now united civilization, roughly speaking within the lifetime of a man. The quadrilateral, which lies between the Pyrenees and the Rhine, between the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Channel, accepted Rome and the civilization Rome had to bring in a manner so final and so immediate that no historian has ever quite been able to explain the phenomenon. It accepted the Roman language, the Roman food, the Roman dress, and it formed the first extension of European culture. We shall later find it providing the permanent and enduring example of that culture which survived when the Roman system fell into decay. Gaul led to Britain, the Iberian Peninsula, after the hardest struggle which any territory had presented, was also incorporated, and by the close of the first century after the Incarnation, when the Catholic Church was already obscurely founded in many a city, and the turn of the world's history had come, the Roman Empire was finally established in its entirety. By that time from the Syrian Desert to the ocean, and from the Sahara to the Irish Sea and to the Scotch hills, to the Rhine and the Danube, in one great ring fence, there lay a secure and unquestioned method of living incorporated as one great State

This State was to be the soil in which the seed of the Church was to be sown, as the Religion of this State the Catholic Church was to develop, and this State is still present, underlying our apparently complex political arrangements, as the main rocks of a country underlie the drift of the surface. Its institutions of property, of marriage, its conceptions of law, its literary foundation, are still the stuff of Europe, the religion which it came to make as universal as itself is still, and perhaps more notably than ever, apparent to all.

THE JOURNAL OF MY LIFE.

BY A NUN.

E lived in an old castle on the west coast of Ireland. Honor and I were twin sisters. Our mother had died in giving us birth. Our father was an intelligent Irish country gentleman. He was neither learned nor clever, but he was of a chivalrous and refined nature; he delighted in horsemanship, but only cared for spirited animals, looking upon fine mettled horses as creatures to be treated daintily; and they seemed to respond to his appreciation of their good breeding and submitted courteously to his rein. As I look back now, I think I loved my father more than I have ever loved any one. We were his only children. My mother was, I believe, intellectually greatly his superior. During their short married life he had allowed her freely to take her own way, for he had that poetry of nature with which the average Celt is endowed.

As regards my sister and myself, our mother's place was taken by a lady whose services my father was fortunate in securing, for she was well-fitted for our training by her birth, cultivation, and moral qualities. We loved her dearly and called her Auntie Meg. Our seagirt home faced the Atlantic. I loved the wild days, when the mighty billows rose mountains high and broke in hissing foam on the craggy rocks around; on they came with fierce, impetuous rush, and then would recoil with proud, unflinching dignity, leaving the great rocks bare and glistening, as if smiling at each oft-repeated embrace. One felt there was no fear on either side, they understood one another, the bold rocks and the foaming sea; as they met and parted, each seemed mockingly to defy the other, and yet they could not live apart. One ever in motion, the other ever motionless—so do extremes need each other.

This constant intercourse with the great ocean enlarged my character, as intercourse with the great, be it of humanity or of nature, is always bound to do. My whole girl life expanded under its influence, and I trace to the rearing of

Mother Nature much of the joy and pain of my after life. As I lingered by the sea and watched the waves draw back with a sucking motion, I too sucked in strength and independence of thought, though I knew it not at the time.

I was my father's favorite, and as I was fond of riding and Honor did not care for it, he used to take me, when quite a little girl, for long rides. Whilst I trotted beside him on my gray pony he taught me to love every hill and dale of my native land. He was proud of me and I knew it and took advantage of it to get my own way.

Religion formed a lever in our earliest training, and the little church at the borders of our grounds was a friendly house to us; thither we went to confide our childish sorrows and joys to "Good Jesus;" and sometimes, on hot days, I am afraid we played there, because it was cool.

Auntie Meg had her own views about education, and they were not always in accordance with modern methods. She taught us that we are each one of us put into this world not to achieve success in the visible race of life, that she held to be a mean ambition, but to contribute our share in leavening the lump in which we find ourselves; and the education that aims at developing the faculties for this end was, to her mind, the highest.

Perceiving in me a great love of nature she gave me lessons in painting; when free to do so I wandered out with my easel, and being all alone would spend many an hour trying to reproduce the harmony of color and the blending of strength and softness that my eye took in; but I never rose from my easel feeling that I had reproduced to my satisfaction, for all that there was a great deal of pleasure in the attempt. The silence of nature seemed to soothe and speak to me, and yet this nature that I loved so well, did it satisfy me? I remember when I was fifteen or sixteen saying to Honor that I did not believe there was such a thing as real happiness, that no one in the world could be quite happy. Honor's answer, whatever it was, did not satisfy me. I enjoyed a beautiful scene intensely, and yet, was it enjoyment? for it always made me dumb and pensive and inclined to cry; and at times any remark, even though it might not be out of sympathy with the scene around, jarred on me. Nature was silent, and I felt more in unison with her by being silent too.

"There is more power and beauty in the well-kept secret of one's self and one's thoughts than in the display of a whole heaven that may be within one." This I thought was nature's motto, and in the day of her transformation we shall know her secret.

In my early life I had no sorrow, and I often felt in buoyant spirits as I rode on horseback or sailed over the waves in our yacht on a breezy day; but I do not remember to have had a satisfied feeling of happiness for any length of time. I had a love of poetry. I began with Adelaide Procter and Longfellow and then transferred my admiration to Tennyson, whose poetry I came to appreciate when I was seventeen. After some years Wordsworth became and remained my favorite. I also delighted in Mathew Arnold. Auntie Meg said it was not natural for one so young to love Wordsworth, she attributed it to my tendency to philosophize, which I certainly did. The love of poetry fostered a certain want, I knew not for what, which was becoming part of my life.

When we were about twenty Honor and I went to London to make our *début*. We stayed with a cousin of my mother's, who chaperoned us. Her husband was a barrister and member for one of the English boroughs, so she always spent the Parliamentary season in London. Honor thoroughly enjoyed the season, but not so I, though I tried to throw myself into it. I had looked forward to my *début* tentatively, as a fresh experience that might appease this growing want within me, that might satisfy aspirations that were daily becoming more obtrusive, and which at times I longed to smother, so officiously did they claim my attention in spite of myself, alluring me against my will at the most unlooked-for times and places; sometimes in a ballroom, when I would fill my programme and dance every dance to fly from the intense loneliness they created. While I was thus struggling with myself one night, as I lay awake, St. Augustine's words came to my mind: "My heart is restless, O my God! until it rest in Thee"; and yet how it was to rest in Him, or what future life He meant for me, or how I was to pass through the dark tunnel in which I now felt myself to be, I could not see. I was still in this frame of mind when one Sunday morning we went to Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington. After the Gospel Cardinal Manning came into the pulpit. I had never seen him before and

I was not very enthusiastic about such of his writings as I had read, but I remember now as vividly as if it were but last Sunday, not indeed his words, but all that I felt as I sat there, half way down the nave on the outside seat of one of the benches. He took for his text: "And because of his importunity he prevailed"; and in quiet and clear tones he urged on his hearers the necessity of importunity in prayer. I fancied that he was looking at me individually, and so he riveted my attention. His sermon was void of action, save such as was conveyed by the simple jesture of his closed hand with one uplifted finger raised, now in warning or reproach, and again in encouragement or guidance. In that sermon he gave me light to investigate my difficulties, and told me that I was to importune God till He changed my uncertain will into a definite purpose. He spoke with a conviction that passed into my soul, so that I felt there was no shadow of doubt but that the Holy Spirit would tell me strongly and clearly how this struggling aspiration of mine was to be satisfied. During the Mass that followed his sermon I laid my case as clearly as one so vaguely understanding it could do before myself, and the very effort of looking calmly into my own heart gave a lucidity to my inarticulate wishes that startled me: it was the first raising of the veil that hid my vocation from me. I went out into the street with a sense of having experienced something that had changed my life, feeling that I never again could be quite the same as I *had* been on entering that church an hour before. I was like one who had been aimlessly wandering in a forest seeking an exit, and who suddenly comes upon a fellow-traveller, who takes him by the hand and shows him the way.

A few days after this Honor became engaged to a young artist, and within the week we returned home. The only one to whom I spoke of my vocation at this time was our good old Soggarth Aroon, Father M——. He was very kind and sympathetic and soon procured information about such communities as he thought would suit me. Amongst the books sent by the nuns descriptive of their orders, there was one that so attracted me that I lingered over its pages with something of the pleasure one experiences in wandering through an old-fashioned garden where the rosemary and rue grow together, and where the air is laden with the sweet scent of the violet which one

discovers growing under shelter of the sharp-thorned briar. Ah, I thought, if they would but take me in this order I might even find happiness at last. It was contemplative, or rather on the border land of contemplation and activity, for the all-embracing benignity of its founder bequeathed to his daughters above all else that spirit of charity which so continually impelled him during his own life to yield something of the joys of contemplation for labor in God's vineyard. To carry out this spirit, though he called his children "daughters of prayer," he debarred them only such active work as of its nature might lead to any false development of the laws and character of his Institute. The mortification necessary for self-conquest, which every founder looks upon as the salt of religious life, he prescribed to be interior rather than exterior, the subjugation of the spirit rather than of the flesh. When I returned the books to Father M—— and told him the order of my predilection, he said I had chosen a very hard life for my temperament. However, the prospect of its being difficult did not repel me, rather the contrary, as I explained to him; and he, knowing me, understood my frame of mind. But there was another difficulty for which I was not prepared. Anticipating my choice, the good old priest had been making inquiries, and now told me that there was no house of this order in Ireland. The prospect of having to leave my country had never presented itself to me, it was just the one sacrifice that I had not made. I had pictured myself to myself as being within easy reach of home and knowing all about home interests, so I left the little presbytery with an irresolute heart and a promise of prayer from the old man. After a few days of struggle and prayer for light I made up my mind to this last sacrifice.

After Honor's wedding Father and I went to Kilkee for a little change. Each morning while there I got up with the determination to tell him about myself, and each night I went to rest without having had the courage to speak. When the last day came I felt I could no longer delay, as on the morrow we were going home to be in time to receive Honor and her husband on their return from their honeymoon. So that evening I asked my father to come out with me to see the sunset from the amphitheatre. As we walked along I proposed to him a plan about Honor's husband which had been in my mind for some time, *vis.*, that he should give up the idea of

taking a house in London, as he and Honor had planned, and live instead at home with Father, look after the property for him, and take a son's place. When I ceased speaking my father turning to me said: "Daughter dear"—he always called me so when he was very affectionate—"I will wait to see your choice first."

"Father," I replied, "I shall never marry. I want to lead another kind of life."

He made no answer. As I spoke we had reached the precipitate edge of the amphitheatre and straight before us lay no habitation, nor tree, nor land, nor shore, only the vast ocean. Beyond we knew was the Western hemisphere. At the horizon the sun, a great ball of fire, was sinking slowly into the waters, leaving a trail of glory behind. The whole sky was resplendent with color—red and purple and gold—and the waters to our very feet were lit up as by a tremulous wave of light. The wave crests glistened like chains of myriad jewels, until we, too, were lapped in the warm glow of the setting sun. It was such a scene that, had not thought been uppermost with us at that moment, we might have felt with Wordsworth "thought was not in enjoyment it expired." But though the scene helped me by bringing the other world almost within touch, there was no joy in either of our hearts as we stood there in silence. The sky was gray again, and the warmth succeeded by the chill feeling that comes after sunset when we turned back to our little hotel. We were now alone on the amphitheatre and I took Father's arm coaxingly, as I tried to cheer him by the prospect of my own happy future and his frequent visits to me, and every other little device that came into my mind to help him; but he spoke not one word until we neared the hotel, and then he only asked me not to speak to him on the matter again until we returned home.

Soon after our return I told Auntie Meg and Honor. Neither of them was surprised at the news and both did me good service with my father. Auntie Meg spoke to him wisely and feelingly, and Honor, who herself felt the separation so much, was most generous. Her husband was delighted to fall into our plans for him, to which my father soon consented.

The way was now clear for me. I asked Auntie Meg to come with me to the convent. It was in England. I will not

dwell on our last parting days at home; even to memory, after the lapse of years, they are not pleasant to recall.

I entered my new home late one evening in August. As the great enclosure doors opened to me two nuns stood at the threshold, the Reverend Mother and the Mistress of Novices; they embraced me and took me into a little room where tea was prepared. My eyes were still heavy with weeping and the kind nuns noticed it and said I must get to bed soon. After tea the Mistress of Novices took me first to the chapel, where I suppose I said some prayer, but I was too dazed to remember; then we went on to the Assembly room, it being the hour for the sister's recreation. I stopped at the door and asked not to stay long there; she looked pityingly at me with eyes full of sympathy, and said it would only be for a few minutes. Faithful to her word, in a short time I found myself for the first time in a nun's cell. A bright looking novice brought me there and said she would call me in the morning in time for Mass. She kissed me affectionately, telling me, as she did so, that I would soon be as happy as she. Closing my cell door she left me alone. I looked round and saw a deep window sill on which was laid a white cloth with a little basin, jug, and towels, at the side a bath, a floor of spotless white boards, a little cupboard, and one small stool upon which I quickly sat; a few devout pictures and a crucifix hung on the wall, and in large black letters was printed the text: "For I am the Lord thy God, Who take thee by the hand, and say to thee: Fear not, I have helped thee" (Isaias xii. 13). A little iron bed with a white woollen coverlet completed the furniture. This, then, was my future home. Could anything be colder or drearier than this tiny room, with its bare white-washed walls and not even a chair to rest on? I looked out of the window and there lay the nun's cemetery and their garden, and beyond a pretty, undulating country, well-wooded and prosperous looking, as English landscapes usually are. I said a few prayers mechanically, undressed, and got into bed, still feeling dazed and weary. I could not gather my thoughts, but only felt that I had taken some kind of irrevocable step, and that I must abide by the consequences. Yet, for all that, I was perfectly conscious that I was free to leave in the morning if I so willed.

Utter weariness made me soon fall asleep. I slept all

night and until the young novice called me in the morning. I woke refreshed and feeling, strange to say, somewhat joyous, notwithstanding the past weeks of suffering and the present austere surroundings.

In half an hour the novice returned to take me to Mass and we went into the nuns' choir. As we entered the nuns were chanting Prime and this was followed by Mass. I was shown into a stall, where I heard Mass. I was now sufficiently myself to be able to make an offering of myself to God, to do with me what He willed, only to let me be wholly His. After Mass Sister Mary A——, the novice who looked after me, took me to the novitiate, where she gave me my breakfast. A little later in the morning the Mistress of Novices took me out into the garden: she showed me the grounds and we sat down on a bench and talked. There was a restful sympathy in her face and manner that made it easy for me to talk to her, though I am by nature reserved; she drew me out first about home, telling me how much she herself had felt leaving her family; in this way we soon got on familiar terms, and I was able, not indeed in this first talk, but soon afterwards, to unfold to her my desires and aspirations, and she explained to me many of my own thoughts. She called the desire for labor and sacrifice "Love's offspring," and told me that as years go by, if we are earnest in religious life, we find ourselves ever impelled to do and suffer more for God's love, and so the life becomes harder and sweeter, but with an increasing sense of peace and happiness, which proves that we are not only by grace but even "by nature formed for sanctity."

This first day we talked nearly an hour, and when Auntie Meg came in the afternoon to bid me good-bye, she told me that had she had any doubts of my being in the right place, her talk with me that afternoon would have dispelled them. As I was not yet received as a postulant, I did not go to the refectory until afterwards, when those sisters who served and read were taking their meals.

After dinner we went to recreation. I, being treated as a visitor, sat by the Reverend Mother. To my surprise she was quite conversant with the leading subjects of the day. Though very ignorant myself on many of them, I had yet deplored the idea of shutting them out from my mind, being under the

impression that this was a necessary contingent of the religious life; and now I found that I should have to keep my wits about me, or I would be classed amongst those of whom the founder speaks as having "the vice of stupidity."

The sisters sat on stools round the room doing needle-work or some branch of painting; those at a distance would come up from their places and sit on the floor to talk to the Mother, whose stool was placed at the top of the circle; if they were ignorant of such topics of interest as they ought to have known, they got well teased; some indeed, especially of the younger ones, seemed to enjoy such a display of ignorance as would draw from the dear Mother her half-laughing and half-reproving protests and exclamations of horror at their hopeless condition!

After a few days I was received as a postulant. Being young and healthy I began at once to join in all the exercises of the novitiate. We rose, like the other nuns, at 5 o'clock in summer and 5:30 in winter. Our day was divided between mental and vocal prayer, including the chanting of the Office in choir, spiritual reading, instructions from our Novice Mistress, which she gave in public every day, recreation, manual labor, and study, but this latter was usually confined to such subjects as bore on our future life and duties. Our founder evidently considering in his distribution of time for the novices that

"He in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out
Still of his aim is wide, in that the one
Sicklies and wastes to naught the other's strength."

Our entire day, in its leading and in its minor occupations, tended to concentrate our thoughts on the step which we were preparing to take.

The rule is be in bed at 10 P. M., unless with special permission to stay up longer. On Thursday nights many remain up to keep "The Holy Hour."

In the refectory we have two meals of good, plain, well-cooked food; besides this a cup of tea and bread and butter in the morning and the afternoon; of these lighter refectations we partook standing, as they only occupied a few minutes; but the nuns were at liberty to sit while taking them. How-

ever, as the Rule prescribes, the sisters do not go to the refectory only to eat, but also to hear pious reading; and on the vigils of great feasts of the Church those who are so drawn may undertake some penance, such as asking the sisters to pray for them that they may overcome some fault, which they mention aloud, or they may say some prayers, kneeling in the middle of the refectory with their arms extended in the form of a cross, as Moses of old. These, the chapter of faults, which also is voluntary, and such like devout practices, being contrary to natural vanity and love of bodily ease, are offered up by the sisters, as is their whole life, to draw down God's blessing on the world and to stay His arm of justice; and these it is that the world sometimes so unfairly misrepresents.

Such simple practices keep up strict observance, and it is a point of honor amongst us not to allude to such voluntary disclosures; yet, though unremarked on, they give that simplicity to our intercourse with one another which is one of the charms of religious life.

The founder cuts off all reflections in these matters, by telling his children to remember that the same virtue which urges one sister through humility to manifest her fault impels another to silence. Indeed the pious and penitential practices of religious life chiefly aim at emancipating the spirit, and there is far more true liberty in the cloister than in society; no doubt both have their enforced restrictions, but in religious life their end and object is to set the spirit free, whereas the restrictions of society do but enslave the spirit.

As we have reading at dinner and supper we get through many delightful books, for we have a good library, which is constantly being replenished by the kind gifts of our friends. We read the lives of the saints, biographies, church history, etc., some of the most instructive and delightful of late years have been Ward's life of his father and Pastor's *Lives of the Popes*.

Our days in the novitiate were very full and our minds and hearts active in the pursuit of our new calling. Each day our Mistress explained to us the rules and constitutions, and she frequently saw us in private, so that the public instructions were supplemented by the private ones, at which we liked to talk over our own particular needs and the application of her instructions to them.

She taught us that not only all the virtues which a good Christian practices in the world, but all the gifts that adorn a Christian woman in society, should be accentuated by religious life, and, as our founder put it, his daughters should bear themselves as princesses; with this view faults against politeness and convenience were considered out of keeping with our spirit and it was a matter about which our Novice Mistress was strict, for she used to tell us that with too much familiarity mutual respect would soon die out and without it our founder would not recognize us as his daughters.

She instilled into us that a nun must begin by self-conquest, that as daughters of our Mother Mary, the great exemplar of the world, we inherit the privilege of taking our part in the great work of salvation; but that it is only by first cultivating personal sanctity that we shall ever spread abroad the good odor of Christ; that our life is chiefly one of prayer and interior penance, which latter is a life-long task, and so it needs a long breath and a stout heart to mount the hill of perfection. "Look rather," our Mistress would say to us, "up the hill, for too much self-introspection narrows and impoverishes our ideal, we are but poor things; look off self unto God, from the littleness and meanness of the creature to the greatness and nobility of the Creator." We learnt from her that, though after our novitiate days we might be called upon to give ourselves to exterior works, our first aim is to be a beacon light to the world, a city set upon a hill apart from the noise and tumult of the world, a tangible object-lesson, proving by its existence that this world is not man's end and aim, but rather a training field for the life to come, that the influence of such example was far-reaching and, in the long run, far more effective in its results on the world of thought, which always eventually governs the world of action, than the good practical results which cheer on her way the sister employed in active work. Both means are necessary helps in God's Church, and both may sanctify us; but in the exterior work, if we have not trained ourselves to the interior spirit, whatever talent we may have apart from it is half, if not wholly, lost if it be not impelled by the spiritual life within.

When I heard these instructions I would burn with longing for the day of my profession. But my clothing had not yet come, and my Mistress was in no such hurry as I, rather the

contrary; she told me that, though she was very hopeful of my vocation, experience had taught her that four or five and twenty is a better age for girls to enter religious life.

As the months succeeded one another I found myself ever gaining new knowledge of myself. Up to this I had, all unconscious to myself, been cultivating weeds in the garden of my soul, mistaking them for flowers, and now it was no longer to be a case of letting the cockle and the wheat grow apace until the harvest day. The growth of the cockle from henceforth had to be checked, even though at times its removal chafed my poor blurred artistic sense, which liked to add piquancy to my conversation even at the expense of another's weak point. If charm of conversation was to be, it must now be achieved with a sensitive and discriminating charity towards others. The wheat alone had to be fostered, and this was not easy nor always pleasant to nature. I found there was more selfishness in my character than I had dreamed of and it had to be replaced by selflessness.

It will be seen by all this that we were ever drinking from a spiritual fountain, so that even the least thirsty soul could not fail but be refreshed and encouraged to go bravely on her way.

The novitiate consisted of Sister A——, aged twenty-three, Sister B——, aged twenty-five, Sister R——, aged thirty-six, and Sister J——, aged sixty. The three former were novices; Sister J—— was a postulant. She left before my clothing arrived, but not before she had given us younger ones many a good-natured laugh at her expense. She had a turn for poetry and wrote comic verses for our entertainment. We occasionally had a holiday in the novitiate, when we invited Reverend Mother to tea and entertained her with hot cakes and bon bons; we used to visit the kitchen beforehand to entice the sister cook to give us a good tea. For these occasions dear old Sister J—— always ordered a smart widow's cap to honor Reverend Mother. Once the shop failed her and the cap did not arrive in time. How we laughed at her distress and her indignation with the shop-keeper, and her apologies to Reverend Mother, who told her that she ought to mourn the cap in verse and sing its dirge; that evening at recreation Sister A—— sang us the dirge of the cap, Sister J—— taking

seconds, and very amusing and clever it was. She was always very motherly to us all.

I remember one day coming from the refectory where they had been reading the life of St. Stanislaus, upon remarking that these saints who were always so good depressed me, Sister J—— turned to me and said: "My dear, they had just as many faults as you and I, only they kept quiet about them." Sister B——, too, would love to relate for Reverend Mother's benefit one of her stories. Now we all know how a story flags fire on being told a second time to the same company, and how different is the artificial laugh which greets its repetition from the hearty ring of enjoyment that welcomes its first appearance; but it was not so with Sister B——'s stories, rather did their repetition add to our enjoyment, for *her* stories all had a stratum of facts, upon which she built with ever-increasing prodigality, and when we would call upon the Novice Mistress to chide her for her flagrant coloring, the good Mistress would only laugh and say that people who were not accurate add very much to the entertainment of a community.

So our days went by full and happy until spring came round, when I received the habit of the order and changed my name to Sister Mary M——.

They all came from home for the ceremony, including Father M——, and when it was over we all walked through the convent grounds. I took my father off by myself, leaving our sisters to entertain the others. We sat down together under one of our big trees in the field, and seeing my happiness I think gave him joy; he told me I looked provokingly happy.

Between the clothing and profession at least a year is spent in more immediate preparation for taking the vows; during which time the Novice Mistress gives a full and clear exposition of our future life, its difficulties, its obligations, and its whole end and aim, so that none is professed without being fully aware of what she is undertaking. Shortly before my profession we had an instruction on charity, in which our Mistress explained to us the difference between the commandments and the counsels; it helped me greatly, and I have kept the following notes of it.

We are bound under pain of sin to keep all the commandments, because they are God's laws; if we transgress any one

of them we become guilty of sin and are deserving of punishment; if we keep them we merit eternal life. The counsels, on the other hand, carry in themselves no such obligations, nor is the thought of merit uppermost, that is swept aside by the force of love. God invites whom He chooses to this enclosed garden in which His counsels hold sway; within its boundary love, that is charity, reigns supreme, it is the keynote and motive power that alone impel the chosen company therein, that draw it with a magnetic power, that point to its true destiny, that emancipate it from earthly ambitions and earthly ties. This same charity it is that directs some to reject and some to adhere to these very counsels, for even they, in their highest manifestation, are but her handmaids. So she bids one cast aside this world's wealth to live in poverty for Christ's sake, whilst she directs another to gather together temporal goods, and with laudable carefulness make provision for himself and his family.

She bids one live a life of continence, and another marry; to some she counsels intercourse with the world, to others solitude. She is subject to no law, for she herself is the law-giver, her kingdom is boundless, her gifts munificent, her laws supreme. Be so bold as to question her prudence in any of these things and she makes answer: "The Lord hath need of it." All is made for charity and charity is God; so if we adhere to charity we must live lives of love "like a vivid flame ever mounting upwards," ever ready to follow her lead and to let ourselves be sacrificed and consumed for the common good. If we feel not invited to this hard, high life, then let us not undertake that to which we are not called, and which therefore we should not have the power to accomplish. Let us keep the commandments and we will save our souls. God has even promised to those who keep them "a great reward."

This instruction afforded me meditation for many days. At its conclusion Sister R—— asked our Mistress (it was customary with us thus to have any difficulty explained) were we free *not* to follow the call to religious life, even though we believed it to be our vocation; and she replied that St. Thomas says: The rejection or following of such an invitation must be governed by the laws of charity, which weigh all circumstances and each individual case, and that these laws could

not be disobeyed without sin, and it might even be grievous sin.

About this time, too, we had another very helpful instruction on the maxim "know thyself," in which she said that we are told that the philosopher here speaks not only of the knowledge of our own miseries and meannesses, but also of the knowledge of the dignity of our own souls and of their capacity for being united to God; and this she drew out in a lucid manner.

After these instructions I would sometimes ask leave to go out into the grounds, feeling that I needed the open expanse to enjoy what I had heard and drink in its full meaning. I cannot explain how it was or what I felt. I only know there seemed to me not to be room enough under any roof but the blue sky for the enlargement of my heart, and so I would go up to a little hill in the grounds and dream.

The chapter of votes having been in my favor, I went into retreat for my profession at the end of June.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A DIALOGUE.

BY VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

1st. *Writer.*

2d. *Reader.*



READER: You have been silent of late. What have you been doing?

Writer: Much, every way. I have been silent.

Reader: You mean you have done little except keep silence?

Writer: I mean that, because I have been silent, I have done much. In my vocabulary "to be silent" is neither a neutral nor a passive verb. It is, at times, one of the most active verbs in the language of thought.

Reader: Are you a quietist?

Writer: Only in so far as I would have Nazareth a permanent institution in the world of thought.

Reader: Already my head is beginning to reel.

Writer: The force generated in my spell of silence is beginning to work. You are set towards understanding. Think, if even the echo of silence so stirs your mind, how much would you be buffeted by its substantial whirlwinds.

Reader: You deny that silence is nothing or the doing of nothing?

Writer: Some talk is nothing; and worse than nothing. Silence like talk may be the echo of emptiness. Yet silence may be the ore of thought, as speech may be its finished jewelry.

Reader: Are you, then, a mystic?

Writer: Only in so far as the spirit of Nazareth must go with us on our way toward Golgotha.

Reader: I avoid the transcendentials. Let us come down from the mountain to the valley, from the clear sky to the mists. The infinite clearness of the mountain sky but draws me to look down. From its heights I see no vision fairer

than the earth. But the half lights of the mist-wreathed valley are akin to vision. They draw my eyes upwards. I look, until my eyes weary, looking upwards at gates that, alas, never open.

Writer : Are you, then, a mystic?

Reader : Your question is a jest.

Writer : The soul that detects the unopened gates of thought in the waves and ripples of an English mist is neither a jest nor the fit subject of a jest.

Reader : I cannot argue. I came here to ask. Let us leave the transcendentials and come to geography.

Writer : Must we, then, give up thought for gossip?

Reader : I will not be stayed by reproaches. Where have you been living since last I spoke with you?

Writer : My soul, everywhere; my body, first in Babylon, and then in one of its handmaiden towns.

Reader : Babylon! You lucky dog. I would almost willingly lose one of my eyes, to look upon it. It is a wonderful sight.

Writer : It is likelier you would lose one of your ears with its din. By night and day its traffic never rests. The din drowns the preacher in the pulpit, the penitent in the confessional, the priest at the altar. Its dust discolors the vestments of the sacrifice and clogs the lamp of the sanctuary.

Reader : I can bear with its din, in love of its life.

Writer : I thought you would say that. I have said it myself; yes, and believed it as firmly as you now believe it. But this mood has passed away, I trust into something higher.

Reader : Then you were not in silence of late. .

Writer : I kept silence in the throng of a great noise. The din of Babylon did no more than knock loudly at the door. Once upon a time to me, as to you, it was the loud, welcome *reveille* of life; of late it has been but an impertinent rattle of death.

Reader : You have been a dweller in the tombs.

Writer : Then have I been a philosopher. Plato assures us that all philosophy is the philosophy of death.

Reader : Now you begin to talk my language. .Philosophy is to me the fruit of life. Pray, go on.

Writer : The philosopher is one who measures light by darkness, the hills by their shadow, knowledge by ignorance,

life by death. To him the world is, as it were, a tomb, and, therefore, a school. He does not teach it: it teaches him.

Reader: You have been to school, then, in mid-life?

Writer: Quite true. I have been taking out a post-graduate course in the University of life.

Reader: Must I say you have entered your second childhood?

Writer: I would I had. I have often thought that even the kingdom of thought suffers violence. No man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature; but every man must subtract many inches from his stature if he would take thought. No man can enter into the kingdom of thought as a king but as a child. To shrink back into the humble consciousness of our essential childhood is the violence needed to open the gates of Truth.

Reader: You have, then, been learning as a little child.

Writer: Would to God I had! I have, in sooth, been striving to learn how to learn. Too often have I sought to overthrow Nature in pitched battle. The victory has ever been on the side of Nature; and I have been left wounded on the field. Too late, perhaps, have I learnt that to learn Nature's secrets we must cease our strife and our commanding. We must even cease our wooing. Truth will not be our captive or our servant or our wife, until we have sought her as a child. I am learning now, I trust not too late, that to know her secrets I must rest like a child in her lap. I must be dandled on her knees. I must draw down her willing lips to my ears; and take knowledge as a sweet caress, a *Donum Dei Altissimi*—the most High God's most lowly Gift.

Reader: You have almost persuaded me that your silence was a throng of work.

Writer: So great a throng, indeed, that nothing comes at once out of it. I am as a door leading from a hall. Sometimes no one passes out because there are none, or too many, within.

Reader: The time will come when the thoughts wrought within your soul in the fires of silence may be uttered.

Writer: God, Who alone gave them in the darkness, alone knows if they will ever see the light. Till then, farewell.

ANGLO-IRISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, Mus.D.



T is strange that the subject of Anglo-Irish Christmas carols has not hitherto found an adequate exponent, although English carols and English Christmas songs have been treated of by many able writers during the past century. On this account, and pending a more thorough investigation, it may be deemed apropos at this festive season to give some account of Anglo-Irish Christmas carols, that is sacred songs and carols in the English language, during a period of four centuries in Ireland: from 1270 to 1670.

The derivation of the word carol has furnished a theme for many discussions, but it is now generally agreed by the leading etymologists that a carol was originally a dance, in which singing formed a chief factor. Carols were popularized in the eleventh century, and the vogue arose from the fact of dancing and singing *caroles* on the eve of saints' festivals, with special compositions for the great festival *Noël* or the *Natale Domini*. A singular story has come down from an incident that occurred in the eleventh century on Christmas Eve in the churchyard of Kolbigk, as told in the *Journal des Savants* (1900). The legend goes that while a number of peasants were caroling or dancing on the eve of Christmas, towards midnight, they sang: "*Quid stamus? cur non imus?*" And, as a result, they could not stop either their singing or dancing. It is sufficient to note that the carol is clearly given in the legend as dancing to the accompaniment of singing.

Carols were introduced into England in the twelfth century, and they spread rapidly; so much so, that in the succeeding century the composition of carols was extensively cultivated. An Irishman, Siadhail, or Sedulius, wrote a beautiful Abecedarian hymn in honor of the Nativity, *A Solis Ortus Cardine*, in the fifth century. This hymn shows Irish characteristics of vowel-rhyming and alliterative structure. And it is well to observe that it was the fact of the transfer of these

Christmas hymns from the Church to the domestic circle that gave rise to the composition of Noël's, or Christmas carols. Similarly it was the Tropes of the ninth century that gave rise to the drama, as is now admitted.

Starting from the twelfth century, the English adopted the French carols, and this vogue was strengthened by their introduction into the Mystery or Morality plays of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Naturally the English in Ireland kept up the practice, and as early as 1266 we find a reference to carols in an Anglo-Norman poem written by Brother Michael FitzBernard, a Friar Minor of Kildare, in his description of the building of the walls of New Ross, County Wexford. His reference to the *carole* seems to point to the dance with song accompaniment. We have an illustration of *La Carole d'Amours* in an early fourteenth century MS. of the *Romans de la Rose*. In this illustration or painting, the music is evidently supplied by a bagpiper, and the hands of the dancers seem to touch, though the fingers are not interlaced or twined. In 1305 this same Anglo-Irish Franciscan friar, Brother Michael, of Kildare, wrote a charming English hymn: "Sweet Jesus, hend and fre."

Here it may be convenient to dissipate an erroneous idea that was set on foot by Dr. P. W. Joyce in his admirable *Social History of Ireland*, published in 1903. Dr. Joyce created a sensation in Irish-Inland circles by his statement that the ancient Irish never danced to music, nor did they dance at all.

Of course he based his statement on the absence of any allusions to dancing in the Irish manuscripts, and he quotes O'Curry and Stokes for confirmation thereof. But the learned doctor—who I am glad to say is still hale in his eighty-fourth year—quite overlooks the fact that dancing was "part and parcel" of the social life in ancient, as it is in modern, Ireland. The terpsichorean art was so common, and so much in evidence, that there was no need to accentuate its existence among such a gay-hearted nation. In proof of this I can confidently quote a verse from an English poem—dating from about the year 1320—to be found in the Rawlinson MSS. This early fourteenth century poem has reference to Irish dancing:

"Ich am of Irlaunde,
Am of the holy land
Of Irlaunde;

Good Sir, pray I se,
For of Seynte Charite
Come and daunce wyth me in Irlaunde."

There is ample evidence that dancing was divorced from Christmas and Easter carols at the close of the thirteenth century or in the first decade of the following century. Among the statutes of Ralph Baldock, Bishop of London (1304-1313), I find that dances, wrestlings, and other sports were forbidden in the churches or churchyards of his diocese.

In Ireland Richard Ledude, Bishop of Ossory from 1317 to 1360, cultivated Christmas carols. Naturally, these carols were sacred, but they were adapted mostly to secular tunes, so as to make them popular, and, particularly, to replace the lewd and ribald songs that the English settlers had imported. In all, Bishop Ledude—who is best known for his connection with the heresy and witchcraft trials between the years 1324 and 1331—wrote about sixty songs, including four Christmas carols, and wrote them expressly for the Vicars Choral of Kilkenny Cathedral, with a recommendation for their adoption by the priests and clerics of the diocese of Ossory, "that their throats and mouths, sanctified to God, might not be polluted with theatrical, indecent, and secular songs." These compositions will be found in the *Red Book of Ossory*, a venerable pre-Reformation manuscript volume, now one of the treasures of the Protestant Bishop of Ossory.

All through the fifteenth and the greater part of the sixteenth centuries the custom of Christmas carols continued in Ireland as well as in England, but I cannot trace any specimens of either native Irish or of Anglo-Irish carols of that period. Such tunes as were associated with these carols are all of a "modal" character, proving that they originated with the Church, or at least were based on the Church modes.

Naturally the Puritan influence, which obtained during the last quarter of the sixteenth century and the first quarter of the seventeenth century, had a considerable effect on Christmas carols. However, with the advent of Charles I. the puritanical gloom practically disappeared, though it revived for a decade during the Cromwellian régime. At length the Restoration brought a reaction, but, unfortunately, coupled with this reaction against Puritanism, there arose a school of licentious

song writers, whose effusions overstepped all the bounds of decency. During the years 1661 to 1671 the introduction of these erotic songs and ballads into Ireland tended to corrupt the minds of the then persecuted Catholics, and, as a result, the bishops and priests denounced such effusions. At this epoch one zealous bishop, Dr. Luke Wadding, who was nominated to the see of Ferns as coadjutor, with right of succession, in 1671, bethought of a scheme to counteract the insidious tendencies of the prevalent immoral songs. Accordingly between the years 1672 and 1678 he wrote numerous "pious and godly songs," set to popular tunes, including a cycle of Christmas carols for the twelve days of the great festival.

Bishop Wadding succeeded to plenary jurisdiction on the death of Bishop French, on August 23, 1678, but he had been Ordinary of the diocese since 1671, owing to the exile of Dr. French, who was Assistant Bishop of Ghent. In 1680 he collected his spiritual songs into one volume and published them, but owing to the pretended "Popish Plot," which resulted in the martyrdom of the Venerable Oliver Plunket, the book was almost immediately withdrawn from circulation, and no copy is now known. However, in 1686, after the accession of King James II., Bishop Wadding—who was a cousin of his more famous namesake, Father Luke Wadding, O.F.M.—reissued his book.

As Bishop Wadding's little volume is extremely rare—in fact, there is no copy in the British Museum—I subjoin the title of the 1686 re-issue:

A Pious Garland
Compos'd by the Reverend Father
Luke Wadding, Bishop of Ferns,
which he compos'd for the Solace
of his Friends and Neighbours in their Afflictions.
To which is added
a choice collection of Divine Poems.
The sweet and the sour
The nettle and the flower,
The thorn and the rose
This Garland compose.

[Dublin: Printed for Alderman James Malone,
Bookseller in Skinner's Row.]

Before quoting two specimens of Bishop Wadding's Christmas carols it may be of interest to add that this poetic prelate died a confessor in December, 1691, and was buried in the Franciscan Friary Churchyard, Wexford. From the year 1686 the cycle of carols has been sung uninterruptedly in the parish church of Kilmore, Co. Wexford, during a period of two hundred and twenty-four years. Bishop Wadding's successor, Dr. Michael Rossiter, fostered a love for these quaint carols; and Bishop Verdon, who ruled from 1709 to 1728, published a second edition of the *Garland*, at Drogheda, in 1718, of which a third edition was issued in London, in 1728. It is amazing how accurately the Kilmore traditional singing of these carols has survived the hurly burly of over two centuries, for on comparing a transcript made on the spot in 1896 from a Kilmore native with the printed copy of 1686, I could only discover some slight variations.

Here are some typical verses from Bishop Wadding's carol on the Nativity. Following the custom of the time, many of the carols run to fifteen and sixteen verses, but two will be sufficient for illustration:

CHRISTMAS DAY CAROL.

Christmas Day is come, let's all prepare for mirth,
Which fills the heavens and earth at this amazing Birth,
Through both the joyous angels in strife and hurry fly,
With glory and hosannas: Holy! Holy! they cry.
In Heaven the Church triumphant: adores with all her choirs,
The Militant on earth with humble faith admires.

If we would all rejoice, let's cancel the old score,
And purposing amendment, resolve to sin no more,
The Mirth can ne'er content us without a conscience clear,
You shall not find true pleasure in all the usual cheer—
In dancing, sporting, revelling, with Masquerade and Drum,
Then let our Christmas merry be as Christians doth become.

No doubt many a reader will style this carol as "very poor stuff, indeed," but the good bishop's homely thoughts and style make a strong appeal to primitive and devoted Catholics, regardless of language and verse methods. Though not a poet, Bishop Wadding's verses sang well enough, as wedded to old

Irish tunes, and, as has frequently happened, the beauty of the air helped to preserve the words and to make up for the rude metre, written at a very crucial period "in the midst of alarms."

Appended are two verses of the carol for New Year's Day, directed to be sung to the tune of *Neen Major Neal*, of which the more correct Irish title is *Inghean Major O'Neill*:

A CAROL FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The first day of the year
Jesus to us doth give
His pure and precious blood
That we in Him might live.
A most rare New Year's gift,
A greater none can have
A gift more rich and precious
None can desire or crave.

This gift brings us great joy
And makes us all admire,
It proves His love for us
To be all flames of fire.
And for our sake this day
Jesus is His sweet name
A name which cost Him dear,
His blood spilt for the same.

This second specimen of Bishop Wadding's Christmas carols is no better than the first, but it is historically interesting. By way of exhibiting the good bishop in a more favorable light, I subjoin the opening verse of another song, which was directed to be sung to the tune of *Since Cælia's my foe*, a song written by an Irishman, Thomas Duffet, in 1675:

THE BANISH'D MAN'S ADIEU TO HIS COUNTRY.

Dear Country, Adieu,
Tho' faithful and true,
To-morrow
With sorrow
I must part with you;

Without more delay
This is my last day,
Remember
November
Doth force me away.

In concluding this article it may not be amiss to mention that the still popular Christmas hymn, *Adeste Fideles*, is probably of Anglo-Irish origin—I mean as regards the music. Most authorities are agreed that this popular hymn dates from the first decade of the eighteenth century, and is of French provenance, but the air seems to be Anglo-Irish. Its source has been traced to a tune introduced into a French comic opera, *Acajou*, produced at Paris on March 18, 1744, and the tune is distinctly named as *Air Anglais*. The earliest appearance of the hymn and tune is in a MS. in Clongorous Wood College, Co. Kildare, dated 1749, and this MS. is closely followed by another, in Stonyhurst College, Lancashire (England), in 1751. Both hymn and tune were printed for the first time in an English collection, compiled by an Irishman, John P. Coghlan, in London, in 1782. The earliest English translation of the *Adeste Fideles* appeared in 1760.

THE COLISEUM.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

MOONLIGHT and splendor on thy massy walls,
Thy mighty arches, and thy broken tiers;
O Thou, whose vastness on my spirit falls—
White with the winter of two thousand years!
O mighty monument of glory gone!
Of greatness, underneath whose awful wings
The nations of the earth all met as one
When Roma's ruler was the King of Kings!

Now broken, crumbled, falling to decay,
A planet shattered by a comet's shock,
An empire overthrown, the pillars gray
Making a chaos of colossal rock,
Thou standest in the moonlight, sorrowing there
For Rome departed and the Cæsars gone!
Cæsar, whose genius, like the lightning's glare,
Led the batallions of the thunder on!

What eloquence sublime is in thy look!
What awful majesty is in thy port,
Lofty as his whose dreadful thunders shook
The world, when high Olympus was his court!
Last of thy mighty race, thou standest there
A crownless King, his army overthrown,
The eagles gathering in the battle-air;
His sword all shattered and his empire gone!

Yet grander in thy desolation, thou,
Than all the greatness of imperial Rome!
Yea; save St. Peter's, that upon his brow
Wears for colossal crown the gilded dome!
Earth has no fellow to thy majesty;
Fame has no thunder-lit Valhalla vast
That hath thy grandeur and thy dignity,
O mighty relic of the mighty Past!

Glory has stamped thee for its very own,
Time that hath buried empires hallows thee!
Sublimity hath worn thee for a crown
Gemmed with the golden deeds of history!
Cyclopean strength, Olympic loftiness,
All that we know of grandeur and of might,
Magnificence and power, and massiveness
Meet like the gods upon thy ruined height!

Hark! is it thunder, or the lion's roar?
Again thou standest in thy power and pride
While proud patricians and plebeians pour,
Crushing and crowding, through thy portals wide.
High o'er the gate all glittering in gold
Enthroned sits Cæsar, master of the world,
While flashing through the dust around thee rolled
Rush the swift cars as by the tempest whirled.

Again, 'tis night! A thousand lamps are lit,
Torches, that shine like jewels on thy brow!
Five times a thousand tigers in the pit
Lions and leopards fight, and Roma now
Standing upon the marble benches roars,
And all the leaping torches dance delight,
While hell its fury on the battle pours,
And thunders clap their hands with all their might!

Once more like the colossal banquet bowl
Of Jupiter Olympic thou dost shine!
Tiberius bids the fulvid river roll
And flood thee with a tide of battle-wine!
Then the fierce Kraken of the Amber Isle,
The savage dragon torn from Drachenfel,
The shark, and devil-fish, and crocodile,
Battle and bellow like the lake of hell.

At last like Aetna's yawning crater red
Thou belchest fire upon the Christians there,
Falling in fiery halos round their head,
While howling Rome with thunder fills the air!
Yet burning in the tyrant's Brazen Bull,
Blazing like living torches round the ring,
They chant above the tempest, loud and full,
Eternal praise to the Eternal King.

O God! what crimes are written on those stones!
What tales those libraries of brick contain!
The very caves are haunted with the groans
Of all the myriads tortured there, and slain.
No wonder, Coliseum, yonder Moon,
Robed like a priest in surplice all of white,
Purges away thy sins, and gives thee boon
Of grace, absolving thee with golden light!

But, lo! I see where countless Christians fell
Thicker than Gauls beneath the Roman sword,
The sacred symbols of Emmanuel,
The stations of the Cross of Christ, the Lord!
'Tis well! Where Julian ruled, now Jesus reigns,
Far other banners than the Roman float,
As pale processionists march o'er the plains,
And music golden as an angel's note.

Music soars upward like a fount of fire,
Purging the place of all impurity:
And like a vine of ivy high and higher
The silver leaves of moonlight mantle thee!
Farewell, thou great Colossus of the Past!
Emblem of worldly pomp and glory gone!
Nothing but God the Lord endures at last,
And Holy Revelation rolling on!

FATHER LAMBERT.

BY R. S. F. L.



A SKETCH of the life of the Rev. Louis A. Lambert has been already printed in **THE CATHOLIC WORLD** and need not be repeated here. In this article let us try to glance at his labors—their nature, their scope, their value, and the lesson which they teach.

True greatness—which is but another name for genius—is both multiform and manifold. It has various methods of doing its work and various ways of manifesting itself. To the Catholic priest, however, whose kingdom is not of this world, the fields ordinarily open to genius are deliberately closed by his own hand; the limits of greatness—if he possess it—are voluntarily restricted; and if he attains renown among his contemporaries, it is because he possesses genius of a superlatively high order, or because his opportunities have been unusually favorable. For the most part the field of a priest's labors is the more humble one of saving souls and breaking the bread of life to sinners. This is, of course, by far the noblest and most sacred of all; but it does not bring worldly fame or renown. The consecration of a priest's life to these duties is the highest form in which either greatness or littleness can surrender itself. It is working for souls for whom Christ died; and next after this comes the defense of God's sacred truth. The one is the consecration of talent for individual souls; the other is the consecration of it for God's Church—the collective body.

It was given to Father Lambert to labor in both these fields; and, in the latter especially, with a success that was unexampled in our day. From his obscure country parish in Western New York his voice was heard around the globe.

Although, doubtless, the exact contrary was intended, never did magazine render better service to the cause of religion than did the *North American Review* when it refused to publish Judge Black's reply to Colonel Ingersoll. Without this refusal the world might never have known the *Notes on Ingersoll*. Fortunately Father Lambert himself has recorded for us the genesis of the *Notes*.

In the year 1881 there was a triple understanding—which proved to be a misunderstanding—between the editor of the *North American Review*, Robert G. Ingersoll, and Jeremiah S. Black, of the City of Washington, that there was to be a joint debate by the two latter in the columns of the *Review* on the subject of religion. In accordance with this agreement Ingersoll's attack on religion duly appeared, and with it Judge Black's reply, in the same number of the *Review*. In a later number appeared Ingersoll's "reply to Judge Black's defense," without rejoinder, however, by Black; and the latter thus explains its absence:

"From the beginning," Judge Black wrote in explanation, "it was distinctly understood that my defense was to be published with the accusation. . . . At the time of publication I agreed that if Mr. Ingersoll had any fault to find, it might seem cowardly to refuse him another chance on the same terms. . . . Three months afterwards," Judge Black continues, "fifty pages of the foulest and falsest libel that was ever written against God or man was sent to me."

Judge Black then relates how, incapacitated by an injury, he could not write a reply for the forthcoming issue; but that he stood ready to answer, when, to his surprise, he was informed by the editor, "that no contradiction, correction, or criticism of mine, or anybody else, would be allowed to accompany this effusion of filth"; how the postponement of publication was peremptorily refused; how "other offers were rejected" by the editor, because "Mr. Ingersoll would not consent"; and how Judge Black, seeing that Ingersoll "controlled the *Review* to suit himself," withdrew from the controversy.

All this was not without its effect on Father Lambert. All the chivalry in his ardent, generous nature was aroused by the indignity thus offered to the cause of religion. He saw that the difficulty must be met, and he resolved to meet it in his own way. He tells us:

"The proper way to meet Ingersoll is not to defend Christianity against . . . his attacks, but to make his article the subject to be considered. . . . The proofs of Christianity are on record . . . and Mr. Ingersoll's ancestors in atheism and unbelief . . . have never answered them. . . . It is not Christianity that is on trial, but Mr. Ingersoll's article." Such was the genesis of the famous work.

Even so, Father Lambert had not thought of independent

publication of his reply. The *Notes* were sent from week to week to the *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, without thought of further publication, and it was only when an obscure country priest, who had followed them with keenest interest, suggested to the late Father Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, the advisability of rescuing them from oblivion by separate publication that the great world at large was introduced to the treasure-house of logic, wisdom, and wit.

We can hardly overestimate the value of the service which Father Lambert in his famous work—and also in his less famous works—has rendered to the cause of religion. Not since the days of Voltaire had religion been so openly, so audaciously, and so virulently assailed. Night after night the platform rang with the shameless and vicious assaults.

The situation was perilous in the extreme. A glib-tongued orator, with honeyed phrase and pleasing address and the fatal gift of wit, had flung aside all restraint and undertaken the task of trampling under foot the beliefs that men hold most sacred. The man was possessed of considerable eloquence, had acquired much renown; and at the bar and on the platform was known as “the silver-tongued orator.” The prestige of a great political party, too, was behind him, and, by reason of his oratorical and forensic gifts, he had been chosen as the mouthpiece of that party, to place in nomination at a national convention an illustrious American statesman for the chief magistracy of the American people. In the very zenith of his fame this man turned the full force of his eloquence, with all its dazzling rhetoric and all its glittering sophisms, against God and His Christ. The news of the orator’s work spread like wildfire. Night after night there issued from the platform a deluge of polished blasphemy, which swept like a tide of burning lava over men’s souls. The press, more eager for sensation than anxious about religion, sent on its wings the blasphemous messages—as “news,” of course—broadcast throughout the land; so that the audiences of a few hundred were swelled to hundreds of thousands.

From the platform the attack was carried to the magazine. The most influential among them—one which had been regarded as conservative and dignified—opened its pages to the scurrilous assaults on Christianity. This gave a quasi-dignity to the buffoonery of the scoffer and lent, for the nonce, a prestige to the platform utterances which the hired hall and

the applauding mob could never impart. This magazine seemed to have surrendered its pages unconditionally to the cause of irreligion, and to have given to the scoffer an exclusive monopoly. Against the scoffer the obscure priest, Father Lambert, came like a new David; and, with wit for his sling, and truth and logic for his pellets, he laid the boaster and blasphemer prostrate on the earth. Never was victory so complete. The unassuming little volume appeared. The public read, admired, applauded, and laughed until it wept. Each new edition of the work was exhausted as soon as it left the press. Soon it began to be published wholesale—as the Bible or the dictionary. The Protestant world vied with the Catholic in its wholesale distribution, and soon took in hand the work of printing new editions to supply the demand. The audiences of Ingersoll had been splitting their sides over the ridicule heaped on God, Moses, Christianity; Ingersoll himself was now the laughingstock of the world.

The keenest weapon which Father Lambert used in the encounter was the sharp and piercing sword of his extraordinary wit. Ingersoll had employed the same weapon in his warfare on religion, to the great delight of his audience. Father Lambert instantly snatches the rapier from Ingersoll's grasp, and with it gives him the fatal wound. The tide of battle was instantly turned, and the audiences deserted the blasphemer and flocked to the standard of the Christian champion. "I would not give a cent," said Father Lambert, before he undertook the work of refutation, "to hear Ingersoll on *The Mistakes of Moses*; but I would give five hundred dollars to hear Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll." What Moses might have thought on the subject one might easily suppose; but the world was soon in convulsions of laughter over what Father Lambert had to say on the mistakes of Ingersoll.

There was not a single note in the gamut of wit and humor of which Father Lambert was not master. From playful mirth to Junius-like invective he ran through the entire scale with the ease of a master. He seldom, indeed, resorted to the savage irony of Swift, though he did employ it when occasion demanded. He seldom used the gentle humor of Addison. He had nothing of Rabelais and his scurrility; nothing of Fielding and his scoffings at virtue; little even of the quiet humor of Sydney Smith. Any or all of them might

be indeed at his command; but they were not all alike to his taste; and, while he swept his hand over the entire keyboard and drew out whatever stop pleased him for the nonce, the stop and the key were always those best adapted to the situation. It was, indeed, strange music, consecrated to a sacred purpose; but it was the only one that fitted the occasion. The babbling Thersites who could, when occasion served, be the pompous orator, the finished rhetorician, the polished, graceful, and eloquent speaker, the forensic, obituary, and after-dinner Nestor, soon found himself outmatched by the humble country priest.

The keenness of Father Lambert's wit was equalled only by the acumen of his logic. Both went hand in hand and effected a combination that was invincible. Never was the dialogue form of controversial argument made so effective as in Father Lambert's hands. For the most part the form of question and answer, or objection and answer, is an unintended hint to the reader to close the book. With Father Lambert it becomes the most delightful and entertaining form of literature. We see the combatants in the intellectual duel as if they were actually before us. His dialogue is a picture more vivid than the cinematograph. We see the flash of the eye, the lightning play upon the countenance, the cheek glowing with the fire of energy, the whole form throbbing with earnestness; we hear the ring of their voices; and we hold our breath lest we might lose the next word or fail to catch the next point in the discussion. Sometimes he condenses a whole argument in a phrase. A single answer is often a whole treatise.

Throughout it all Father Lambert never loses temper, never descends to personality, except in so far as it is revealed by Ingersoll's own expressions, so that while it is one of the most personal attacks ever made on one man by another, it is, paradoxical though it sounds, devoid of every trace of personality. It is Ingersoll as revealed by himself—as betrayed by his own words—that is on trial throughout; and in this way he is tried mercilessly, indeed, but justly. Indeed so justly that, with all his blistering sores and festering wounds aching at every point, Ingersoll could never plead that he had received unjust treatment.

The earnestness of Father Lambert's manner and language, when occasion demands denunciation, is fierce and sweeping. He is aroused at the thought that a mere sophist and trickster

should have the hardihood and effrontery to make a mockery of sacred things which he does not understand, and hold them up as the butt of ridicule for audiences who could not perceive the flaws in his logic or the halt in his reasoning. In point of fact, there is nothing easier than to be witty at the expense of things sacred. There seems to be something in our fallen nature that is closely akin to the ghou and the demon; for never is man so unreasoning and senseless as in his warfare on sacred things. The *sans-culottism* in our humanity comes at once to the front. In proportion to our former veneration we become fierce and frothing iconoclasts. Father Lambert was well aware of all this. He knew that Ingersoll was trading on the ignorance of his hearers, and that the very sacredness of his subjects was the surest earnest of their applause. When swayed by these considerations Father Lambert always rose to the requirements of the case and showed Ingersoll in his true and proper colors. But never once does he outstep the sayings of Ingersoll himself and the legitimate deductions from them. At the close of his *Notes on Ingersoll* we have a splendid specimen of this power.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that Father Lambert's only weapon was his wit, or that his triumph was due to a mere superiority in repartee. His finely cultivated intellect was full-orbed. Its logical instincts were well-nigh unerring. Seldom, indeed, do we meet with an intellect so perfectly attuned to the keynote of truth, that it is never out of accord with it. Such intellects are rare indeed, for their adjustment would mean perfection; but Father Lambert's came as near to this attunement as is given to most men in this world of intellectual discord. The almost infallible perception of his logical powers was the proof of this. Seldom did they fail or betray him. His mind was always in such close harmony with philosophical truth that there was little danger that it should ever be misled by the false glare and glitter of our modern, so-called intellectual, progress. One of the most interesting problems of our time is: Why we have so much scientific progress and so little intellectual progress? Why does not the latter keep pace with the former? The answer is not far to seek. The masses of crude knowledge are accumulating around us so rapidly as to paralyze the intellect. The rapidity of our motion leaves no time for thought. Intellectual perception is deadened by the variety and quantity. Men become dazed and lose sight

of guiding principles. They lose all sense of proportion and relation. They lose sight of the eternal principles which are fixed and irrevocable. Hence the wildest vagaries in every department of knowledge and life—extravagant socialism in economics, anarchism in politics, pragmatism in philosophy, and modernism in religion. Fickle minds slip their anchorages. Feeble ones surrender to stronger ones without a struggle. The pressure of knowledge proves too strong for them; they succumb to its brute mass. In the profusion of fact the faculty of assimilation is lost. We not only miss the meaning of the fact, but we are also fast losing the faculty of interpreting it. All knowledge is knowledge in relation; and the great evil in our day is that proper appreciation of this relation is rapidly being lost.

With Father Lambert the note of truth seldom if ever fails, and the note of sincerity and strength is never absent. He perceives at once the false note in the plea of his adversary. With an opponent he is never off his guard and never deceived. His method is unique. He occupies a niche in religious controversy and philosophy peculiarly his own. The only weapons that he uses are truth, logic, and wit; but in his hands their power is irresistible. He met a grave religious crisis. And he met it as no one but Father Lambert could meet it. He was not discursive. His method chained him closely to the subject of his analysis; and, when he had exhausted it, he seemed powerless to move until he first laid hold of a new subject of attack. On any disputed point he seemed to divine instinctively the side on which truth lay. We are aware of only one or two instances in which this instinct for truth seems to have failed him. One is the slightly false note which is discernible in the first half of his very last work—his paper written for the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal; and which was no doubt due to the fact that it was written when the hand of death was already upon him. The other is the incorporation by him, in his *Tactics of Infidels* (we think), of Brownson's ontological argument for the existence of God; and is not so easily accounted for. That he had a profound admiration for Brownson is certain; but it is difficult to understand how he could permit this admiration to deceive his fine instinct for truth, or to chloroform his wonderful powers of logical analysis. That it imposed upon him is certain; for, in the first place, Father Lambert prized

truth too dearly to adopt and print an argument whose soundness he suspected; and, in the next place, he repeated it in an editorial in the *Freeman's Journal* not many years since, apparently with faith in its efficacy. That he lost faith in it later seems to be also certain; for the writer of this article wrote him a private note of protest on the occasion of its re-appearance in the *Freeman's Journal*, saying that he regarded the "proof" as the one weak spot in his (Father Lambert's own) writings, and offering to send him an analysis of the "proof" in case he still believed it sound. He did not ask for the analysis; what he did was to announce, editorially, in the next issue of the *Freeman's Journal* that the contemplated reproduction of Rosmini's philosophy (we think) would be postponed, as it might involve him in a controversy for which he was not exactly prepared. (The appearance of Brownson's proof in the *Freeman's Journal* was in connection with the announcement of Rosmini's philosophy.) Evidently the adoption of the "proof" by Father Lambert was merely another instance of the great "Homer nodding," and the incident is mentioned here solely for the benefit of any one who might be inclined to regard Father Lambert's adoption of it as a guarantee of the soundness of Brownson's famous argument. These instances, however, are but the exceptions that prove the rule that his intellect was a true test-tube of truth.

It would be wrong to suppose that Father Lambert's claim to greatness rests solely on his reply to Ingersoll. Indeed, so far would such a notion be from the truth, that we might blot out the *Notes on Ingersoll*, and there would still be left a very substantial foundation on which to base a claim for greatness. He was by no means a "Single-Speech Hamilton." Passing over his *Thesaurus Biblicus*, which he translated, adapted, and enlarged from the original of Philip Paul Merz; which was the first Catholic Biblical Concordance printed in English; and which has been an invaluable aid to priests throughout the English-speaking world; he has given us other useful translations, such as *The Christian's Father*, *The Christian Mother*, etc.; and he has also edited many other valuable works. The *Notes on Ingersoll*, too, were followed by others in the same vein, and on kindred topics: such as, *The Tactics of Infidels*, *Ingersoll's Christmas Sermon*, etc. There is also his analysis of the Christian Science cult, which is the ablest criticism of that rather intangible entity which has yet appeared.

For our part, however, we cannot but think that by far the best work done by Father Lambert was in the editorial field. He was in succession the editor of three very able papers, of two of which he was the founder. At the time of his death, and for sixteen years previous, he was the Editor-in-Chief of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, one of the oldest and always one of the ablest Catholic papers in the United States. Father Lambert's work on this paper is too recent and too well-known to need notice here.

The two papers which he founded and established bore each the name, *The Catholic Times*—the first *The Catholic Times*, of Waterloo, New York; the other *The Catholic Times*, of Philadelphia, Pa. It is noteworthy that, although merged in other papers, the name has never been lost in either, and that the spirit of Father Lambert still lives in each of the mergers. They are still among the ablest Catholic papers in the United States. The Waterloo paper was united with *The Catholic Union*, of Buffalo, and became *The Catholic Union and Times*, with the late Father Cronin as its renowned editor; while the Philadelphia paper was united with *The Catholic Standard*, of that city, with Messrs. Hardy and Mahoney as proprietors and editors, and became *The Catholic Standard and Times*.

For ourselves, we cannot but think that Father Lambert's best work was done on *The Catholic Times*, of Waterloo. This was the first offspring of his marvelous brain, and of it he himself ever cherished the most tender memories. At its beginning it was an unpretending little folio of four pages, printed throughout in uniform type. Defamation of the Church was common in those days. The rabid Protestant minister was then as plentiful as blackberries. Father Lambert's delight was to go gunning for such sport, take a false statement on the wing, and with a single shot bring the preacher and his soaring eloquence ignominiously to earth. We cannot but think that here was the real Father Lambert. The little paper was written by him almost from beginning to end. A department was devoted to an explanation of Catholic doctrine, and this was as inspiring and as interesting as the editorial page. In clearness, directness, and simplicity it came nearer to Cardinal Gibbons' *Faith of our Fathers* than any work that we know, although couched in the form of question and answer. His readers multiplied rapidly. Letters of compliment and congratulation from all parts of the world began

to pour in on the editor, who at once found himself famous. His readers soon discovered, to their delight, that doctrinal exposition was seasoned with wit and wisdom. The inquirer after Catholic truth found compressed within the columns of the unpretentious sheet a far sounder, clearer, more readable exposition of a point of doctrine than [in the pages of the pretentious magazine or the volume of religious controversy or apologetics. The lover of his country found that patriotism was intermingled in due proportion, and learned at the same time from its pages how to be a good citizen and a good Christian; while, on the various questions that arose for debate in the great world without, sage comment and sound advice might be found from time to time, which the great political parties might benefit by following. And throughout it all the genius of the editor ever shone resplendent.

Father Lambert's English style was as if made for the occasion. It was the fitting hilt for the keen Damascus blade of his logic and the still keener one of his wit. His strong-fibred Anglo-Saxon is for the most part without ornament of any kind. His command of language never fails him. The language seems to grow out of the thought, as if by necessity. Like the linotype or the monotype which manufactures the type as it prints the line or the letter, so the intensity of his thought seems to manufacture the word or the expression needed for the required effect. We are never at a loss to understand his meaning. Even in the full torrent of his vehemence, his language is as pellucid as a polished mirror.

As was his style so was the man. In spite of his unassuming simplicity, no one could be in Father Lambert's presence for half an hour without being forced to conclude that he was in the company of a remarkable man. He was a striking personality in every way. His tall, commanding figure, broad but slightly drooping shoulders (especially in his later years), his massive head and long silver hair; the "cliff-like brow"; the "eminent nose"—like that of Carlyle's Abbot Samson, the keen but kindly eye whose kindling into humor was the twinkling of the blue sun, Vega—all went to make up a presence that, wholly, without what is commonly known as magnetic power, impressed all with whom he came in contact. In the days of his early priesthood he was thin and gaunt, and many liked to trace a resemblance between himself and Abraham Lincoln; and in point

of fact the resemblance might be extended to the mental endowments also. Of Lincoln he was one of the most ardent admirers. His war experience had saturated him with the personality of the great martyr. His fund of anecdote on this topic alone was exhaustless. When he talked of his war experience it was like a breath from the battlefield. But his strain of thought was seldom sad. Indeed, quite the contrary, his mood of mind was ever mirthful, and "in the little Olympus of his own favorites" the geniality and humanity of the man kept ever bursting into sparkling wit, or quiet humor, or ceaseless anecdote inimitably told.

And now, briefly, for the lesson. The second generation of intellectual giants in the Catholic Church in the United States has passed away. The last of the Romans sleeps his last sleep among his own loved and loving people on the gentle slope in the Scottsville churchyard. The Heckers, the Brownsons, the Corcorans, the Lamberts have gone the way of their intellectual ancestors—the Englands, the Kenricks, the Spaldings. Nothing is more striking in a comparison of these two generations than the difference in the dangers with which each in its turn was confronted. The first generation needed profound theologians; the second called for profound philosophers. The evolution of error during the past half century has been astounding in its rapidity. Little over half a century separates the *Notes on Ingersoll* from Milner's *End of Controversy*; but, in subject-matter, the *End of Controversy* is more closely related to Bellarmine's *Disputations* or the *Theologica Dogmata* of Petavius than to the *Notes on Ingersoll*.

The days of religious discussions, like that of Pope and Maguire, or that of Hughes and Breckenridge, have gone—and gone forever. On the great battleground of truth there is a new alignment of forces. The devout Catholic and the pious Protestant are now fighting shoulder to shoulder in defense of a common cause—revealed religion. Up from the desert of doubt and the barren wastes of agnosticism come marching, with heavy tread that shakes the earth, the forces of the neopagan. They come in the name of science, in the name of philosophy, in the name of progress and enlightenment. They claim to possess all the intellectual weapons of our time; but their aim is to lay waste our Christian civilization and erase it with fire and sword. The voice is the voice of progress, but

the hands are the hands of Attila and Genseric. The danger has forced Protestant and Catholic to lay aside their contentions and face the common foe. It is precisely the same enemy that Father Lambert in his *Notes on Ingersoll* and *Tactics of Infidels* so successfully routed. They have returned to fight under the same banner, but with slightly changed weapons; but the new swords are not one whit stauncher than those which the logic of Father Lambert shattered in a thousand fragments. The greatest difficulty now is that there is danger of some of our Protestant allies becoming panic-stricken. Occasionally, too, an intellectual weakling in the Catholic ranks finds that his heart fails him, and he succumbs without a struggle. There is just one way to success in the conflict, and that is the method employed by Father Lambert. We must abandon the defense as he did—Christianity will take care of itself—and concentrate all our efforts in such an attack on the enemy that they will soon be on the defensive themselves. We must carry the war into Africa. The moment Father Lambert turned the searchlight of his logic on Ingersoll his victory was assured. In girding our loins for the battle and arming for the fray, we may not have Father Lambert's

“Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw through the all the muses' walk;

“Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course”;

but he has shown us the proper weapons for the warfare; he has pointed out the road; he has blazed a path; he has left us a model. But, above all, he has left us the undying example of a brave and loyal Catholic heart, a Christian patience that never faltered, a perseverance that never flagged, a courage that never wavered, a zeal that never drooped or languished, a faith and hope that sealed his every work and riveted him to that work to the end.

THE WAYSIDE STATIONS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.



In the breakfast room of the Tower of Babel there was the usual hum of talk. This was not, of course, the real name of the house, but had been given it by the American girl, on account of its picturesque medley of tongues and nationalities. She was talking now to Franziska, the landlord's rosy daughter, moving about among the coffee-trays. "It is your policemen I am interested in, *Fraülein*—their absence, rather. Are there none at all in Seeberg?"

"We had one once," said Franziska, with modest pride; "but he resigned after a year. His conscience forced him to. He had not enough to do—he made not one arrest."

"How is that for Arcadia!" laughed the German Baron, who was also at the table. "But, possibly, there is much indulgence as to conduct in such a place. There would surely have been arrests if it had been in Germany."

"But, certainly," said the American girl with impatience, "for that is the Land of *Verboten*, and one must have a permit to breathe."

Her aunt glanced at her restrainingly, and she continued more pacifically: "But I have wondered to see how simple and how honest the plain people here are. The baker comes every morning to early Mass, and he leaves his tray outside the door, with no protection but a sheet of paper. The smell of the hot rolls and cakes is appetizing, even to me. But the little girls and boys pass in and out unwatched, and he loses nothing. That could not happen in all places."

"But the things are his only," said Franziska uncomprehending.

"Helena," her aunt said to her later, "why should we linger over Christmas on these heights? When we were across the lake, down there in the midst of vivid summer life, I could understand."

"Yes; that was fascinating, too. The visitors of all kinds, fashionable and unfashionable, crowding the *quais* under the

chestnuts. The immense hotels, with their glow and sparkle of flowers and Paris fashions and music and electric lights. And the steamboats splashing and churning their way through the green and blue and violet waters of the lake. And the old town, with its gray, medieval walls and towers, and at night all springing into fiery outline, and diadems of stars on the heights above the rushing river. But I love this, too: this tiny village—which mountain and lake so cunningly hide—with such views of the high Alps. And isn't this quaint, old-time chalet delightfully absurd? To go to bed by candle-light in this year of progress! You know I am great friends with all the village folk. The people in the house are amusing, too."

"If you regard them as amusing only," said Mrs. Ross slowly.

Instead of the blush she, perhaps, expected, Helena looked grave and a little pale. "It is quite true, Aunt," she answered, "that Baron von Sternach is staying here on my account, and that I do not wish him to stay; and, yet, do not—quite—wish him to go."

"He is very fine-looking and soldierly," said Mrs. Ross hesitantly, "and of old family, I am told, and large estates. But, in married life, difference of nationality, sometimes, and of faith—of faith above all—"

"Dearest," said the girl, "there is nothing for or against international marriages which I have not told myself. It might be easier to decide if he went away for a while; but he will not, he says, lose one moment of his leave."

"Do you remember," asked her aunt, laughing nervously, "your uncle's charge when he saw us off? 'Do not, Helena,' he said, 'bring me back any sort of princeling, for he would not have my blessing.'"

"Oh, dear Aunt, why do we spoil the beautiful morning in this way? I do not want to marry anybody. What I really want is to go skating with Mr. Chow-Chow."

"Mr. Chow-Chow?"

"The Siamese student. His real name is Chonimari Sukariti; but that, you know, is quite impossible in daily intercourse. So I address him as 'Monsieur'; and speak of him to you as Mr. Chow-Chow."

Mrs. Ross looked lovingly at the charming face which smiled at her from its frame of golden-brown hair under the skating-cap.

The Siamese student on the veranda threw away his cigarette at sight of her, and took her skates; for, being the son of a Government official, he was being educated in England. He was a mere boy in appearance and she told him maternally: "You smoke far too much."

"It ees true," he agreed delightedly. "I know the good all the time. But I do the bad."

"Like the rest of us," she answered, but abstractedly, for they were quickly come to the little frozen lake, set, like a jewel, between fir-covered heights. And she saw that she was not, for the morning, to be free from Von Sternach's presence—as he, with others of the guests of the Pension Mathias, was already skimming the ice-field.

"The Baron goes first-rate well," observed Mr. Chow-Chow dispassionately, kneeling to secure Helena's skates.

She felt an unreasonable impulse to dissent, hearing a chorus from the fluttering company of girls and their mothers, meant, it almost seemed, to reach the skater's ears.

"Perfect! Fine! He does the figure eight admirably. And now the pirouette! And the double spiral and the grapevine! Those officers—such skaters as they are! Beautiful! Wonderful!"

The Baron held his uncovered head well up to the crisp, frosty air. His arms were folded upon his broad chest. His military cape blew back from his tall, erect figure, as he swept hither and thither with serious self-sufficiency, his gaze lightening only when it perceived Helena.

"These silly girls!" she thought, "they give a man excuse for posing. He imagines himself, perhaps, like the young Goethe skating in Kaulbach's picture—which I detest."

"I will not go on the ice this morning," she suddenly informed the mildly-surprised Siamese. He detached her skates reluctantly, and looked a moment after her receding form.

With Helena went, for a while, the troubled indecision so constant in these days. It had been pleasant in the greater town across the long lake, whose steeples and towers were yet visible on a clear day, to have a ballroom partner, handsome and expert; an escort at afternoon tea or concert in hotel or Kursaal, where men were few among the silk and lace and chatter of the maidens. Pleasanter yet was it to have an attendant on lake or river handling oar or sail with equal skill;

above all, to receive the flattery of romantic devotion from one of his undoubted rank and wealth. But this she knew for gratified vanity in herself. The puzzle came when, following her, against some protest, to the secluded little village on the higher plateau, he pressed his suit with directness and sentiment. Would one thrill at the ever beautiful: "Du bist wie eine Blume," without some feeling for the speaker? Could the title of Baroness and two or three castles, with some distinction at court, alone actuate, when the castle's owner was fine-looking and ardent? She missed something in him. Was it the deference paid to women at home? He would have her talk nothing but music, poetry, sports. He smiled tolerantly if she were ever more earnest. She fancied he frowned intolerantly at faintest allusion to things spiritual. Once, when asked if he could conceive of laws without a law-maker, he had shrugged and murmured something about "childishness."

All at once, so young she was and bright the day, she dismissed her perplexities, and climbing the snowy steeps she turned to look down upon the little village of Seeberg. "The dear little church," she murmured, glancing below to where a forest chapel reared its belfry against the snow. From that direction now hurried Franziska, vivid colors of carrots and red cabbage, broccoli, beets, and apples shining through the meshes of her netted marketing-bag.

"Why didn't you let one of the waitresses go to market this morning?" asked Helena. "You, who so love skating!"

"They love it, too," said Franziska simply. "Besides, I wanted to attend Mass. I offered it for the basket-maker's Adelheid. She is not happy lately."

"No? I am sorry. Shall I go and see her on the way back?"

"If you will be so good. It will surely cheer her."

Helena struck across a footway cleared in the snow meadows, then up some stone steps to where, on a higher road, stood the basket-maker's work-shop and home. Passing the open door, where baskets of all conceivable shapes showed, large and small, square and round, and especially the useful flat kind to be strapped with leather thongs to the back of the climber, she reached a little chalet. It showed its toyhouse outlines and its gay coloring against the wintry atmosphere, with empty window boxes now, which in summer were aglow with

vivid blossoms. In the neat kitchen, which was also dining-room and parlor, Adelheid gave superfluous touches of her broom to an already speckless floor. Helena had long ago remarked in church this tall and stately Swiss maiden, with her clear, direct gaze, her poise of carriage and manner, her crown of fair hair. Her own gift of sympathy had quickly made them acquainted. This was one of the subjects which caused the Baron to raise his eyebrows.

"One helps the poor and one's tenants, certainly. But to talk freely with them of their affairs, it is quite unnecessary condescension."

She was not thinking of him just now, however, but wondering how she could reach the cause of Adelheid's depression; and, indeed, it was not long before the girl gave to her tactful interest full confidence.

"I have grown up with both, do you see, Mademoiselle, have studied and played with both; but always have Anton and I understood that we were sweethearts—to be married some day. And many times has Jost troubled and made love and interfered. He has a wicked temper—Jost—and rough ways. And lately, I am ever afraid of their quarreling. For both are wood-carvers, do you see; and Anton took the prize last year at the Exposition in Berne; and then he won in the ski contest at Davos, which Jost had expected. And both came home from the fair with me, and they disputed, and Jost threw his stein at Anton in this very room and before my father, who said: 'Do you mean to make my daughter the canton's talk with such doings? You both know well that Gottlieb Führer keeps his promises. If ever I hear a whisper of a quarrel between you again, neither of you shall ever have her.' And my father is a strict man of his word."

"We must keep things smooth, then," said Miss Keith, who had been a frequent visitor to both carvers' ateliers. "And—and, Adelheid, could you not hurry the wedding a little?"

"My linen chest is not quite filled," said Adelheid. "Franziska, for all her duties in that great chalet, has had hers ready long ago."

"I did not know Franziska was betrothed."

"She is not—exactly. But before you came the Swiss gentleman in the house—Herr Mühlín—paid her many compliments. Now he says he cannot tell which would be better for

the son of a Regierungsrath—a wunderschön American Fräulein, or a good, plain Swiss Hausfrau."

"Upon my word!" said Helena laughing. "Well, Adelheid, do not fret and things will come straight. Adieu." She went her way, laughing again. So the Baron, waiting in front of the Pension Mathias, had a smile not meant for him, and forgot to reproach her with her long absence.

That afternoon—it was Christmas week—he drove Helena in his light sleigh, over the frozen roads to the higher plateau. There was nothing masterful about his manner now. On the contrary, the premature attitude of ownership, the pronounced air of masculine superiority from nature and training, were almost hidden under the careful protection which tucked soft fur robes about her, and paid her many compliments. He helped her out, not without pressure of the little, fur-mittened hand, and she must take part in the sport of coasting under its foreign name of *la luge*—and show her familiarity with the bob-sleigh of her native land.

"We will try the skis now," he said abruptly, when they hauled the bob up after a few flying, animated descents. Helena arched her brows a little, but made no objection, for skating and coasting had been childhood's amusements, and the skis still held the charm of novelty. They had the lower plateau practically to themselves—only a few beginners there, warily making essay on the long, pointed skis, which so marvelously conquer winter's obstacles to swift locomotion in the frozen lands.

"This you do well, too," said the Baron with indulgence, "the wild, white German winter should hold no terror for you." She had, indeed, but few accidents, and, presently sped along, rosy, breathless, tingling with excitement.

"Now to the snow-plain," he said, and driving her to a smooth, wide field of snow, detached his trained horse, and gave the reins into her hands, that the animal might draw her along upon her skis. To her delighted amaze she was moving like the wind across the snow-fields, in rapid, smooth, exhilarating flight.

When, reluctantly, the after-glow rosin the white mountain tops warned them of the short afternoon's end, and they drove back, she sighed softly, with retrospective pleasure. "Why not? Why not?" she thought, wrapped in his luxurious

bear-skins and listening to his words of wooing. "Why must one reflect and analyze and hesitate forever? What if he did seem to regard religion as a thing outworn and outgrown, and the Church as an obsolete institution? What if his attitude towards woman must inevitably be affected by lack of spirituality? What if she should be condemned to lifelong silence on things of grave and eternal import?" His low-toned talk and the horse's bells soothed and rested her, and she felt herself drifting—and found it pleasant to drift.

The next glowing December afternoon found Helena again on the ski slopes, where her growing skill gave increased delight. Another essay at skikjöring had, however, given her, after its glowing exultation, a little lassitude. "We will let the horse rest for a while," said Von Sternach, "and we will climb to a height I know on the mountain's farther side, where hardly any one goes, and, when you are entirely ready, we may ski down where we like." This led them quite away from all—and alone, with the great snow peaks the only witnesses of Helena's continuous improvement.

"Himmell!" said the Baron suddenly, "those fellows have gone to steeper slopes than any one. They train, perhaps, for the races."

She followed the direction of his gaze and up high on the mountain-side she saw two men, whom, in the crystal-clear air, she recognized as the rivals for Adelheid's favor—Jost and Anton—both famous for their skiing. They had approached each other from different points, but now, being on the same slope, seemed to be speaking with one another. It was too far for voices to carry, but, from their gestures, they were fiercely excited. Presently one of them, with action of protest and dismissal, leaped high in air to a point far below, landing firm and fair. Instantly the other sprang from the sprung-hügel in pursuit, continuing the quarrel.

"That is an awkward platform for an unfriendly argument," observed the Baron, "narrow and steep and close to a precipice just behind."

He had hardly spoken when the two men neared each other and were indistinguishable in a flurry of snow and skis, from which one had disappeared when it cleared; the other, wavering and balancing in the skis for a moment or two, also went from their sight around a curve.

"It was an accident," said Helena breathlessly.

"It was deliberate," said the Baron firmly. "I will at once lay information. Do you know the men?"

"At this distance? But, see, how late we are, and so far from the Pension Mathias."

The moon, indeed, lighted their homeward way—during which they spoke little, the Baron's instinct of stern discipline occupying his thoughts.

"We do not actually know anything," said Helena after a pause.

"I more than suspect everything," he answered briefly. "The lower classes are sufficiently lawless without our encouragement."

She felt suddenly chilled and repelled; and was, with a girl's quick changes of mood, glad, after dinner, to escape his society on being told there was some one asking for her.

It was Adelheid waiting outside, in the snow, the Pension's lights showing her handsome, anxious face. "Pardon, Mademoiselle, for disturbing you. And you will be cold—out in this frost."

"No; I have my warm wraps."

They walked together up the narrow path which led to the little forest chapel of St. Waldemar. The wind was rising and fluttering the snow down from red roofs and the white, heavily-burdened fir-tree tops. Icicles glistened from well-covers and gutter-spouts.

"See, dear Mademoiselle," said Adelheid, "I know I should not trouble you, but—perhaps you can advise me. You may have heard that Jost has been picked up on a foot-hill of the Senken Pass. He would never have been found, but that his skis caught and held him from the deeper precipice. He is still unconscious, and his leg broken. I, with others, might have thought it an accident, but to-night Anton came to me looking quite wild, and said"—the Swiss girl caught her breath—"that—that, he was really a murderer, for that he was in dreadful anger when, on the mountain-side, he had thrown Jost backward and over. He had not meant killing, perhaps, but was in wild rage, when Jost insulted—me—and threw himself upon him. I have sent him away forever; for it could not be right for us to marry after that! And there is my father, who says many times: 'Gottlieb Führer

never breaks his word.' And he must know when Jost can speak. But, if he did not even, it could not be right—after such deed!" and she broke into low sobbing.

"See, now, Adelheid—no, don't cry"; said the American, thinking rapidly. "Where is Jost?"

"At the Sisters' Hospital."

"And where can I speak to Anton?"

"He wanted to give himself up, but has promised me to say nothing until certain news comes from Jost. He may be now in his atelier."

"I will try. We can go there now; and you may wait for me in the wood."

A few minutes' walk brought them in front of the young wood-carver's workroom—and he admitted the American at once. His rugged though frank and manly face showed signs of such recent deep emotion as prevented surprise at her appearance at this hour. Nor did he suspect Adelheid's nearness.

"I have heard—everything," said Helena quickly, "and you may trust me. But you must not think of giving yourself up, nor say one word until we know something certain from the hospital. Jost may not remember; or—or he may forgive."

"That is not likely," he answered simply, "but I will say nothing now, if it is your wish and hers. That I am to lose her—after all my life's hope—is but a just penance for such sin."

Helena hesitated, but only said: "Hope for the best, Anton. Good-night! and may God assist you."

"Good-night, Mademoiselle, and I thank you."

Adelheid went back with her to the Pension, where the Baron paced the veranda, and looked displeasedly upon the girls' parting. "I have told you they would presume upon your kindness," he said abruptly. "Here has that girl's obstruction wasted a whole evening!"

"Not to me," laughed Helena, and slipped away.

The next day being Christmas Eve, there was much to do, for Franziska would have a tree with some trifle for each one upon it, and Helena assisted in its decoration.

"It must be this afternoon," said Franziska, "for all will want to go on the ice to-night by the full moon. It will be a pretty sight with all of you in fancy dress—and Papa will

have music for them to skate by—and the yodlers will call down from the upper gorge for the echo. What shall you wear, Mademoiselle?"

"I think I shall not be there; for I am going to Midnight Mass, and I have promised Adelheid to be with her first to dress the altar. Another pipe for your father, Franziska? He has a great many."

"Every year I ask him what he would like. Every year he says a pipe. Now, does that not look beautiful?"

This important task over, Helena walked briskly and alone to the hospital on the monastery heights. The sisters, to whom she had been most generous, admitted her willingly to the ward where Jost was, at present, the only patient.

"He is quite conscious to-day," said Sister Melchior. "His injuries are less than at first supposed. His broken leg is the worst; but he knows, or tells, but little of how the accident happened."

The young lady had bought several pieces of Jost's carving during her stay in Seeberg, so her interest in the surly workman was explicable.

"I was sorry to hear of your fall, Jost," she said sweetly, when Sister Melchior was called away. "They happen most often to the best skieurs, I hear, for they are the most bold and brave. Perhaps you were racing with some one."

He looked sullen enough, turning his bandaged face to the wall for some instants, then he said roughly:

"I do not need to race—as all know me for the better runner. But I was pursuing some one, yes, I do not care who knows it, for I meant him to hear what I had in my mind. And the ski broke, or I stepped too far back, that I cannot remember."

"It would be a pity if Gottlieb Führer should hear that you were with Anton, for Gottlieb is a man of his word."

"You know about that, then? Well, I do not mean old Gottlieb to hear, for I am not such a fool as to give him excuse to put me out of his house. I have mentioned no one's name, not even to you, Mademoiselle; and it is easy for a ski to upset one."

"There is a German officer at our house," said Helena, rising and speaking carelessly. "It is thought he saw you on the mountain with some one. If he should be asking questions—"

"It is none of his business," said Jost, "and he will get nothing from me."

"You are very wise," Helena commended, and presently went away.

Among her other gifts on the afternoon's tree, was an oval package: "To be opened privately." In her room she found it to be a fine miniature of the Baron, in uniform and orders, framed in silver and with a card: "To keep this—as is hoped—is to mean that you accept, for always, your devoted

OTTO VON STERNACH.

She did not show it to Mrs. Ross, but closed the case, and put it away thoughtfully. After dinner the guests dispersed to their rooms to attire themselves in this or that pretty or fantastic costume, with the delight which maturity, no less than childhood, takes in "making believe."

The Baron secured a minute with Helena to urge low-toned insistence that she should skate with him. "My last evening, as you know—my leave ends to-morrow—and there is something I must know." He looked flushed and very handsome in his eagerness.

"Come to church with me, instead," she smiled.

"I could not be weak enough so to spend such a night," he said, irritated. "But will be here to meet you later."

The house, in a little time, was quite empty and deserted. Mrs. Ross having joined, for a while, the spectators at the skating field; and even Franziska and the waitresses taking part in the brilliant scene. Helena felt, suddenly, very lonely. Her youth and temperament had invited participance, but meaning to receive Communion, she could not feel the excitement of such a scene—the appeals of her suitor, the possibility of being too late—a fitting preparation. Wrapped in furs, she presently went out and was met by Adelheid, showing in the moonlight the flat-sided basket strapped on her shoulders and filled with house-flowers and vines for the altar. The church was already lighted, and the two girls went in and busied themselves with their work, exchanging but necessary words of consultation. A woman came and laid a little child on one of the benches, covering him up.

"Keep an eye on him for me, Adelheid," she said, "while I run down and see the skaters before Mass."

Adelheid nodded and smiled, though abstractedly, her sad preoccupation being, indeed, evident to Helena, in contrast to

the general Christmas gayety. They were through at last, and it was still some time before the bell would ring.

"Let us go up higher on the hillside," said Helena. "It is a wonderful night. We can go by the Capuzinerweg, behind the monastery, and so not meet the people coming to church."

"I must take the child, then," said Adelheid, and lifted him to her strong young shoulder.

The way they chose was quite steep and narrow, an old road and less frequented than the wider street below, and here, along the monastery wall, there were Stations of the Cross at intervals. Each in its shrine, protected from the weather. They went in silence, looking out over the beautiful, solemn expanse of white mountains, crowned here and there with sparkling diadem of electric lights—at the shining great lake, with its circling villages and distant town. From the skating field below was wafted to their ears, now and then, an orchestral strain of music, and even a faint echoed murmur of laughing voices.

"You would have been the prettiest and sweetest there, Mademoiselle," said Adelheid. "There was time before Mass."

"I was not in humor for masquerading," said her companion abstractedly. Both girls spoke very low, as though they feared to profane the lovely night. As they turned a curve in the lonely road a crackling of the snow sounded and a dark figure appeared at a little distance. They stood a moment close under shadow of the low-hanging, heavily snow-laden fir-branches.

"There is nothing to fear in our roads usually," whispered Adelheid, "but—but in holiday time—the wine shop, perhaps—"

She stopped, for a murmur reached her now, and it was that of supplication, humble, penitent, and earnest. A man's form, broad and sturdy, went reverently from shrine to shrine, kneeling in the snow at each, as many processions of pilgrims had done in the times past. Here, alone in the night, under the shining, wonderful heavens, he made his Stations of the Cross, seeking remorsefully pardon for homicidal fury. In the deep shadow the girls followed softly, and Helena sought a glimpse of Adelheid's face, fearing to find it express as fixed purpose as when she had banished this life-long lover.

"He makes his penance, she murmured. "Jost is better—"

your father need not know—if the dear Lord forgives, then, Adelheid, you—”

But Adelheid spoke not a word, her eyes upon the reverent figure which went in front, kneeling and rising and kneeling again. The road made here a long loop, and turning upon itself came out, with the last Station, behind the church. The young man here paused again, finishing fervently his penitential devotion. As he rose, crossing himself, from his knees, Adelheid stepped slowly forward and stood in the silver moonlight before him. Her long, dark mantle fell about her in straight folds, from its hood her fine, calm face looked at him, the little flaxen-haired child slumbered on her shoulder.

“*Du heilige Jungfrau!*” muttered the startled young man.

“No, no”; she smiled upon him. “Thou art not yet worthy of miracles, my poor Anton. But thou mayest still deserve, if our Lord wills”—she gave him her hand, and so they passed in together, forgetting Helena.

But it seemed to the young American girl that it was to her a miracle had come. Quite suddenly the perplexities and irresolutions of these last few months cleared themselves away under the Christmas moon. These two humble lovers now, she was shown, so united even after trouble, mutually helpful, one in faith, going together, hand in hand, to prayer. The mirage of rank, wealth, worldly brilliancy, cleared itself away farther than the gay skaters below were removed from these simple, childlike worshippers at the Lord’s cradle on the heights. She saw now, with vision made distinct, where peace and rest and harmony must come, with unity, in life’s journeying together. So, with mind all tranquil and resolved, went in to sing: “*Adeste fideles læti triumphantes.*”

“What is it, my dear?” asked her aunt, impressed by her serene buoyancy, when they returned from Mass—to find the merry-makers not yet come in.

“Just a package I am sending back to the Baron—a present quite too costly for me to accept. As he goes in the early morning, my card wishes him ‘bon voyage.’”

“We will spend next Christmas at home with your uncle, and—and other friends, God willing,” said Mrs. Ross, with apparent irrelevance.

“It is now one o’clock,” said Franziska, “and I wish you a happy Christmas, Fraülein Helena.”

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN DENMARK AND ICELAND.

BY J. FABER SCHOLFIELD.



N no part of Europe is the story of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century more dismal than in the Scandinavian kingdoms. Nowhere else, except perhaps in the eastern districts of Prussia, does the light of faith seem to have been so utterly extinguished. Nowhere else does the extraordinary maxim of "Reformation" times: "*Cujus regio, ejus religio*," find so complete an illustration. It is only in our own days that the Second Spring has begun to dawn on those noble lands of the North, that can boast of so grand a history and so heroic a people. To the English-speaking nations there should be a deep and special interest in all that concerns the well-being of the northern kingdoms; we are united to them by blood-relationship, by a thousand points of contact in our national histories, by common characteristics and common sympathies.*

In this short paper I propose only to deal with that restoration as it has so far manifested itself in Denmark, and, at greater length, of the more recent but not less hopeful growth of the Church and the faith in Iceland, Denmark's far-away dependency in the northern sea.

King Christian III. of Denmark, who reigned from 1536 to 1559, has left a name which may almost stand beside that of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, of infamous memory, for the ruthless industry with which, having himself apostatized from the faith, he seduced his people from their allegiance. There was a peculiar venom in the way in which the change of religion was carried out in Scandinavia. Much of the old form was retained, eviscerated of its reality and its meaning. A Lutheran church retains a good deal of Catholic furniture, and to outsiders would convey something of a general Catholic aspect. Altars, crucifixes (of immense size in some places), lights, pic-

*A Danish princess has twice shared the English throne; the "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea," Alexandra, the Queen-Mother, has a place of warm affection in English hearts; and her daughter, as Queen Consort of Norway, has forged yet another link in the chain that binds the English people to Scandinavia.

tures, here and there even an empty tabernacle (as at Nürnberg), rood-screens (as frequently in Eastern-Prussia), the chasuble (in Norway), and various ceremonies, all serve to give this species of Protestantism a completely different outward character from the chilling bareness of every Anglican church until the "Oxford Movement," and of every Presbyterian and English Nonconformist place of worship to this day. The Protestant Sunday morning service in Norway is popularly known as "High Mass," though the communion may not be, and indeed rarely is, celebrated. Some years ago I reviewed for an ecclesiastical newspaper, a small manual, translated from the Norse, with this very title of "High Mass"; at many points in the service the traces of the old faith might be recognized, but they were mere external traces in the most extraordinary and incongruous jumble—a jumble even worse, liturgically speaking, than the confused fragments of the Catholic rite that make up the communion service of the Anglican Prayer Book. In Sweden there is even a hierarchy, consisting of a Primate-Archbishop with a number of suffragans; but, so far as I know, there is no serious claim on the part of these bishops to a Catholic character for their orders. Some Anglican churchmen would rejoice if such could be proved, and Bishop Gray, of Capetown, when he pronounced excommunication on Dr. Colenso, Anglican bishop in Natal, sent word of the sentence to the Archbishop of Upsala, as well as to various metropolitan dignitaries, Catholic and otherwise, including the Holy Father himself! But, apart from all other considerations, the form of consecration as used in Sweden appears hopelessly inadequate for any validity in the Catholic sense, the episcopate being conferred, apparently, as a gift from the king as the source of all authority.

In 1860 there were only two Catholic congregations in Denmark, one at Copenhagen, the other at Fredericia, with two churches and two chapels; only two schools, one hospital, one religious community—the Sisters of St. Joseph. Now the capital alone reckons three parish churches, four churches belonging to religious, and thirteen other churches and chapels—twenty homes for the Most Holy Sacrament in what was so recently almost a desert. There are five elementary schools in Copenhagen, four secondary schools, and St. Andrew's College, with both classical and commercial courses, and possessing State recognition. In the provinces the advance has, naturally, not been so rapid; but they have between twenty and

thirty churches and chapels, and at least fourteen Catholic schools. For one hospital forty years ago there are now eleven, besides three sanatoria at Aalborg, Dalum, and Esbjerg. Fifteen religious communities, eight for men, seven for women, are established in the country. The Catholic population is about 8,000; in summer there is a great immigration of Polish farm-hands, reaching to 12,000 or more at times, whose spiritual needs have to be provided for.

It is, no doubt, still the day of small things. But the increase has been extraordinary, and we are justified in looking for great results in another generation. The time will come, as it has come in England and Scotland, when a restored hierarchy will take the place of the present Vicar-Apostolic. There is little or none of the absurd anti-Catholic spirit so prevalent in other places. The educational policy of the government is "a fair field and no favor"; and Catholic schools, properly qualified, receive precisely the same recognition and aid as any others. It may be that the very conservatism of the Lutheran bodies, in externals especially, will insensibly make the Church's work more easy. They are, indeed, cut off from the unity and sacramental life of the Church; but a religion that teaches "consubstantiation" (however unphilosophical) is at any rate not likely to lead its members to blasphemous hatred of our Lord's Sacramental Presence. The lately abolished Royal declaration oath, of which there has been so much discussion this year, and which is now happily taken off the statute book of the United Kingdom, could scarcely have been framed by a legislature officially Lutheran in character.

Such is the devotion and liberality of the Catholics of Denmark that many of the buildings belonging to the Church have a stateliness worthy of their high purpose, and are on a scale proportioned to the great work that has to be done. The novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in Copenhagen, is a splendid building; while among the more conspicuous edifices in the provinces may be mentioned the church of the Jesuit Fathers at Aarhus, the mission buildings of St. Anna, Sundby, and the large and splendidly equipped hospitals at Esbjerg and Roskilde. All are more or less characteristically Danish in style, and carry on the best architectural traditions of the country.

The restoration of the faith in Iceland is still more re-

cent, and in some ways even more remarkable, than in Denmark. Iceland had a glorious Catholic past, marked by devotion to the faith and the Apostolic See. To King Christian III. of Denmark it, too, owes its national apostasy. In order to allay the indignation of the people at the robbery of what they held most dear, the public worship was continued for a long time almost unchanged in externals. The plain-song was still chanted to the old Latin words, and until the earlier part of the eighteenth century the service of the Mass was almost unchanged in both text, and, with regard to the choral parts, in note. The only change was that the so-called consecration followed, instead of preceded, the Paternoster. Until recent times the Lutheran bishop wore on festal occasions the cope which Pope Paul III. had sent to Jon Arason, the last Catholic Bishop of Holar, who died a martyr for the faith, and worthily closed the long line of Icelandic Catholic bishops. To-day the cope, with many other memorials of Catholic days, statues, crucifixes, and sacred vessels, lies in the museum at Reykjavik.

The Abbé Boudoin of Rheims visited the island in 1850, and found traces of Catholic tradition and practice still existing. In many families hymns in praise of the Holy Mother of God, of which the words and tune were handed down from generation to generation, were sung. This last relic of better times seems now to have disappeared. But so great was the devotion to Mary in old times that Iceland was well styled her country. "The veneration to our dear Lady," writes Dr. Jon Thorkelson, the famous Icelandic author, "far exceeded that to the other saints; there were not less than 150 churches in Iceland dedicated to Mary." Dr. Thorkelson has made a careful collection of the pre-reformation hymns to our Lady; they would form a large volume, and we may hope their publication may be found possible. In 1905 this eminent writer's son embraced the Catholic faith.

Not so many years ago there was said to be but one Catholic resident in Iceland—an aged woman, for whose spiritual ministrations a priest from Copenhagen sailed every year to Reykjavik. The old lady was repeatedly pressed to settle in Denmark, but refused to entertain the idea of exile in her last years. Most of the Danish steamers to Iceland touch at Leith, and I have been told by one of the Edinburgh clergy that the priest who was accustomed to go on this mission of charity was

well known to some of his brethren in the Scottish capital. A few years ago, however, the Church again won a footing in Ultima Thule, and the Marist Fathers are now in charge of a most hopeful and flourishing mission. The ignorance and prejudice of the people as a whole are appalling, but are gradually giving way before the logic of facts. If the matter were not so serious, one would be inclined to laugh heartily at the marvelous imaginations the good people have about Rome, the "Romish" Church, and her priests. The picture before their eyes of the ancient Church is not merely faded or obscure, but is the most absurd of caricatures. A woman who has recently come to the Church had no peace until, with the help of a fellow-Protestant learned in the Latin tongue, she had examined the whole missal, because she had always heard that the priest at Holy Mass invoked a curse on the people assisting at the sacrifice, by some magical formula of adjuration! Now she can bear witness as to her slight mistake!

This deep-rooted prejudice against the Church shows itself also in the commotion and indignation that arise over every conversion. "The unhappy one" is treated and described as an apostate even by his own parents and relations. It needs a brave man to take the step; but the converts are great-hearted souls, and, besides, as the tiny handful of Icelandic Catholics increases, the unfriendly feeling will disappear.

The little chapel at Reykjavik is filled Sunday after Sunday, and often cannot accommodate all who come. The Icelander is naturally inquisitive, and wishes to see what is going on and to hear what is to be heard; and in this way many come under the influence of the Light of Life. The Catholic Church reckons among her friends and admirers some of the most prominent and important men of the country. The celebrated Matthias Jochumsson, a national poet and Lutheran pastor, thus expresses himself in the *Norðei*, the leading Icelandic newspaper: "All that is alleged against the blessed Mother, the sublime Church, is falsehood, lies, and slander. All that the Catholic Church, that assembly of saints, preaches and teaches, has no other end but the sanctification of souls." Wonderful testimony from the lips of a Protestant clergyman! The superior of the Catholic mission, Father Menlenberg, had asked the poet to translate some of the hymns of the Church into Icelandic. In his reply, under date of 19 October, 1906, Pastor Jochumsson writes:

"What you say is perfectly correct. Our national literature is rich in poems in the honor of Mary, and it is therefore very easy or an Icelandic poet to compose or translate songs in honor of our dear Lady; and I could never understand why our 'holy' father Luther so vehemently proscribed her veneration."

A great support to the preaching of the faith exists in the hospital and school, both under the management of the Josephite Sisters from Chamberg. The first, a large and somewhat handsome building, proves that the Church is not forgetful of her Divine Master's commandment of charity, the second, that she is no enemy to culture and progress. The sisters have won universal affection and respect. The fame of the hospital has spread far through the country, and often sick people from great distances are brought there. The governor of Reykjavik has given the highest praise to both hospital and school in the public press. The school, which began in the poorest surroundings, at first only excited derision, and prophecies to the effect that it would soon come to an end. Very few families would entrust their children's education to its care. Now, in spite of the fact that the Reykjavik schools are thoroughly up to date, and conform to all modern requirements, the success of the Catholic school has been phenomenal. The governor and a number of the leading families send their children to it—even some Protestant clergymen follow their example. Every place in the small building, which accommodates fifty-six children, is filled.

The state of the mission is, then, in every way most encouraging. What is urgently needed is means to build, that a stately church and large, well-appointed school may shortly take the place of the present inadequate buildings. The prayers and warm interest of Catholics throughout the world will surely reach to this far outpost of the Church's warfare; all who know something of the history and character of the island and its people will enter into the thoughts of Father Menlenberg, the devoted superior of the mission, when he declares it to be his opinion that, of all the nations which the "Reformation" tore from the loving heart of the Church, none deserve so much sympathy as the Icelanders. They were, indeed, sinned against rather than sinning; and now the first signs, at least, are visible of their return to their fathers' Faith.

NOËL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



GILBERT RIDGEWAY sighed deeply as he stepped from his cab and mounted the steps of the handsome house before which he had paused on the city's most fashionable avenue. It was a sigh of sincere sadness, for he had just landed in America, and the last news he had heard before leaving Europe was of the sudden death of his brother. And now he was about to enter that brother's desolate home and meet his widow—a meeting from which he shrank with all a man's dread of a woman's unrestrained emotion.

But the young creature, looking piteously thin and pale in her deep mourning, who presently came to him in the familiar library into which he was shown, was clearly making a strong effort at self-control. Perhaps the eyes that had wept so many tears had for the present at least exhausted their fountain, for there was no outburst of weeping when they met; only the low, bitter cry:

"Oh, Gilbert, did you ever dream that when you came back Hugh would be gone?"

"How could I have dreamed of it?" Gilbert answered, as he held her hands in his warm, brotherly clasp. "It seems incredible that Hugh, so strong, so well when I went away, should be gone, and I be here! If only I had been taken instead of him! There would at least have been no heart to break for my going out of the world."

"I've thought of that," his sister-in-law said, with the sad candor of sorrow. "Of course no one could have wished you to die; but if it had to be you or Hugh—"

"There's no doubt which it should have been," Ridgeway agreed, sincerely enough. "But the Power that orders these things is incomprehensible," he added hopelessly.

"I have no desire to try to comprehend it," Mrs. Ridgeway cried, as she sank into a chair. "I can see no reason why Hugh should have been snatched out of life. He was so good and so happy, and doing the best he could in every way. It

isn't only that I needed him so much—that I haven't anything left to live for since he is gone—but the world needed him, needed men like him; yet he is taken and others are left whose death would have been a blessing to their families and to society. It all seems an awful, purposeless muddle!" she ended in a tone of mingled despair and resentment.

It was a tone with which Ridgeway was not unacquainted. He had not lived his thirty-odd years in the world without having come into contact before this with that form of human sorrow which follows the death of one deeply beloved, and he had seldom failed to find, when grief was acute, the note of resentment strongly accentuated. "Why should this have happened to *me*?" is the instinctive cry of the naturally rebellious heart; and he had never seen his way to ask in turn: "Why should sorrow not come to you, as well as to another, since sooner or later it comes to all?"

He was as much at a loss as ever now to find something to take the place of this obvious but inadvisable question; and before he was able to do so Mrs. Ridgeway went on:

"It is hard enough to bear at any time—the terrible desolation and loneliness—but at this time, when the whole world is rejoicing, it seems almost unbearable. I cannot endure to drive through the streets, or glance out of the windows. All the signs of Christmas festivity nearly set me wild. Families will be united, everybody will be happy, and I—"

Sobs finished the sentence; and as Ridgeway regarded the slight, black-clad form, so shaken by grief, a poignant realization of the sharp contrast between this sorrow and the rejoicing of the outer world of which she spoke, came to him also. He had himself felt that the Christmas decorations everywhere apparent, the brilliant shop-windows, the hurrying holiday crowds which filled the streets, struck a note that jarred on his depression of spirit. For to him, as to many another, the great Christian feast had come to mean merely a time for family reunion, for gift-giving, for social entertainment, and on the part of a few, perhaps, for some dim remembrance of a Birth in the remote past from which this joy originally sprang. Yet it now occurred to him that in a world where death walked triumphant there must necessarily be many to whom the pervading atmosphere of festivity was as painful as to the young widow who complained of it; and, so thinking, he said:

"I understand how the associations of the season add a

fresh pang to your grief; but mightn't it help you to remember that under all the rejoicing there are others suffering as you are, to whom Christmas must be as hard to bear as you find it?"

She shook her head. "I don't feel that it helps me at all," she answered. "Why should it? The suffering of other people doesn't make me less sad and desolate."

Something about sharing in "the common lot"—the sorrow which is the universal heritage of mankind—rose to Ridgeway's lips; but he did not utter it, being wise enough to perceive that such suggestions could only irritate. For why, indeed, should there be any consolation in the fact that suffering is the law of life, unless we recognize a divine purpose behind this law?

When he left the house, an hour later, his mood was many degrees more depressed than it had been when he entered. And this was not only due to the realization of his brother's death, which [the familiar setting of his home had brought, nor to the sad details of his illness that Mrs. Ridgeway had poured forth, nor yet to the influence of her despairing grief; but rather to a crushing sense of the helplessness of man in the stern grasp of fate, of the apparent futility of life, and the deep mystery of death. These are considerations which can be put aside as long as things go well with us—many people are even able to put them aside when things go ill—but to the reflective mind a sharp touch of personal loss and sorrow brings them insistently forward. They pressed heavily, with the weight of unanswered problems, upon Ridgeway now; and more than ever he felt impatient of the Christmas crowds in the streets, the lavish display, the suggestion of extravagance and unthinking pleasure on all sides. "It is like a pagan saturnalia!" he said to himself angrily. "What are they rejoicing about? Has any form of human suffering been lessened by the event they are supposed to be celebrating? And does one in a thousand even give a thought to that event?"

It was as this question rose in his mind that he paused abruptly, for out of the deep porch of a church, past which he was walking, a figure with a strange air of familiarity suddenly stepped, and the next moment he came face to face with a girl whose delicately featured, dark-eyed countenance had a foreign aspect, as well as the slender grace of her simply but perfectly attired figure.

"Mademoiselle Noël!" he cried, as they halted simultaneously. "What an unexpected good fortune is this!"

"It is very unexpected to me, M. Ridgeway," the girl answered in a musical voice, which spoke English with a French accent. "I did not know that you were even in this country.

"I have only just landed," he answered. "And one of the things I proposed to myself was to look you up as soon as possible. I not only promised your friends in Paris to do so, but it is the greatest pleasure I have anticipated."

"Really?" The smile which lighted her face was altogether charming. "That is very kind of you, for naturally you must have so many pleasures in returning to your home, that to count a visit to a poor exile among them is a proof of what a good heart you possess."

"I can't allow you to give me credit for anything of the kind," Ridgeway declared. "I haven't a good heart at all in the sense you mean; and instead of pleasures awaiting me at home, I have come back to face many disagreeable duties, and one sharp pain."

"I am so sorry." The simple words were full of an exquisite sympathy. "There are so many kinds of pain in the world, are there not? But you have always appeared to be one who had escaped them."

"I have escaped them, because I have led a very selfish life," he confessed. "Long ago I formed the deliberate intention of narrowing the channels by which pain attacks us. But I find that it is impossible to narrow them so closely that grief cannot enter."

She nodded assent. "It is impossible," she said, "unless you do yourself the great injury of closing up your heart altogether."

"Why do you speak of it as an injury?" he asked. "I have been inclined to consider it a very desirable thing, if one could only compass it."

"I speak of it as an injury, because it would frustrate the intention of the good God in giving us hearts," she answered. "And whatever frustrates His intentions must, in the end, work injury to us."

"The good God!" Ridgeway repeated the tender French phrase meditatively. They had stepped back from the crowded pavement under the shadow of the porch from which she had issued, and so could speak quietly. "Now I might ask what

you can possibly know of Him or His intentions?" he went on, "but, granting all that you believe, I wonder how many people in your position would call Him the *good* God!"

Her eyes opened wide with startled wonder. "What do you mean?" she queried.

"Why, look at you!" Ridgeway returned energetically. "See how you have been stripped of everything that makes existence worth having. When I remember your life as I knew it first—when I think of your father with his brilliant genius, the delightful circle of friends about you in the most delightful of cities—and then consider your life as it is now: when I see you, in the flower of your youth, condemned to narrow toil in a strange land (you are teaching in a school, I have been told), with father, friends, and fortune gone, I marvel—yes, Mademoiselle Noël, I *marvel* that you can still talk of 'the good God!'"

The eyes which had not ceased to regard him with wonder, now filled softly with tears.

"My poor friend," the low voice said, "how little you know, and how bitter grief must be to you, knowing so little! It is at such times that the good God reveals Himself to us, that He teaches us the deep things of life which we can never learn in happiness. You are right in thinking how happy I was in the bright days that are gone—so happy that I could think of little except their brightness—but, although you may find it difficult to believe, I am happy still; for, although I have lost so much, I have gained a great deal."

"I cannot imagine what it can be," Ridgeway said; "but I wish you could impart your talisman, not so much to me as to another poor soul whom I have just left. She is the widow of my brother who died very suddenly a few weeks ago. It is his death that has brought me home."

"Ah!" The girl laid her hand for an instant on his with a quick, light touch, then turned toward the church door, crossed herself and murmured a few words in French. Ridgeway knew enough of Catholics to understand; and when she looked back at him he said gratefully: "Thank you."

"This," he added after a moment, "is the pain of which I spoke as awaiting me at home. But I don't want to talk of what it is to me—I want to tell you, if I may, about my poor sister-in-law." Then he described Mrs. Ridgeway's passionate grief, her bitter rebellion, and her uncomforted soul.

"Has she no religion?" Noël asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "As much, I fancy, as most people of her class and kind," he answered. "It is a conventional, fair-weather religion, which has never taken any deep grasp of the soul, or given anything which can be laid hold of in the crises of life. She certainly derives no consolation from it now; and this season adds a keener pang to her sorrow."

"This season?"

"Yes; Christmas, you know. She can hardly endure the pervading suggestion of all that Christmas means with us—family reunion, social festivity, happiness, feasting, mirth—"

The wonder in the French girl's eyes deepened to amazement.

"Is that what Christmas means to you?" she asked. "But those are not the things one learns in the Stable of Bethlehem."

"There's little thought of the Stable of Bethlehem in the minds of these people," he said, glancing out over the hurrying, parcel-laden crowds thronging the avenue in the long sunlight of Christmas Eve. "They are preparing to celebrate a day which to them simply stands as an occasion of good cheer, of human fellowship, love of children, and amusement, I am glad if it has other associations for you—I've been thinking ever since we met how much its coming must sadden you, in your loneliness and exile."

"Ah, but, no"; she cried quickly. "I forget that I am an exile and that I am lonely, when I go in spirit to Bethlehem. I have been looking forward to Christmas so eagerly—it is my own *fête*, you know I am a Christmas child—feeling sure that when I kneel at the crib I shall find renewed courage and strength to go on with my journey and my work."

"Do you mind"—Ridgeway's tone was curious and almost awed—"telling me what the things are that you learn there which have such an effect?"

"But surely you know!" she said, marveling a little. "Well, one finds no warrant for ease or pleasure, or what the world calls happiness there—you know *that*. No poverty could be more extreme, no hardships greater than those of the stable, save only the poverty and the hardship of the cross. And if one meditates a little upon it, upon the divine lesson of the meaning of pain, one comes away ashamed to complain of any—

thing, feeling certain that there can be nothing better than to suffer, or our Lord would have shown it to us."

Ridgeway drew a deep breath. "I wonder," he said, "if you would do a most kind and charitable thing, if you would let me take you to see the poor woman of whom I have spoken to you?"

"Your brother's widow? It would give me great pleasure to go if I could help her in the least—but how can I?"

"I believe that you can help her just now more than any one else possibly could. You can at least interpret Christmas for her in a way it has never been interpreted before. Holly-wreaths, carols, gifts, feasting, and pleasure—that is all it has meant for her, poor soul! Now these things are associated with her lost happiness in a way that renders them unbearable; but all this deep, mystical lesson of the stable and the crib will be new to her."

"But how can I talk of it—how seem to preach?"

"That will arrange itself—only come!"

The pleading earnestness of his tone made some women who at this moment emerged from the church, glance at the two a little curiously, and then look at each other significantly as they left the porch. But neither Noël nor Ridgeway noticed their glances.

"Of course I will come," the girl replied. "Even a mere chance of helping one suffering so much is worth taking."

It is safe to say that no one but Ridgeway could have induced his sister-in-law to receive the visitor whom he brought to her house a little later. At first, indeed, she declared that it was impossible for her to do so, but he would accept no refusal.

"Think, Grace!" he urged. "Mademoiselle de Sélincourt is a stranger in a strange land; she has lost her father and her fortune, she has no home but the school in which she is employed, and—this is Christmas, you know!"

"I want to forget that it is Christmas!" Grace Ridgeway cried. "Why do you remind me of it?"

"Well"—he paused for a moment, doubtful how best to appeal to her—"because it seems to me that you might like to do a little kindness to one who is even more lonely, more bereft, than you are. Just see her—that is all I ask."

Mrs. Ridgeway sighed. "Since you ask it, I'll see her," she said reluctantly. "But don't expect me to make any effort to help her. I am in too sore need of help myself."

"I know that," Gilbert answered; and then, fearful of saying something ill-advised, hastened to bring Noël to her.

His anxiety passed away, however, as soon as he perceived the effect of the French girl's gracious presence. The mourning which she wore, the gentle kindness of her beautiful dark eyes, the charm of her manner, so full of subtle sympathy, all appealed irresistibly to the sad-hearted woman whose whole being was sensitively ready to respond to the influence which emanated from the other. For the first time her thoughts were diverted from the consideration of her own grief by realizing the sorrow of another, and by wonder at the absence of any outward sign of dejection or despondency in one who had lost so much. Ridgeway, sitting by, saw the stirring of interest in her eyes, while the conversation flowed on ordinary topics, and he was not surprised when, as Noël, with an apologetic glance at him, presently made a movement to leave, that Mrs. Ridgeway impulsively put out a hand to detain her.

"Pray don't go!" she said quickly. "I feel as if it were selfish to keep you; but there's an atmosphere about you that seems to have a comforting power—and I need comfort so dreadfully! I was so wretched and lonely before you came, that I was tempted to drug myself into unconsciousness, at least until Christmas was past. Does that shock you?"—Noël had started a little—"but surely you must wish that *you* could forget the season and all its associations."

"So far from that," the girl answered, "those associations are full of consolation and joy to me. With us in France the celebration of Christmas is altogether religious, you know; and therefore the note of rejoicing is so full of spiritual meaning, that it can never jar on any sorrow, but must console even the greatest."

Mrs. Ridgeway shook her head. "I can't imagine that," she said. "There will be services at my church to-morrow, but I feel as if it would kill me to go and hear all the joyful singing, and see all the festive decorations and the happy people, and think how out of tune with it all I am."

"Ye—s"; Noël said slowly. "I can fancy that a service of that kind might be hard to bear. You want something to remind you of the deeper side of Christmas, of the unearthly nature of its joy, and of the suffering of which Bethlehem was the key-note."

"Perhaps so," the other assented despairingly, "but where am I to find all that?"

Noël did not answer immediately; she glanced at Ridgeway, and read in his eyes an appeal so urgent that, after another instant's hesitation, she said gently:

"Have you ever been to that service from which Christmas takes its name—the Mass of Christ? I am quite sure that it would not jar upon your grief, even if it did not console you. There is wonderful power of consolation in it—especially in the beautiful Midnight Mass, at the time of the Nativity. The heavens seem opening again, and one hears the songs of angels. Do you know our French chant of '*Noël*'? '*Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle*'"—she broke off suddenly. "I am forgetting," she said. "This is not France; and I am told that there is no Midnight Mass celebrated here. It seems very strange and sad—the most beautiful, hallowed, and deeply moving Mass of all the year! But if we cannot be at Bethlehem with the angels, we can go with the shepherds very early, before the dawn, while the stars still seem to shine in the sky, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* to ring out of heaven. Dear lady"—she laid her hand softly on the arm near her—"why not try what you can find of comfort in the House of Bread, at the Mass of Christ?"

She had entirely forgotten herself—forgotten self-consciousness and fear of "seeming to preach"—in her eager desire to help the poor soul whose sorrow was so deep, whose need of help so great; and Ridgeway, feeling himself thrilled as he had never been thrilled before in his life, by the exquisite tones of her voice, did not wonder that Grace answered with a quiver in her voice:

"I'll go gladly—if you will take me."

"Oh, with so much pleasure!" Noël cried. "Shall we meet at the door of the church? The Mass is very early—at five o'clock, I believe."

"No, no"; as if afraid that she might slip away, Mrs. Ridgeway caught hold of her dress. "You must not go—you must stay, you and Gilbert, and spend this Christmas Eve with me. It is sad company I am offering you; but, then, you have neither of you anything more cheerful to do, and it will be a work of charity. I've heard of 'entertaining angels unawares'; but I've sense enough not to let one go when I recognize her," she ended, with something between a laugh and a sob.

It was a Christmas Eve which none of the three, who thus

unexpectedly spent it together, were ever likely to forget. After a quiet dinner they gathered about the library fire and talked, not of the Christmas which was being celebrated with much noise all around them, but of the many beautiful customs with which the feast is observed in the Catholic lands of the Old World. Ridgeway, who had been a wanderer for years, knew much of these customs, and told of Christmases he had spent in many remote places—in Umbrian sanctuaries, in cities of Spain, in villages of the Tyrol, and in the far shrines of the East—but no description was so vivid or so touching as that which Noël gave of the Christmas celebrations she had known in those country districts of France, where the old traditions of a tender faith are kept alive. As she recalled the memories of her childhood—which had been passed chiefly in an ancient château of Languedoc—her listeners seemed to see the family groups, with their lanterns, coming from all directions over the fields and roads, white with snow or hoar frost, under the brilliant, starry skies, toward the spot where the lights of the village church shone out for the Midnight Mass—the Mass begun a little before twelve o'clock, so that as the chimes in the bell-tower rang for the hour of midnight, the priest standing at the altar would sing the first words of the *Gloria*.

Mrs. Ridgeway looked with a wistful wonder at the girl who described these scenes, not forgetting the happy greetings after the Mass, the return home, the *réveillon*, the gathering of old and young about the great fire of the Yule log—

"I should think it would break your heart to recall it all!" she said at last.

But Noël shook her head. "Oh, no"; she said. "Those are not the memories that break one's heart. It may be that 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things' when those things relate to earth alone; but if there is a note of eternity in them—"

"Ah!" It was a sharp cry. "But how do we know—how can we tell—anything about eternity?"

Again Noël laid a gentle hand on her arm. "I will answer that question—if you still wish it answered—after we have come from the Mass of Christ," she said; while in her own mind she added: "I believe that He Himself will speak to you there."

A little later, when they had separated, and she had been

shown to a chamber to lie down until the early hour when it would be necessary to rise again, she asked herself why she felt so certain of this? For she knew well that sorrow is too common in human life to seem to call for a divine intervention of solace, and it was only by a flash of illumination that she perceived that the ground of her hope was because this heart was not only empty but *open*. And then she also realized that herein lies the great, the essential difference in hearts. On many, grief acts as an embittering influence, closing them hard and fast against the dew-drenched Figure that stands outside and knocks, but will never force His way within. The door must be opened before He will enter; and it seemed to the girl, who from her own sorrow had learned so many things, that here was a heart which in its emptiness and sadness was ready to welcome Him; and, this being so, she understood why she had no doubt of His making Himself known to it.

"What a beautiful Christmas it will be, if it brings her such a Gift!" the girl murmured as she knelt down to thank God for the comfort He had given herself on this Christmas, which she had fancied would be so lonely, in the wonderful privilege of leading a sorrowful soul to the side of the manger of Bethlehem.

She thought only of one soul, but there was another which was meanwhile thinking much of her. Ridgeway had declined his sister-in-law's offer of a bed, saying that he preferred to remain in the library, and that he could easily sleep in one of the deep chairs by the fire, if he felt inclined to do so.

"Hasn't Mademoiselle Noël been telling us that Christmas Eve is a vigil?" he asked. "And vigils in their original meaning were not times for sleep, but rather for wakefulness, recollection, and—er—other things."

"Prayer," Noël said, with a soft smile.

"Yes, prayer," he repeated, glancing at her. "The modern man doesn't know as much about that as the old knights did; but it may be possible that a vigil could teach him something. At all events, I shall remain here, and be ready to call you both at—four o'clock, shall we say?"

So he was left alone in the quiet, luxurious room, where in the flickering glow of the firelight—he immediately turned out all the other lights—he kept a vigil destined to be memorable in his life. For what is so memorable as the hour when

the soul for the first time realizes its true destiny and the relative values of the things which surround it? Ridgeway, who up to the present had hardly given a thought to these subjects, whose one object in life had been to enjoy it in as epicurean a fashion as possible, suddenly found himself in the stern grasp of a pain which he could not evade, and forced by the shock of his brother's unexpected death to consider existence, its possessions, pleasures, and rewards, as he had never considered it before. Here, in Hugh's own room, with the chair before him in which Hugh's shadowy presence seemed to sit, he had an absolutely sickening sense of the awful transitoriness of earthly things, the utter impossibility of holding happiness in a secure grasp for an hour, and of the deep and terrible mystery of man's destiny.

But even as his soul seemed, in meditating upon all this, to sink into a gulf of despair, some words that he had lately heard came to him like an angel's whisper. What was it Noël said of memories that did not break the heart because they had "the note of eternity in them"? Clearly the only way to endure life, and the sense of human powerlessness under its trials, was by that note of eternity; but, like his poor sister-in-law, he felt inclined to cry: "How can we know—how find it?" He had a vision of himself, as one of a myriad, wandering in a thick mist toward an inevitable precipice, with no ray of light to guide or guard. Yet what a secure and steadfast light this girl, whom he had so strangely—was it not providentially?—encountered that afternoon, seemed to possess! He might have thought little of it if he had not known how severely her faith had been tested; but knowing this—remembering her life as it had been, and considering it as it was—he recognized the presence of something for which he could find no better word than supernatural, in her assured grasp of the deep meaning of the fleeting happiness and the abiding pain of life. His thoughts dwelt upon the manner in which she had responded to his appeal, and the transformation which the influence of her lovely personality had wrought in the house of mourning. He found himself praying—if to lift up mind and heart to God be prayer—that this influence might remain to bless those to whom it had come in their need, as a gift born of the hallowed time. While he thought this the deep bell of a clock on the mantel struck the mid-

night hour, and he remembered all that Noël had said of the Midnight Mass of happier lands. "We cannot here go to Bethlehem with the angels," she had mourned—but was there not a way to go, in heart at least, and was not the greeting of that angelic host for "men of good will"? Well, surely—

"They who cared for 'good will' that first Christmas
Will care for it still."

When the great church doors swung open, revealing to those who came from the quiet night outside, and the still radiance of its remotely shining stars, the vision of an interior ablaze with lights, softly warmed, and filled with a silent throng of kneeling worshippers, the effect of contrast was so strong that Noël heard Mrs. Ridgeway give a slight gasp. Ordinarily it might have seemed to her merely a striking picture—the beautiful soaring arches, the pillars and walls wreathed with ivy, a Roman fragrance of box on the air, and at the end of the vista formed by the spacious nave the white splendor of the altar, with its tall candles gleaming like stars—but now the scene appealed to something deeper than the mere pleasure of the eye. The soul, tuned to the perception of spiritual vibrations, felt a meaning of which the outward beauty was but a sign and symbol. It seemed to her that the great church was like a court, set and waiting, in breathless expectancy, for the coming of a Presence which would fill it, and furnish a reason for its solemn pomp.

Noël spoke softly to an usher, and he, with a comprehensive glance at her companions, led them to one side, up a long aisle, and then into a seat very near the sanctuary, and—was this the favor she had asked?—immediately before the chapel which had been converted into the stable of Bethlehem.

There had been times when Ridgeway, in his wanderings into Catholic churches at Christmas, had smiled in a superior and patronizing fashion at what he had then regarded as the childishness of these representations of the most poetic, as well as the most wonderful, scene this earth of ours has ever witnessed. But he had no inclination to smile now. For him, too, the meaning under the symbol became plain, and the Child, holding out open arms from the straw of the manger, seemed saying: "Unless ye become as little children—"

Yes; there could be no doubt that this was the condition

for admittance into that region of faith, where mysteries cease to be difficult, and become the sustaining strength, the illuminating light of the soul. It was that light which he saw reflected in the rapt faces of the people of all ages and conditions, who were kneeling before this representation of the Nativity; while in spirit they were worshipping with the angels and the shepherds in Bethlehem of Judea two thousand years ago. He glanced at his sister-in-law, and read aright the wonder and wistfulness in her eyes, as she leaned forward, gazing intently at the scene—the rude stable, with its utter lack of the most ordinary comforts of life, where God chose to show in His own Divine Person the high estate of poverty, the royal road of suffering. It was as Noël had said—there was no hint of softness, prosperity, or pleasure here; the lowliest might come to find one more lowly, the most bereft of happiness could not murmur in face of all that was signified and foreshadowed in this hardship. The man bent his head in sudden, comprehending reverence—"Only a God could have thought of such a thing, of appealing so irresistibly to His creatures, of so completely depriving any of the right to complain of anything!" he said to himself.

Meanwhile the deep thunder of the organ was filling the air, a gleaming train had swept into the sanctuary, and the Mass of Christ had begun. The singing was low and soft until it burst into the exultant *Gloria*—but then the joy had an unearthly note in which the sorest and saddest heart might have joined. As the majestic Rite proceeded, Mrs. Ridgeway sat quite still, drawn out of herself by the strange beauty, the strange impression of something marvelous and mystical which was implied by every movement and gesture of the golden-vested figures at the altar. She felt that Noël had been right in promising her a worship different from any she had ever known before, although she only dimly apprehended the significance of what was going on. But it was as if for a time she left the familiar associations which had stabbed and pained her, and found herself in a world where all things were changed, where she dimly perceived that even sorrow and suffering might have—nay, *must* have, since God Himself chose them—a divine purpose and meaning in human life. Again she looked at the stable and the manger, and then, as the triumphant strains of the *Adeste fideles* swept over the church,

stirring every heart, she sank upon her knees. For how was it possible to resist the compelling invitation of the *Venite Adoremus*?—how fail to join in the great wave of adoration which was borne to the feet of the Child, as the silver voices rang out in the stupendous words:

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera:
Deum verum,
Genitum non factum:
Venite adoremus!

Of what followed after this thrilling strain, she had naturally only a vague comprehension. But she remained on her knees, like every one else around her, during the solemn part of the Mass, and when presently on the hushed stillness the mellow stroke of the sanctuary bell bade the people again adore their Lord, she remembered that Bethlehem was the House of Bread, and that He who was born there said of Himself: "*I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall not hunger; and he that believeth in Me, shall never thirst.*" And even as she remembered this, a soft murmur began, the movement of a great multitude of people coming to His table.

A lovely flush of dawn was on the eastern sky when they finally came out of the church and paused a moment on the porch, where Ridgeway had met Noël the evening before. Toward her he turned now, with a feeling which he made no attempt to disguise shining in his eyes.

"Noël, child of Christmas," he said, "how can we ever thank you enough for what you have given and been to us on this day of days?"

"We can never thank her," Grace Ridgeway's eager voice interposed, "but we can beg her to promise that she will never take the precious gift of herself away from us again."

Noël smiled as she held out a hand to each.

"Dear friends," she said in her sweet, foreign tones, "think what you have given *me*—the exile who would have been so lonely without you, and who has found such happiness in helping you—and be quite sure that what one has given on Christmas one will never take away."

CHAUNTING MYSTERIES.

BY R. M. BURTON.

TIDES.

Bethlehem's holy morning,
When the angels sung;
In the desert forty days,
Agony begun;—
Finished on Calvary;
Earth in darkness hung;
Till in resurrection light,
Heaven with praises rung.

PASTORAL.

Honored above all others of this earth,
O happy lot of shepherds first to see
The Incarnate Word: what holy mystery!
Well might the stars rejoice in sacred mirth.
The Son of the Highest descends to lowliest dearth.
Those infant hands shall long-bound captives free;
Rest little lambs, He will thy shepherd be:
Angelic choirs, intone His royal birth!
Fair beamed that light on darkened souls below,
Dayspring of morn, thy rising did portend
The victory o'er night, surcease of sorrow's flow.
And still the angels' song is with us to the end.
O words of peace to lead us as we go
Through the dark valley. Alleluia! Amen!

NOCHT BURN.

See His Mother o'er Him hover
Tucking in the humble cover
Of his lowly bed.
Prostrate all the shepherds bending,
Heaven's angelic hosts descending:
Lo, the halo 'round His head!

A SONG OF MARY.

O my little Jesus, O my little Son,
Thou, like the flowers, hast toiled not or spun;
I see you play in the morning sun:
I, the Mother that bare Thee.
'Twas I who gave you motherhood
When I bowed me 'neath the rood;
Where the shining Archangel stood:
Saying: His will be done.
I who partook of the holy mystery,
I the seven-fold veil did see
Riven. No pangs or subtlety
Can rob me of my Son.

Heaven's door opened for a little hour
 What time the lily burst into flower;
 My little Son, my priceless dower,
 Descending to the Mother that bare Thee.

What though the lengthening shadowy
 Rays from the star converged on the tree,
 Lifted up for the world to see:
 Thou art my little Child for this hour.

O my little Jesus, O my little Son,
 My little flower yet hath toiled not or spun;
 As I see you play in shining sun:
 I, the Mother that bare Thee.

*THE THREE
 WISE MEN.*

They were led out of the abysmal deep
 Of the far-away gentile lands asleep;
 Where gross darkness the peoples keep.
 By what unseen angel's winnowing wing
 Were they led while signaling
 Beckoned the star, as seraphs sing.
 Through many a pleasant fertile land,
 Across the desert's golden sand,
 Following still the star's command.

'Till at last o'er Bethlehem Town
 The star stood still, its ray poured down
 Above the stable like a crown.

Hark! they hear that wonder-song,
 Peace on earth, through the night long,
 Swelling loud and clear and strong.

They found the Blessed Virgin His Mother
 With Holy Joseph, and our little Brother,
 The infant Jesus, Him and no other.

They knelt before Him and adoring
 Offered unto Him the gifts they bring;
 Costly and noble, worthy for a king.

The most precious things that were
 From the far countries beyond Ophir:
 Gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Greatly rejoice, O Bethlehem Town!
 Beneath thy star, as its rays pour down
 Around His manger for a crown.

*THE FLIGHT
 INTO EGYPT.*

'Twas at the close of the long toilsome day,
 Weary with journeying, they rested by the way,
 Upon the Virgin's breast the infant Jesus lay,
 Ah, white fluttering dove.

While myriad seraphs ranged in order deep
 Their faithful vigil silently did keep:
 But to mortal eyes He only seemed to sleep
 Safe in His Mother's love.

McCLURE'S, ARCHER, AND FERRER.

BY ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.



McCLURE'S Magazine for November has an article entitled "The Life and Death of Ferrer," written by the English correspondent, William Archer, who, it is said, went to Spain last spring for the particular purpose of ascertaining the facts concerning Ferrer. To judge from the first installment of his work Mr. Archer might perhaps have saved himself the trouble: for, no matter what he gathered, he has written down only what was contained in McCabe's *Martyrdom of Ferrer*, the anonymous *Un Martyr des Prêtres*, and other books of like import. There seems to have been no investigation on his part of any of the Spanish officials, any of the Spanish merchants, bankers, men of substance, and persons interested in preserving the good name and character of Barcelona. All the investigation and all the results shown in the installment of the November number seem to have been wholly directed towards Ferrer's late comrades and sympathizers alone; and even the majority of such results, as stated, are copied out of the above-named books. Spanish official records, statistics, memoranda, and the like were not difficult to get at in Barcelona, yet they never seem to have been consulted, or even as much as mentioned. To judge from Mr. Archer's report it would seem that there was only a slight "unpleasantness"; and yet Ferrer alone was executed for its occurrence. Certainly that is the impression he has studiously endeavored to create.

Yet, even with that, he has to admit that Ferrer, after all, was not the beau-ideal of a teacher of children, a mold of infancy, either in morals or rectitude, as understood among us. For instance, he admits that Ferrer had relations with at least two women other than the particular one who was the direct cause of the outburst of jealousy against him by his wife when she shot at him; he admits that Ferrer's personal character as to sex relations was such as we could not tolerate in a teacher or professor in any school; he admits that Ferrer was an an-

archist, or, as he calls it in politer terms, an "acratist," which he tells us means merely that Ferrer was "anti-religious, anti-monarchical, anti-patriotic, anti-militarist, and anti-capitalist." If there be any other "antis"—such as those relating to family and marriage, quite apart from religion—he must have inadvertently forgotten them. But Mr. Archer frankly says that Ferrer would not be permitted to carry on his schools in the United States or England, for, "there are very few countries in which teaching so openly hostile to the existing form of government and to the whole social order would be endured."

Then he goes on to make a distinction, saying that Ferrer himself was not an "anarchist of action"; that personally he did not favor the bomb, the torch, and the rifle; that he did not directly advocate arson and murder, although he and his subordinate teachers taught anarchy, revolution, and rebellion openly in his schools and text-books and carefully prepared the immature minds of children and half-taught men and women to do the deeds which he personally feared to advocate with his own utterances. Certainly, no one reading the admissions which Mr. Archer was compelled to make about Ferrer can help conceding that Ferrer was nearly all that his opponents have painted him. The summary of what Mr. Archer has given is the picture of a man who has carefully set the springs of human action so that they will do most diabolic work, and thereupon stands aside to witness the result, and when it has been accomplished saying smugly and cowardly: "I never raised *my* hand to that work, for it cannot be shown that I took part, for I was most careful to keep away." This is the utmost to which Mr. Archer can carry his investigation, confined as it seems to have been to Ferrer's friends and present-day advocates.

Certainly one may well doubt the truthfulness and correctness of assertions in Mr. Archer's article, undertaking now to overturn the results of a trial of one year ago, when the very facts in front of him, mathematical, obvious facts, are wholly misstated. It does not argue well for the thoroughness of his research, or the honesty with which he states facts. For instance, he says: "More than fifty per cent of the Spanish population is illiterate; and most of those who can read and write have been miserably taught by underpaid masters in unsanitary and ill-provided schools." He knows, or should know, that that statement is not true. In reality it is copied from

pages 44 and 53 of McCabe's *Martyrdom of Ferrer*, published last January, and pages 8 and 24 of *Un Martyr des Prêtres*; so that Mr. Archer need not have gone to Spain for that. The census of Spain in 1900 showed that the general illiteracy then was not over 30 per cent; and Spain has made large strides since 1900 in all branches of education. That percentage of illiteracy includes the peasantry of Galicia and the Basque mountaineers of the Pyrenees, neither of whom are anarchists or in rebellion, although they are woefully lacking in book knowledge.

Barcelona was the focus and hotbed of the uprising; and, as a matter of fact, the illiteracy of Barcelona in 1908-1909 was between six and eight per cent, as Mr. Archer could easily have ascertained by consulting *La Estadística Escolar de España*, published at the beginning of this year. And any one who has ever been in Barcelona knows the prevalent habit of cabmen, porters, etc., of reading their books of rules to a traveler upon the slightest controversy as to fees, prices, and the like. Certainly the obvious was overlooked in regard to the statement about illiteracy, for Barcelona is one of the cities abundantly provided with schools, and about the first thing the mob did was to destroy a great many of them. About the only schools in that city which are small and miserable in comparison with most of the others are the Ferrer schools; only eight or ten of them were of good size and comfortable, usually they were in the cramped quarters of a private house. It was not the lack of schools and education in Barcelona that caused Ferrer to start his propaganda; it was the lack of the particular kind of schools which Ferrer favored, and which would teach the elements of anarchy and revolution. It is evident that Mr. Archer made no attempt to visit and compare the real schools of Barcelona with those which Ferrer established.

Then, too, he insists continually in his article that "it was as 'author and chief of the rebellion'—'*autor y jefe de la rebelión*'—that he (Ferrer) was found guilty and shot," and again and again emphasizes it and builds several sentences on it, to the effect that Ferrer was tried as the sole "instigator and director of the rising." Either he did not know, or did not care to say, that this Spanish phrase was nothing more than the technical legal expression in Spanish of our word

"principal" in criminal law, as distinguished from "accessory" or "accomplice." Our law here in America has often condemned criminals as "principals" who have had substantially no physical participation in the crime.

Further on, Mr. Archer says regarding the religious orders: "Exempt from taxation, some of the religious houses compete in the production of certain commodities; and this unfair competition is keenly resented by the people." Then he goes into almost the old A. P. A. hysterics about conventual life, citing for it an absolutely discredited anonymous work. Then he draws the conclusion, "for reasons above indicated, the religious houses were chronically and intensely unpopular." This is to give a basis for events. Notwithstanding all this, he tells us, "it (the mob) did not single out for destruction those institutions which competed unfairly in confectionery, laundry work, or other industries." Not a building of that kind was touched. What the rioters burned and destroyed were chiefly the schools, day-nurseries, kindergartens, and charitable institutions of defenseless women. Not a complaint had ever been raised about them; but to a cowardly, raging mob of anarchists they were easy game.

In speaking of this anarchistic mob, he says: "They were bent on destruction, not on theft. . . . No bank was attacked; no store, other than gun-stores"; and he is extremely anxious to show that there was "no sack," even proclaiming in head-lines that there was "no massacre and no sack." Yet the slightest inquiry, to cite merely one case, would have shown Mr. Archer that at the working women's schools, in San Andres, the mob looted everything they could carry, and some even came with wheelbarrows and small carts to carry off beds, pillows, sheets, chairs, sewing-machines, typewriters, dishes, and the like; while they piled up the heavy furniture, tables, pianos, harmoniums, and desks, for a bonfire! Also that every chalice, paten, jewel, and ornament were stolen from the churches and convent chapels before they were set on fire. He knows very well, or could easily find out, that the reason why no bank or public building was attacked was because they were well protected; and that very fact left no police to protect churches, schools, and convents. It was not due to any thoughtfulness on the part of the revolutionists; it was only because they did not dare to take the risk of being shot

In speaking of the three days' unbridled rioting, Mr. Archer is at exceeding great pains to minimize it. Yet he might easily have interviewed a hundred persons who could have given him the details. Had he done so, or had he even gone around and looked at the blackened ruins throughout the newer part of Barcelona, he need not have condensed his story of ruin, terror, and destruction into twenty-two short lines, thus indicating that it was a matter of hardly any consequence at all. He might even have discovered that the "Padres Esculapios" are chiefly lay brothers of the Pious Schools (*Escolapios*). It does not appear in his story of investigation that he ever consulted with any one who was on the side of law and order, or who suffered from the awful series of events. But he seems to have taken particular pains to get in touch with all the Ferrerites of high and low degree. This is hardly the work of an unbiassed investigator.

Yet, notwithstanding that Barcelona had about 600,000 population, Mr. Archer sums up the case of the destruction of the schools, colleges, and convents of the religious orders with the words: "They (the religious orders) are, in truth, almost entirely outside the law; and the populace in moments of revolt is apt to pronounce and execute sentence of outlawry upon them." But he knows, or ought to know, that eight or ten thousand rioters and revolutionists in a city of that size are most emphatically not "the populace." They are, however, the pliable tools which master-minds in the background can most easily use, minds which, when use has been made with disastrous result, are the quickest to deny any participation in anarchy or riot.

In endeavoring to smooth over and minimize that diabolic outrage, the disinterment of the buried nuns, he says: "But it is no less certain that the motive of this profanation was a desire to ascertain whether there was any sign of the nuns having been tortured or even buried alive. It was found, as a matter of fact, that many of the bodies had their hands and feet bound together; and although this is susceptible of a quite innocent explanation, it was not unnaturally taken at first as confirming the most sinister rumors. *To the Anglo-Saxon mind* it would seem that when a community walls itself in from the world, and admits no intervention of the law, no public inspection of its practices, whether in life or death, *it should not*

complain if suspicions arise as to the nature of these practices. The alleged design of the rioters was to take the bodies to the *ayuntamiento* or town-hall, that their condition might be publicly verified." This is a fine specimen of an unbiassed statement! But he did not take the trouble to find out that there are only nine cloistered convents of women in Barcelona, and that the other religious orders are uncloistered and are not "walled in from the world," but are Little Sisters of the Poor, Sisters of Charity, Third Order of St. Francis, Sisters of Mary Immaculate, Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and the like, who go in and out of their houses as their duties require, and who are seen regularly by their friends, scholars, patients, and others, exactly as the same religious orders are seen here in New York. And it was from these that the bodies were taken. If Mr. Archer had made any inquiry he would have found that the town-hall of Barcelona is called the "*casa consistorial*," and that it is in the centre of the old city, not far from the Cathedral, and that the rioters carried the bodies of the nuns in the opposite direction, away from the town-hall. His explanation does not explain; neither does it explain why these dead bodies were treated with the most revolting grossness.

But it would take too long to go over his article *in extenso*. In every portion of it are found evidences of insinuation against the clergy, nuns, and members of religious orders in general, while the riotous mob and its anarchist leaders are uniformly credited with good intentions. Certainly this is not the mere detailing of facts; it is the addition of coloring matter. It is not the calm statement of an unbiassed investigator; it more nearly inclines towards the statement of a prejudiced journalist, who desires to exploit only one side of the case. Take as an example the sentence: "The fact that the Cortes was not sitting left the Maura cabinet the unchecked despots of Spain; and the fact that Señor Maura declined to summon the Cortes showed that this despotism was essential to the carrying through of his policy," which sounds so unbiassed. An ordinary biassed correspondent of the usual stamp who was sent out to get the whole story, would have consulted Señor Maura himself, and let him give his own explanation.

New Books.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SOCIALISM. WHAT IT IS NOT. WHAT IT IS. HOW IT MAY COME. By Edmond Kelley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

Whatever else may be said about *Twentieth Century Socialism*, it certainly is a fascinating book; and whatever limitations may attach to the author's powers, he indeed writes luminously. In a volume dealing with so many technical points, it is unusual for the reader to find not a single page confused or lacking in interest; but Mr. Kelley carries us along from chapter to chapter, and our attention never flags. Even finance, and freight-charges, and markets become interesting under the deft touches of his pen.

As for defects—well, it is the old, old issue over again. Prevalent misunderstandings of Socialism are pointed out and hitherto uninformed readers are made aware that the economic programme, here advocated under the name of Socialism, is not necessarily allied with anarchism, communism, robbery, and other forms of immorality. Then the evils of the existing order are enumerated, analyzed, and remorselessly condemned. Finally, two hundred pages are devoted to the exposition of a socialistic programme adapted to remedy all existing defects and evils, ethical, political, or economic.

As is nearly always the case, the programme embraces various elements—propositions that are indisputable, propositions that are debatable, and propositions that are mere fantastic dreams. It is safe enough, for instance, to affirm that organized production is better than unregulated competition; it is rash to predict that under municipal Socialism practically all temptation for "graft" would be removed (p. 324); and it is surely extravagant to foretell that Socialism will eliminate misery and injustice, and thereby make man's preparation for a future life easier (p. 400).

In a word, then, this posthumous volume of Mr. Kelley's is a readable—in some respects, an illuminating and profitable—book. It is interesting, too, as an illustration of the way in which a certain type of mind will ever repudiate actual institutions because of their plain limitations, and aspire generously after ideals not marred as yet by visible stains because never yet materially embodied.

THE CHARITY OF CHRIST. By Rev. Henry C. Schuyler. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. 50 cents.

Father Schuyler has produced a good book as the second of his series on the virtues of Christ. What is particularly striking about the work is the calm, sensible tone observed throughout. We are often accustomed to meet in writings appertaining to charity an amount of sentiment that becomes nauseous, and a rigidity of doctrine that tends to turn one away from striving to attain to this virtue in its perfection. Others have made it appear to be a tremendously difficult thing to be charitable. Father Schuyler shows from the life of Christ that the acquirement of the virtue is not at all so hard for ordinary man.

He divides his book into six parts, consisting of a general introduction, and chapters on the intimate connection of charity with bodily needs, ignorance, the necessity and duty of correction, sorrow, and injury. On each of these points he shows how we can take example from the three years' public life of Christ. How our Lord showed patience and charity in instructing the ignorant; fearless when the necessity arose to correct faults; full of sympathetic charity for those in sorrow, from whatever cause ~~that~~ arose; and perfect in His charity towards those who injured Him.

We should like to see this book in the hands of every priest and religious, and in every Catholic household. It is a book to be read often, and the oftener the better. For every one who reads it carefully will make some further effort to overcome that awful modern curse of uncharitableness which is the cause of so much dissension and anguish of heart.

The book may be read with ease; there are no technicalities, and the style is good. By producing a well-printed and attractive volume the publisher has added to the merits of the work. The only fault we should feel inclined to find is in the ragged edges of the leaves. It has been the fad for some years to leave edges untrimmed, but as the custom is a mere trap for dust and dirt it should be frowned upon. Also, the illustrations to the volume should have the artists' names affixed. It is nothing but right that an artist like any other person should get the credit of his work by having his name made known when his work is copied. This is a form of charity that publishers could cultivate with some profit.

THE SPANIARD AT HOME. By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. \$1.75 net.

The surest way of establishing permanently peaceful relations between two fairly good men who have heard and have half-believed harsh things about each other is to bring them together, to make them acquainted, to explain their different feelings and convictions, to point out clearly and convincingly the half-hidden traits that have made others love them. Prejudices will then shrivel up and fall away. A mutual understanding will spring into life and grow healthily. Good will, perhaps even friendship, will bind them together. It is so likewise with nations. For that reason it is a joy to know that such a book as Mrs. Nixon-Roulet's latest work, *The Spaniard at Home*, has been given to the world. In English-speaking countries, at least, the Spaniard has been, till recently, a despised, berated type of humanity, haughty, fanatical, gloomy, and above all cruel. Such he still is, no doubt, to narrow minds, confined within the cramped limits of their own perfections. Generous-souled men knew, however, that there were great and good qualities in the race that had given birth to a Teresa, an Ignatius, a John of the Cross, to say nothing of Isabella and the dauntless explorers who raised the Spanish flag in both West and East, or of the heroes that had worsted Napoleon's greatest marshals in the hour of his greatest glory. Those who had studied the Spaniard at home, with the thoroughness of a scholar and the balance of a judge, found much to respect and to love in the Spanish character. The writer of this book is such a one. She has spent many years in Spain; she knows the people well; she writes about them in a convincing way. The book is copiously and well illustrated. It should have a wide circulation and will do a proportionate good, for books of this character tend to create good-will and to maintain peace among the nations.

MODERN BIOLOGY AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION. By Erich Wasmann, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$4.50 net.

Father Wasmann's book attracted so much attention in the German original that English-speaking readers will welcome this translation just published from the third German edition. We may say at once that the translation is well

done, and that even those who know German well will be glad to have such an abstruse scientific work in an English dress. Futher Wasmann, S.J., is at once a scholastic philosopher and an evolutionist. He is one of the greatest of living entomologists, recognized all over the world for his thoroughly scientific studies of ants, their guests, and parasites, and his studies have shown him evolution at work. He does not believe in the doctrine of permanence of species, because he has seen contradictions of it under his own observation. He is not an evolutionist in the monophyletic sense of accepting the teaching that all living things have come from some one original living being, but he is a polyphyletic evolutionist, believing that there are a number of original beginnings of life, from which, however, there has been an evolution into the immense diversity of living forms which exist around us at the present time.

His reason for taking up this advanced evolutionary opinion he lays down very definitely:

If we wish successfully to combat the modern theory of descent, in so far as it has proved serviceable to atheism, we must carefully distinguish truth and falsehood in it. We shall then have no difficulty in depriving our antagonists of their weapons, and even in smiting them with the same sword with which they fancied we were already conquered. If we let ourselves be misled by the skillful tactics of our monistic opponents, and take up an attitude hostile to evolution in every form, we shall be playing into their hands and giving them an easy victory. We shall, in fact, be assuming the same mistaken position as the champions of the Ptolemaic system once assumed against the advocates of the Copernican theory. They were obliged to be always on the defensive, and to limit themselves to weakening this or that actual piece of evidence adduced by their opponents, as not holding good. In an intellectual conflict such a position must, in course of time, be abandoned.

While admitting polyphyletic evolution, Father Wasmann is in no sense a Darwinian. He distinguishes very clearly the four senses in which Darwinism is used. The first is the Theory of Natural Selection, which Father Wasmann shows has come in recent years to occupy much less attention than before. In so far as it represents a gradual progress by innu-

merable and almost imperceptible variations, it contradicts the known facts of paleontology. As to the second sense of Darwinism, as proclaimed by Haeckel, who under this term presented a realistic monism, which would be better designated a materialistic atheism, as a philosophic theory of the universe, Father Wasmann points out that this is simply a mischievous statement unwarrantably made in the name of science. In the third sense Darwinism means man's origin from the animals. For this the supposed evidence has disappeared. In a fourth sense Darwinism means the whole theory of evolution. But this ought to be given up, for it would lead only to confusion. The blunder was pardonable forty years ago, when Darwin's theory of evolution was the only one known, but it is pardonable no longer. Incidentally Father Wasmann shows, by a wealth of quotation from authoritative scientists, how much of prestige Darwinism in any and every sense has lost during the past two decades.

Probably the most striking passages in the book are to be found in the concluding chapter, in which Father Wasmann describes two great storms that centred about the rock of Christian cosmogony—the first, three hundred years ago, arose from the dispute over the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems; the second, fifty years ago, from the question of evolution. It is quite easy to see now that the conflict between the two systems of the permanence of species and of evolution will have no more effect upon the Christian cosmogony than did the Ptolemaic and Copernican tempests. The dwellers on the rock need feel no fear.

On the white crests of the waves, that still angrily threaten even the summit of the rock, are thousands of tiny bubbles that seem to fancy themselves about to destroy both rock and Church. They represent modern unbelief and they imagine that the theory of evolution furnishes them with the best possible weapon against Christianity. But the new wave of the evolution theory will ere long lower its proud crest and sink peacefully to rest at the foot of the ancient rock. The tide of human knowledge is in no sense a natural enemy of the Christian cosmogony. On the contrary, it is naturally the friend of Christianity, for human knowledge proceeds from the same divine wisdom that created also the rock and the mighty Church upon it.

THREE WISE MEN. A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY. By W. L. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. 75 cents net.

Most modern Christmas stories are not Christmas stories at all. The real truth and spirit of that day are seldom expressed. So our hearts rejoiced when we found *The Story of Three Wise Men* to be a real Christmas story. Mr. Locke has seen how the birth of the Babe on Christmas Day transfigured this world of ours and all that is in it, and through His own coming in human flesh shed the glory of divine love upon every mother and child. The story is admirably well told. It is a much greater Christmas story than Dicken's *Christmas Carol*. Its humor is charming; its tragedy has a sublime lesson; its pathos is convincingly human. The Three Wise Men are very modern. One is a noted physicist, another a famed linguist, and another an experienced administrator—all men of the world and all believing in nothing save what their hands may touch and their eyes see. How they meet and travel together; how they come to see better and truer things than they ever saw before, and how at length they go forth on Christmas Day, carrying "an inalienable joy and possession into the great world," will be found between the covers of this small book. It is small but it is delightful.

MYSTICISM: ITS TRUE NATURE AND VALUE. With a translation of the "Mystical Theology" of Dionysius and of the Letters to Caius and Dorotheus. By A. B. Sharpe, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder; London: Sands & Co. \$1 net.

Mysticism has its guide books, as well for the curious-minded as for the devoutly interested, and the best, if not the only one of these in our language, has now been published. The author's purpose is not a stated treatise, like that of Father Augustine Baker or St. John of the Cross. He would give us a manual and a summary of the steps from ordinary prayerful conditions to the infused and, as it were, miraculous ones known as contemplation, the prayer of quiet, divine locutions, visions, ecstasies, and the like.

Though the work does not pretend comparison with such highly philosophical books as that of Görres, it is of much use to all who would read intelligently the works of the mystical saints, or be competent guides for persons thoroughly devoted

to prayer. The author shows himself entirely familiar with all the standard authorities on his theme, and has even translated a portion of the works of one of the earliest, Dionysius. The bibliography affixed to his volume is of special worth to librarians and spiritual directors. He is entitled to the thanks of all loving searchers after the divine footsteps in the hidden vales of solitary lore.

The book is not large and the price is reasonable.

A BOOK OF THE CHRIST CHILD. By Eleanor H. Broadus.
New York and London: D. Appleton. \$1.75 net.

The materials out of which this book is fashioned have been drawn from many sources. There are legends that come from the earliest days of Christianity, scenes from the Miracle Plays, tales of the Middle Ages, verses from the pens of Milton, Luther, Herrick and Christina Rossetti; and together with these are excellent reproductions in color of famous religious masterpieces by the world's greatest painters. Through them all there breathes the spirit of devotion to the Christ Child, and it will be very strange indeed if even one unspoiled boy or girl lays down this book without feeling an increase of both faith and love. The cover of the book is enriched with a colored copy of Raphael's Madonna of the Chair.

JEANNE D'ARC, THE MAID OF FRANCE. By Mary Rogers Bangs. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25 net.

There are few stories of womanly goodness, heroism, and greatness as worthy of being made known through all the world as the thrilling, instructive, and strengthening story of the happy, holy Maid of Orleans. Because of this conviction we welcome this new life of the Blessed Joan; It is not a lawyer's argument in defense of the Maid; it is not a bitter arraignment of her craven friends, nor of her enemies, whether stupid or savage; it is not a subtle inquiry into the nature of her "Voices," nor a detailed study of difficult and debated events in her career, but a simple yet graphic narrative of her short, eventful life. The style gives the intrinsic interest of the story full, free play on the imagination and emotions of the reader. The author evidently sympathizes with and loves her heroine, but her admiration and affection are neither blind nor extravagant.

LITTLE BOOKS ON ART. 1. CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM. 2. OUR LADY IN ART. By Mrs. Henry Jenner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1 net per volume.

To the lovers of our Blessed Lady and of the works of the great artists we heartily recommend a small volume, well-printed and well-bound, entitled: *Our Lady in Art*. The volume is profusely illustrated with excellent reproductions. Mrs. Henry Jenner is thoroughly conversant with her subject, both from the religious and artistic points of view.

Her taste is thoroughly good; her canons of interpretation exact and true. She has brought to her work a soul filled with love and reverence for the subject she treats, and, therefore has produced a volume exceptionally attractive. It is a most instructive and useful work for readers of all ages, and we think it particularly well adapted for giving growing children a knowledge of our Lady's life and work, of the great paintings that have her as their subject, and of the unique position she has ever held in the Christian world.

And a companion volume to this, entitled *Christian Symbolism*, merits the same high praise. Mrs. Jenner has here many more subjects to treat and many more questions to explain, but she has succeeded admirably in her task of supplying "in a short and quite popular form, a guide to the general principles on which is based the symbolism of the Christian religion." Her book has seemed to us to show most convincingly that it is absolutely necessary to grasp the truth of the real unity of the Church in order to understand the meaning and purpose of Christian art. Aside from the value of its artistic history and criticism the book is particularly useful and instructive for Catholics. Indeed, we wish that many Catholics were more thoroughly acquainted with the great and the small things of which it so ably treats.

THE SCIENCE OF POETRY AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Hudson Maxim is an experimental scientist of wide ambition, deep confidence, and, it would seem, of versatile taste. Not content with having produced an admirable smokeless powder (and other explosives appreciated by Government circles), he has recently essayed to systematize the whole

subject of rhetoric, oratory, and poetic criticism. And, by his own admission, he has brought to this delicate and intricate subject precisely the same methods he would have applied to "biology, ethics, or torpedo warfare." In other words, the book is an attempt to lay the Muse upon the dissecting table.

Mr. Maxim does not believe that poetry and verse are identical; but neither, of course, does any discriminating critic: and he does not rank Whitman among the great masters—for which, at least, we thank him. Suggestive, too, are his remarks upon tone-color; and his definition of poetry as "the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by artistic trope" is valid enough as far as it goes. What Mr. Maxim fails utterly to apprehend is, not only the higher artistry, but the spiritual, the sublimated, the intuitional quality, which is the essence of great poetry: "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," in Wordsworth's famous phrase—"the human aspiration for supernal beauty," in the words of Edgar Poe.

In one of the appending illustrations we behold Mr. Hudson Maxim himself, wrestling in mid-air with a somewhat protesting Pegasus. In its sequel, man and beast are down to earth once more; the wings droop upon the ground, the whole attitude suggests a quiet Sunday morning ramble. At first sight, this all seems rather absurd; at second, it takes on a humorous and ironic significance. For Mr. Maxim's artist is right. Pegasus *is* broken, all through the volume!

LIFE IN THE ROMAN WORLD OF NERO AND ST. PAUL. By F. G. Tucker. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50 net.

Those whose knowledge of Roman life is no wider than the statements of their history text-book, or the pictures drawn in novels like *Quo Vadis*, will be astonished by Professor Tucker's *Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul*, but they will rise from their reading better-informed men, with many a harsh judgment about ancient Rome greatly softened or totally set aside. After describing the condition of the empire—the means and security of travel within it, the systems of government, administration, and taxation—the writer takes us into the Imperial city and makes us well acquainted with its material side. Then we have the daily life of the people set before us, with descriptive accounts of their occu-

pations, amusements, and customs. No class of society is overlooked—no phase of life ignored. The status of women, the education of children, the organization, equipment, and training of the army, the religion, philosophy, and art of the time are all carefully treated in separate chapters. There are many excellent illustrations which help the text to make the Roman of those far-off days stand before us in a well-defined way, showing us clearly that he had much of both good and bad.

THE PITTSBURG SURVEY: WOMEN AND THE TRADES. By Elizabeth Beardsley Butler. **WORK-ACCIDENTS AND THE LAW.** By Crystal Eastman. New York: Charities Publication Committee. \$1.50 per volume.

Three years ago last September a group of experts gathered from different quarters of the United States for the purpose of making a diagnosis of the industrial and social conditions of Pittsburg. Along the lines then projected, some twenty trained investigators, men and women, were set to work at making highly detailed reports of the situation prevailing among the wage-earners of the famous steel-district; and their findings are being published under the title of *The Pittsburg Survey*. In the outcome of these investigations, we have, beyond doubt, the most comprehensive and significant social study ever inaugurated by private enterprise in this country. The work was planned by the editors of *Charities and The Commons* (now *The Survey*) and financed chiefly by subsidies from the Russell Sage Foundation for the Improvement of Living Conditions.

Mr. Paul U. Kellogg, who directed the work, is editing the reports of the investigators. Six volumes of goodly size will present the general findings of the staff with regard to health, wages, organization, and dependency in the district and give the results of four special inquiries carried on throughout a year. Of these special inquiries two lie before us as we write.

In the space at our disposal we can do little more than recommend them to the attention of our readers—and this we do most heartily. The amount of painstaking labor that has gone into the making of these books can be properly appreciated only by those who have had personal experience of the difficulties that confront such investigators. But the scientific

method of collecting, and the scrupulously careful manner of presenting, a vast amount of valuable data, will be readily apparent to any reader. The practical bearing, the moral of the story, can be obscure to no one. It is economic and industrial facts coldly set down in type, or tabulated figures and percentages, that chiefly fill these pages. Yet they are heavy with tragic significance, that concerns not Pittsburg alone but, more or less directly, all big American cities; and we confess to having been unable to ponder them unaffected.

Miss Butler's book introduces us into the world of woman's work, but excludes some of the groups enumerated in the United States Census, and classifies those observed under Food Production, Stogy Industry, Needle Trades, Cleaning Industries, and Metals, Lamps, and Glass. Approximately twenty thousand women were studied. The mildest possible comment on the facts published is that many of these women work at lower than a living wage, during hours and under conditions that sap the health of body and of soul. This situation the public conscience must consider and the law must take in hand.

Our readers, of course, are aware with what authority Miss Eastman can speak and of the large share of credit due her for New York's enlightened law on Employer's Liability and Compulsory Compensation. No one can deny the well-supported premises nor escape the conclusion of her wonderfully well-done volume. She has studied minutely the cases of 526 men killed by work-accidents in Allegheny County during twelve months; and of 509 men injured in such accidents and taken to hospitals in the same territory during three months. She tells us in detail—so far as it can be measured in words and figures—what was the cost of these accidents and who bore the loss. No reasonable being can contradict her when she avers that "a grave injustice exists in the distribution of the industrial accident loss in Allegheny County."

THE EMPTY HOUSE. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.20 net.

These are stories about real and normal folk. The problems they handle are quite common—finding place in even village life—but they are of the sort that have an undying interest for sound-hearted men and women. The stories are serious, thoughtful, and wholesome, but they make easy and delightful

reading. Even a stern man will smile genially as he reads how a mischievous French spaniel broke the forbidding crust which time and disappointment had formed over a New England spinster, allowing her native tenderness to well forth abundantly and enabling a once careless lover to win her affection.

THE FRIENDLY LITTLE HOUSE ; AND OTHER STORIES. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

The Friendly Little House ; and Other Stories is a recently published volume containing a collection of short stories by eleven of the best-known Catholic authors. The list includes Marion Ames Taggart, whose story gives the book its name, Mary T. Waggaman, George M. A. Cain, Nora Tynan O'Mahony, Mary E. Mannix, Jerome Harte, Norman Whiteside, Anna Blanche McGill, Richard Aumerle, Anna T. Sadlier, and Magdalen Rock. The book is, therefore, sure to be enjoyed by the numerous admirers of these authors.

THE LEAD OF HONOR. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

The Lead of Honor is a careful piece of work. It really deserves that much misapplied name of novel. The characters are thoughtfully drawn, the plot develops well, and the style is of exceptional purity. Natchez, Mississippi, in the year 1830, gives the background, and the central figure is Sargent Everett, an ambitious young lawyer. His struggles and brilliant progress, his constancy in love, and his high-minded renunciation, form the theme of the story, and are believed to be drawn from the life of the statesman and orator, Hon. Sargent Prentiss, the supposed original of the fictional portrait. The novel has distinct merit. If Mr. Richardson is a beginner, he has begun well.

TALES OF IRISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Mrs. S. C. Hall Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.75.

In *Tales of Irish Life and Character* the reader's attention is drawn at once to the illustrations—"sixteen tipped illustrations in color by Erskine Nicol, R.S.A." Regarded as studies in coloring and technique these justify Mr. Erskine Nicol's initials. Regarded as reproductions, they are superb specimens of color-

printing. But as artistic efforts, all but two or three are disappointingly Cruikshankian. The only "decent bodies" whom Mr. Nicol has seen in Ireland appear to be the "Gipsies on the Road" or the groups in "An Irish Merrymaking." Moreover, considered as illustrations to Mrs. Hall's rather mild *Tales*, they are sadly like the engravings in the old Book of Beauty or Ladies' Wreath, where one hunted vainly as a child to find "the story about the picture," or to investigate the antecedents of the Orphan Maid or the Fading Flower. They have no slightest connection, except in two instances, with the subject-matter of the volume!

The sketches themselves are often very good, showing trained and careful observation and an Irish ear for music in word and phrase, if not a genuinely Irish heart. The author may have been Irish born, but she lived out of Ireland too long to understand—possibly to be understood by—her own people. We sympathize with poor Moyna Brady, who cries out to her: "Well, Ma'am dear, I never thought yer going into foreign parts would make a heathen of ye intirely. To be sure, it turns the mind a little to leave one's own people; but to shift that way against what the world knows to be true—true as gospel! It's myself that couldn't even it to you at all, at all—so I couldn't—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears!"

The chapter on Beggars, ending with the pitiful story of Milly Kane, dying of cold and starvation in the midst of plentiful alms, bestowed by her on her husband, hiding from the gallows, is excellent, though our Irish expatriate seems of too Protestant a turn of mind to realize the basis of primitive and unperverted Christianity on which is built up, not in Ireland alone, but in every Catholic country, a systematic structure of personal almsgiving.

The chapter on "Naturals" is also striking. "The Irish natural," says Mrs. Hall, "is not altogether an idiot. Generally, there is so much mother wit mixed up with the character as to make it a matter of uncertainty which predominates, knave or fool." The account of the "born natural" who could not learn to read or to write, but who had "picked up" the art of stone masonry so as to be famed all over the countryside, suggests Dr. Shields' *Dullard*, and makes one ask whether, as better trained elementary teachers are multiplied and "special classes" formed in Irish National and parochial schools, the

"natural" may not turn out to be no racial product at all, but merely a modification of the slightly deficient or wholly eccentric child for whom pedagogists are at last beginning to work in earnest.

For the contempt expressed for honest pride of birth, in "Illustrations of Irish Pride" we have but answering contempt. We find nothing "amusing" in the simple remark of the glover (p. 192): "It isn't the sewing with which I stitches together the skins of the poor dumb beasts that I prides myself upon. No, no; I've something, God be praised, better nor that to look up to, poor as I am: the blood of the O'Neills goes fair and softly through every vein in my body."

And we have much to forgive the author for when she links together on the same page, as worthy ancestors, the names of McMurrough and O'Toole!—the one a base traitor, the other a saint.

MAD SHEPHERDS; AND OTHER HUMAN STUDIES. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.20 net.

It has been said that, owing to the influence and association of early years spent as a chemist's apprentice, Ibsen made his dramas studies in mental pathology, rather than representations of normal human minds. It has even been asserted, as a corollary to this proposition, that those dramas should appear only in medical journals, and be read only by the professional. This latter is rather a sweeping statement. This same pathology of the mind, a subject always interesting to seekers after the unusual, provides the material of a new volume by an English writer, L. P. Jacks, the editor of *The Hibbert Journal*.

Mr. Jacks, however, has made one mistake, he has called his book *Mad Shepherds; and Other Human Studies*. Really his people can no more be considered human than Hedda Gabler. The "mad shepherd," to whom the greater part of the book is devoted, is called "Snarley Bob." With his wonderful success as a cunning breeder of sheep, his contempt for the human race, his ungovernable spasms of rage, his love for the stars and "the spirits," and for the invisible companion in whose guidance he believes, and to whom he refers mysteriously as "the Shepherd" or "the Master," Snarley Bob's nature comprises strange antagonisms. The question of his sanity is

frankly left to the reader's judgment. More rational, if less striking, is the portrait of old Shoemaker Hankin, octogenarian and atheist, who reads Tom Paine and John Stuart Mill, and who patches and mends old shoes to give to poor children or to men out of work. As Snarley Bob says: "Shoemaker Hankin spends his breath in proving that God doesn't exist, and his life in proving that He does." *Mad Shepherds* is undoubtedly to be commended for fine workmanship, but as a study of human life it has really no value.

A MINISTER'S MARRIAGE. By Austin Rock. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

Austin Rock's talent lies in character-study. The plot of *A Minister's Marriage* is of the slightest. Indeed, we doubt if its author will ever learn to construct a striking and well-proportioned plot. Perhaps it is just as well. For the interest of life centres, to the modern mind, in the study of characters, rather than in the study of events, and *A Minister's Marriage* gives us two or three characters as true to English Nonconformity as if they were the work of photograph and phonograph.

The story contains much delicate satire, but no caricature. Austin Rock knows his "Nonconformistdom" as Robert Chambers knows his New York or Robert Hichens his Sahara.

GOUNOD. Par Camille Bellaigue. Paris: Felix Alcaïn.

Anything from the pen of M. Camille Bellaigue, the distinguished musical critic, is worth reading. In the present instance he is particularly happy in his work on account of his intimate associations with its subject, Charles Gounod. The two were bound together by the closest ties of friendship, which began in a singular manner on the First Communion day of our author, when Gounod, then at the height of his fame, fell on his knees before the boy and asked his blessing: "*c'est toi, qui portes Dieu dans toi cœur, c'est toi qui me béniras,*" he exclaimed. In our opinion no other writer could do this work near so well as M. Bellaigue, who gives us a deep insight into the *Maestro's* inner, or religious, life. One beneficial result is that many unpleasant and nervous feelings which may arise on reading other attempts at describing the life of Gounod are now removed. The picture that M. Bellaigue gives us produces favora-

ble impressions, and corrects at the same time the errors of previous writers on the same subject.

It was the old story: the same old French story. Gounod had neglected his religious duties up to early manhood, probably from the day of his First Communion. The awakening came in the Gesu, in Rome, 1840. M. Bellaigue shows that, instead of being led on by the exhortations of his mother to turn over a new leaf (as former writers liked to suggest), the crisis was caused by the influence of two priests, Abbé Gay and Lacordaire; that in reality it was the son who was exhorting the mother to become a Christian, and to observe once more the practices of Catholicism, which for many years she had given up. Another important point in Gounod's later life is also cleared up—the cause of the shadow that fell on him during his sojourn in England. The light thrown on this matter is very welcome, since it was badly needed, and will prevent rash judgments being made in the future.

These are valuable points for students of the history of music, but in some other respects the volume has its defects. The biographical method is lost sight of from the second chapter onwards, and we lay down the book with just as much knowledge of the events of Gounod's life (with the exception of the one point mentioned already) as when we took it up. Had M. Bellaigue modified the title of his work by calling it an analytical study we should have no room to find fault with his methods; but as the volume stands, and more especially since it belongs to a series of presumable biographies, a few pages should have been devoted to details of the *Maestro's* life. In no part of the book will this want of information be felt so much as in the chapter on "Faust." There is not a single word on the difficulties experienced in having the work first performed, or on how it was received coldly by the Parisians, or on how its success was gained in Germany, and how it was brought back to Paris to take on a new lease of life, or on how Mapleson tricked the English public into patronizing it. One who may be seeking information about this opera will naturally turn to the present volume, but he will be grievously disappointed, for there is nothing in it but an analysis in language that is eloquent and slightly rhetorical. On the other hand, the chapter on "Romeo et Juliette" is excellent, and that on "Mireille" is equally good.

We note that Madame De Bovet's work on Gounod is omitted from the bibliography; and that no mention is made of Gounod's literary work, of his Commentary on "Don Giovanni"; neither is there an Index. When will the French learn that the latter appendage is an essential to any modern biographical or historical work that asks for serious attention?

MAKERS OF SORROW AND MAKERS OF JOY. By Dora Melegari. Translated by Marian Lindsay. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

The authoress, despite her Italian name, is well-known among contemporary French writers by *Ames Dormantes* and other works. This latest book sustains her high reputation and, while we could wish it less didactic in tone, it is well worth reading and cannot fail to do good. It brings home to us our individual responsibility and the part each human being plays in the lives of others.

As the title implies, the writer divides the world into two classes—those who add to its sorrows and those who shed happiness around them—surely a wiser distinction than that of the sceptic Renan, who could see no better way to classify God's creatures than by their intellectual differences, and was blind to the fact that there is no one so simple, no one so unlettered that they may not make the world "the better for their being, the happier for their speech."

It must not be supposed that this book is on the order of sermons; on the contrary, considering the nature of the subjects treated, the spiritual element is markedly absent. It is a masterly and complete analysis of an important phase of human thought and life, from the social and moral standpoint, and strong and helpful in its reflections and deductions.

The clear flowing English is what Miss Lindsay's other translations would lead us to expect, and leaves nothing to be desired.

OUR LADY'S LUTENIST; AND OTHER STORIES OF BRIGHT AGES. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 65 cents.

Children whose appetite for tales is fed on Father David Bearne's stories of the "Bright Ages" will not easily believe the fables they may hear in later years about the "Dark Ages."

This new volume, out in good time for Christmas, is, as usual, largely concerned with boys—Gabriel, the magic “lutenist” himself, the noble boy, Meinrad of Einsiedeln, delightful little St. Paschal Baylon, who taught himself to read on the lonely moors by a method all his own, and Simon, the “Little Kentish lad who had the pluck to mortify himself, to efface himself, and to lead a life that the best and bravest boys of to-day would find well-nigh intolerable,” and by so doing won for us our dear brown scapulars—and it will be a strange girl who does not enjoy it as well.

THE BOY'S CUCHULAIN. Heroic Legends of Ireland. By Eleanor Hull. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50 net.

This book deserves a welcome, since it attempts to stamp upon the heroic imaginations of English-reading youth the romantic figures of Irish folk-lore. As is proper, the work has been done by a writer thoroughly versed in the history and literature of the people whose stories she adapts. Miss Hull's more serious work on the Cuchulain Saga gives her the right, as it lends her the skill, to present this selection of heroic legends in popular form. Many a boy who reads these stories of Meane and Culain and Deirdre and Conor and the Sons of Usua will forever better appreciate the spirit of his race and will be the prouder of the brave old Irish blood that courses in his veins. The illustrations in color by Stephen Reid are sixteen in number and are beautiful.

MARJORIE IN COMMAND. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

The Maynard children have appeared in print before, and in *Marjorie in Command* we have the delightful record of how they behaved, what they did, and what they tried to do, during the absence of their parents, who go South on a vacation trip for a period of six weeks. A certain Miss Larkin comes to take care of the very human little family. She knows little of children, and her unnatural attempts to be motherly and kind are very humorous, indeed. She proves to be an uncertain quantity—ruling one day with a rod of iron and the next becoming very lax and not ruling at all. But the children have a merry time notwithstanding, and life holds

a variety of interests for them. Her mother transfers the responsibilities of hostess to Marjorie's shoulders, and the little mistress plays her part well. The story throughout is bright and entertaining.

PEGGY ALONE. By Mary Agnes Byrne. Akron, Ohio: Saalfeld Published Company. \$1.25.

Peggy is introduced as a wealthy little girl, yearning for the companionship of a playmate. The intense loneliness of her existence is relieved by the good fortune that brings about her union with the Happy-Go-Lucky's—a circle of girls banded together in the cause of good, innocent fun. Peggy proves to be a valuable and well-beloved member of the Club. The chronicle is well-written and the volume most attractively presented.

NED RIEDER. By Rev. John A. Wehs. New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.

This is a story of parochial school life. Ned figures prominently throughout, as does "Father Hale," the priest in charge, who takes an active interest in the studies and sport of those committed to his care. The boys are good, strong, healthy characters, fond of work as well as play, and the "new priest influences them always for higher and better things." It is a book particularly suited for parochial school awards.

L'HEURE DU MATIN. Par l'Abbé Dunac. Quatrième édition par l'Abbé Gros. Paris: Pierre Tequi. 6 frs. per volume.

These two volumes of meditations for priests are of considerable value to those for whom they are intended. The plan followed is to divide the work into six books. Each book contains a number of chapters, and the chapters in turn are broken up into a series of meditations. In this way there is a definite scheme of meditation which gives to the volume an admirable sense of unity. No fixed method is adopted for the meditations; some contain three points, some only two; but this is all the more welcome, as the dry, frigid style so common in books on the subject is entirely absent. Scripture abounds, and human wisdom and piety are evident on every other page. The following, which is taken from the second

meditation on the dangers of a priest's life arising from having either too much or too little to do, will strike home to the heart of many a lonely priest: "Pauvre prêtre, prisonnier dans ton presbytère, ou te promenant seul dans les allées silencieuses de ton jardin, ne te décourage pas. Dieu est avec toi dans ta solitude, *Sursum corda!* (Vol. I., p. 165).

We regret that we cannot congratulate the publisher on his share of the work. Rarely have we met with a book so trying to the eyes. The type used, the large amount of italics, the multitude of points (for which we can see no meaning), and the unnecessary accents, make the pages appear to dance whilst they are being read. The work of Père Dunac is worthy of better treatment.

THE HOLY LAND. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company. \$6.

We have already called the attention of our readers to the papers on the Holy Land contributed by Robert Hichens to the *Century*. It is a pleasure for us to be able to announce that the papers have been published in book form, and the volume is one whose beauty it would be difficult to exaggerate. It will be sufficient for us to state that the matchless illustrations are done by Jules Guérin, that there are numerous excellent photographs, and that the letter press equals the best work of the De Vinne Press. The text is worthy of such a lavish setting. Mr. Hichens in a direct, personal way conducts us from Baalbec to Damascus, to Nazareth, to Jerusalem; from Jerusalem to Bethlehem; and back again to the Holy City. The land and its people of to-day and of long ago are brought vividly before us by the power of his pen; he makes us forget our surroundings and, like the Breton boy of whom he speaks, we, too, felt after reading the book that, in a measure, we had visited the Holy Land and stood on the sacred spot where Christ died upon the Cross. The book may be recommended as a most worthy Christmas gift.

THE CHRIST CHILD IN LEGEND AND ART contains many excellent reproductions from the the more famous Christian artists. As a story of our Lord's childhood it leaves much to be desired, for one might read it through and never

learn who Christ really is. It recalls many of the old legends that centre about Christmas and throughout is Episcopalian in tone. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1 net.

THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL, by Abbie Farwell Brown, tells of a lonely spinster for whom Christmas has no meaning, and who does not hesitate to say so. A little toy angel finally brings about her reconciliation with the rejoicing world. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 60 cents.

ENGLISH ACCENTUATION, by the Rev. F. T. Barré, is a class-book of less than one hundred pages, designed to be complete for all purposes of spelling and reading. The author gives five rules for proper pronunciation and copious illustrations to show their simplicity and comprehension. New York: P. J. Kenedy. 60 cents.

A SMALL, attractive volume entitled *Père Jean*, by Aileen Hingston, contains several short stories, together with an appreciative memoir of the young author, now deceased. The stories reveal, for the most part, primitive conditions of life in a French-Canadian village. The local color is true in tone and the characters are well drawn. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A STIR is the name given by the well-known publisher, John Adams Thayer, to his recent autobiography. The book is "the real business story of a real business man," and will surely be of interest to up-to-date Americans. It tells the "ins and outs" of the magazine business and reveals methods and personalities of present-day editors and publishers. The chapters which deal with *Everybody's Magazine* throw a new light, not limelight this time, upon the character of Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

TO a certain Daisy Dewey the privilege has been given, by an imaginative author, of transmitting what is supposed to be a mighty message from the spirit world. The message is embodied in a small book of high-sounding title, *Problems of Your Generation*, issued by the Arden Press, of New York. The book is spiritual in spots, but unbounded in its arrogance for it comes from those who, to use their own words, "assert

without fear of failure their ability to give out what may be desired."

A NEW series of the lives of some of the principal canonized saints of the Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic is shortly to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The series has been undertaken solely with a view to spread the knowledge of, and devotion to, the glorious Friar saints.

THE *Ordo* for 1911, published by Fr. Pustet, New York, comes to us in its usually well-bound and well-arranged style. This edition includes the Roman Calender and sells at 50 cents per copy.

THIS latest work of M. l'Abbé Broussolle, *Art, Religion and the Renaissance* (Paris: P. Téqui), includes the lectures which the learned author gave last year at the Catholic Institute of Paris. It is a most worthy contribution to Christian apologetics, and will give its readers a frank, clear-cut, accurate picture of the Italian Renaissance. The work is illustrated with one hundred and thirty-nine engravings, pen designs, or direct reproductions of excellent photographs.

THIS volume—*Oriental Religions. First Series. The Vedic Religion*, by Alfred Roussel—is made up of various conferences given by the author at the Catholic Institute of Paris. The author makes a thorough study of the Vedic divinities, gods and demons, and presents a capable exposition of this ancient worship. Paris: P. Téqui.

THE latest life to be added to the series of *Les Saints*, under the editorship of Henri Joli, is that of *St. Leon le Grand*, by Adolphe Regnier. This edition needs no introduction, and Adolphe Regnier has already contributed a life of St. Martin. St. Leo's pontificate was one of the most romantic and important in the history of the Popes. It was during his reign that the papacy saved Western civilization from utter extinction at the hands of Alaric and Genseric, and it was he who successfully upheld the infallible authority of the successor of St. Peter against the growing ambition of Constantinople. Paris: J. Gabalda et Cie.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (22 Oct.): "Home Rule All Round," the plan for extending the principle of local self-government to Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and England, on federal lines. The position of Mr. Redmond and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. —"St. Ambrose and St. Augustine the Authors of the 'Te Deum.'" The evidence in favor of their joint authorship of the hymn, by Rev. T. D. Nolan, O.S.A. —The Lisbon correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette* has thrown some interesting light upon the methods of the Portuguese officials in dealing with the Religious Orders and the censorship of news. "If you are willing to wire that the Jesuits are running like rats through all the old sewers and drains in the town with bombs and infernal machines, for the purpose of blowing us all up, then your telegrams will pass."

(29 Oct.): "The Doctrine of Transubstantiation at Brighton." The writer deals with the position of those Anglicans who maintain that the Anglican Church has never condemned or rejected Transubstantiation, and, consequently, that if any one wishes to hold that doctrine, he is, or ought to be, free to do so within the reformed Church of England. —"The Charing Cross Bank has failed with liabilities of over two million pounds." Thousands of poor people are involved in absolute ruin. —The Apostolic Nuncio in Lisbon has been called to Rome, presumably to acquaint his superiors with the conditions that confront the Church in Portugal. (5 Nov.): "The Age of First Communion," an historical survey of the practice of many centuries. —"A Regrettable Letter." The *London Times* has published a letter from Miss Maud Petre, in which she states her complaint and grievance against the action of the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities in her diocese. "Miss Petre has been asked by her Bishop to subscribe to the recent judgments of the Holy See pronounced against Modernism." —The Cardinal Legate has returned to Rome full of enthusiasm about all he saw in the New World.

The Month (Oct.): "Professor Haeckel and His Philosophy,"

by the Editor, is a refutation of the position that the last word of science on matters human and divine is to be found in Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*."—In an article entitled "Loyalty to the Church," the Rev. Joseph Keating proves the teaching authority of the Church and pleads for obedience to this God-derived authority.—Under the caption "St. Charles Borromeo and the Recent Encyclical," Father Thurston considers the late Papal document which produced a sensation in Germany. He declares the German opposition to be part of a political scheme.—Rev. Charles Plater, in the first of a series of articles on "Social Study in Seminaries," shows the approval, exhortation, almost command of such study by the Pope, and what some continental bishops have done in this field.

(Nov.): "The Revolution in Portugal," by Rev. Sydney F. Smith, considers the important features in the late revolution.—The Rev. Herbert Thurston has an article entitled "The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy to Date." He enumerates the leading advocates of the Baconian authorship, and shows that, with few exceptions, they have no rank as students of Elizabethan literature. He claims to prove beyond doubt that Shakespeare is the author of the works ascribed to him.

The Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): "Dr. Sanday's 'Christologies, Ancient and Modern,'" by the Rev. Darwell Stone.—"The Church and the World." According to Mr. Hobhouse's view the Church history is the history of a mistake, and there is need of reform. In commenting on this, Rev. E. W. Watson says that we cannot assent to this proposition, and the policy of reform advocated by Mr. Hobhouse points straight to schism.—"The Assyrian Church," by W. A. Wigrane, a summary of the results of recent discoveries that throw new light upon the history and theological status of the Church of Assyria.—Rev. H. L. Goudge, writing on "A Jewish View of the Synoptic Gospels," reviews certain works by Jews urging their people to accept Christ as an ethical teacher.

Hibbert Journal (Oct.): M. Paul Sabatier discusses (in French) "The Religious Situation of the Roman Catholic Church

in France at the Present Hour."—P. E. Matheson, writing of "Ideals in Education," considers knowledge, efficiency, and character, and how they may be brought to bear on the education of to-day.—"A Vision of Unity," by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, is an account of the Edinburgh World's Missionary Conference. James H. Hyslop writes of "Philosophical Theories and Psychical Research."—In "Prisons and Prisoners" Thomas Holmes writes of conditions in prisons of the present day, and suggests remedies for existing evils.—G. C. Field presents "The Fallacy of the Social Psychologist." This seems to be that facts already evident to the man in the street are dressed up in pseudo-scientific garb and the result labelled "science."—Frances H. Low, an anti-suffragette, contributes a "Rejoinder to Principal Childs on Woman Suffrage."—Discussing "Religion and Progress," H. B. Alexander concludes that the race which persists must believe in God and immortality.—James Drummond criticises Dr. B. W. Bacon's book, *The Fourth Gospel in Research and Debate*. *The Irish Theological Quarterly* (Oct.): "Was John the Scot a Heretic?" is the title of an article by Dr. William Turner, in which he defends Scotus Erigena from the charge of formal heresy.—The Rev. W. T. Sheppard, O.S.B., discusses the teaching of the early Fathers on divorce. He shows that there is a large and important body of witnesses who teach the Catholic doctrine of divorce as we know it to-day, and that these are the true representatives of the current doctrine of their time.—"A Plea for the Prophets," by F. C. Plater, S.J., is a new setting for the old argument from prophecies in support of Christ's divine mission. The prophets must be viewed in their historical prospective, and the prophecies represented as stages of an evolution working out a design which only becomes apparent at the end; the full design is in the mind of no one prophet. Each prophecy, though serving an immediate purpose and conveying a useful message to its generation, does not exhaust its utility at the time of its appearance. The argument will be attractive to scientists, accustomed, as they are, to see all things in the light of evolution.—

Father Toohey, S.J., shows that there is no opposition between the criterion of certitude taught in the *Grammar of Assent*, and that of the Scholastics.—Apropos of the objections raised by the Presbyterians of Ulster over the establishment of a lectureship in scholastic philosophy at Queen's College, Belfast, Dr. Coffey points out the difference between scholastic philosophy and Catholic dogma.

Dublin Review (Oct.): Maurice Baring, under the title "The Causes of the Failure of the Russian Revolution," traces the genesis and course of this movement. He attributes its failure to selfish ideals on the part of the popular leaders and disagreement of the revolutionary forces.—"What is Toleration?" asks G. K. Chesterton, and proceeds characteristically to prove that we have less now than in the days of religious persecution.—Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., in reviewing some recent works on comparative religion, outlines the present status of this science and its future prospects.—F. C. Burnand, for twenty-five years editor of *Punch*, writes on "'Punch' and Pontiffs." While describing the treatment of the Popes by the professional cartoonists, he incidentally gives an interesting side-light on the change of religious sentiment in England during the last fifty years.—"Spain and the Church," by Manuel J. Bidwell, outlines the difference of half a century between the Spanish government and the Vatican.—An anonymous writer, after admitting frankly the dangerous strength and logic of Socialism, proposes co-operative industry as the only effective answer.

Le Correspondant (10 Oct): Under the title "The Eucharistic Congress at Montreal," Bishop Touchet presents the journal kept by him during the Congress. It dates from his departure from Orleans, and describes the farewell reception to the Papal Legate at Liverpool, incidents of the voyage, the reception of welcome at Montreal, and the ceremonies during the Congress.—Louis Cadot discusses the necessity of electoral reform in France to-day under the heading "The Electoral Reform."—"A Convert," by George Goyau, deals with the conversion to Catholicity of Professor Albert de Ruville,

of the University of Halle, and the writings published after his conversion, which have created quite a stir in Germany the past year.—“The Maritime Ideas of Colbert,” by G. Lacour Gayet, relates the achievements brought about by Colbert and his son, Siegnelay, in behalf of the French navy while they were Secretaries of the Navy during the reign of Louis XIV.—“The Protection of Public Wealth Against Financial Swindling,” by R. de Boyer Montégut, describes the aim and purpose of the Congress of International Societies at Brussels, September 20-22.—“In the Desert” is an unpublished romance of Mark Hélyys, translated from the Italian by Grazzia Deledda.

(25 Oct.): An unsigned article, under the heading “The Political Situation in the United States,” gives a brief history of the Democratic and Republican parties and the importance of each at the present time in the national government.—“A French Painter at Rome,” by Pierre de Nolhac, is a biographical sketch of Hubert Robert during his student-days in Rome about the latter part of the eighteenth century.—“The Revolution in Portugal,” by Victor de St. Blanchard, discusses the situation in Portugal to-day and the causes which led up to it.—“The Reconstruction of the Naval Standing of France,” by Biard d'Aunet, discusses the possibility and the impossibility of the question.—“Some Prose-Writers of Belgium,” by Henri Davignon, gives a short history of the Belgian writers, describing the characteristic style of each.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Nov.): J. Capart gives an account of the “Egyptian Religion.”—Apropos of the old charge that the saints among Catholics are the successors of the gods, E. Vacandard treats of the “Origins of the Veneration of the Saints,” indicating, with the aid of texts, the beginnings of the veneration of martyrs and tracing through the ages its development.—T. Wintrebert discusses “The Actual State of Transformism.”—“The Socialist Army,” is an account of the numerical strength of Socialism in various countries.

Études (5 Oct.): “A Social Work at Rouen,” by Benoit Emonet, describes the work of a meeting intended to

educate "the public conscience as a necessary preparation for laws and institutions which will better social life."—"The Thirty-Third General Assembly at Bordeaux of the Alliance of Christian Educational Centers," by Henri Gaye, touches principally upon Abbé Guibert's discussion of the decline of Latin, and upon the means suggested for forming the child's conscience.

(20 Oct.): "Contemporary Philosophers," by Lucien Roure, considers William James, dwelling especially upon his "Theory of Emotion" and "Pragmatism"; Maine de Birau and his idea of the triple life of interior man, namely, animal, human, and spiritual; Gabriel Forde's insistence upon the individual in social life; Cesare Lombroso's contention that crime is the manifestation of degenerate organism.—"Across Islam," by Henri Lammens, sketches the life of Mohammed; Islamitic Art and Civilization; Islam and European colonization.

La Revue du Monde (15 Oct.): When should children first receive the Holy Eucharist? The decrees in reference to this question, recently formulated at Rome by the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments, are set forth by Cardinal Ferrara, Secretary of the Congregation.—In "Contemporary Notes" the author, speaking of the condition of affairs in France, points out chiefly the importance of education, not only for the development of the country but also for the maintenance and growth of a religious spirit.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Oct.): In "The Latest Investigations Concerning the 'Holy House' of Loreto," St. Beissel, S.J., points out that many good Catholics have not been satisfied with the proofs of its translation. He concludes with the warning that it should always be remembered that this is not a question of faith.—V. Cathrein, S.J., writes sympathetically of "'Action Populaire' of Rheims." Abandoning the usual hope of French Catholics that a change of government will accomplish all, this organization has made a direct appeal to the people. And it has made the ground of its appeal economic rather than religious, recognizing that "the way to a man's heart is through his mouth."

Revue Thomiste (Sept.-Oct.): R. P. Petrot defends the Thom-

istic theory of sufficient grace against the superficial attacks of Pascal in his first Provincial Letters. Thomism teaches that the will is free to resist grace effectively; the power of resistance spoken of by Pascal is something theoretical and absurd.—“The Causes of Assent in Belief and Opinion,” is a study of the nature of faith, both human and supernatural, by T. Richard. The function of the will is not confined to belief; the will it is that commands and directs us in forming our most intellectual convictions.—R. P. Lagae gives the second installation of his article “The Rational Certitude of the Fact of Revelation.”

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Oct.): J. Guibert, gives a general view of the encyclicals of Pius X.—In the article, “The Riches of the Church in Spain,” we find the Church was well fixed financially until 1836, when the State took charge of her wealth and confiscated much of her property.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Oct.): Apropos of Pope Pius X.'s letter on the “Sillon,” F. Dubois discusses “True and False Democracy.” He gives an analysis of various systems of democracy to show that the teaching of the Catholic Church is in perfect accord with true democracy.—E. Lenoble writes of “Souls in Prison,” the title of a book by M. Louis Arnould on the education of blind deaf-mutes.—M. Kléber discusses the question of a “Catholic Teaching of Letters and Sciences.”

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Oct.): L. Pastourel begins an article on “The Ecstasy of Pascal.” Between the opinion that the event can be explained in its entirety, on the one hand, and the opposite view, that in Pascal's rapture all is mystery, the author hopes to strike a mean that will be nearer the truth.

La Revue Apologétique (Oct.): Jules Lintelo, S.J., interprets “The Decree on the Age of First Communion” to mean such an age as to know clearly what they are about and the preparation that should be made.—“The Conversion of Constantine,” is a defense of the first Christian emperor by Abbé Joseph Dewitt. The author attempts to prove the good and exemplary life of Constantine.

Die Kultur (29 Oct.): E. Schwiedland discusses various forms

of "Economic Associations," such as co-operative stores, trusts, producers' unions, etc., and their place in social reform.—Under the caption "Scientific Study of Religion," Dr. Eugen Schwiedland defends the right of comparative religion to be called a "science."—In "Curiosities of Psychiatry," Dr. Alexander Pilaz describes some ancient methods of curing the insane by sorcery.

Biblische Zeitschrift (29 Oct.): "The Protevangelium," by Dr. W. Engelkemper. The representation in Gen. iii. is neither mythical nor allegorical, but tells its story in symbols.—Dr. Dausch writes about a new attempt made by Belser to prove that Christ's public ministry lasted only one year, which attempt he holds to be a failure.

La Scuola Cattolica (Oct.): "James Balmes in the First Centenary of His Birth." G. Tredici treats of him chiefly as a philosopher and an apologist. The spirit of this great philosopher and apologist should guide the Catholic Spaniards in saving their religion from the new and menacing assaults which are now menacing it in their country.—C. Parroco proposes means to avoid "Agrarian Strikes."—L. Toudelli devotes an article to the *Orpheus* of Reinach.

La Civiltà Cattolica (15 Oct.): "Literary Modernism" is not a new kind or a new form of Modernism, distinct from the forms of Modernism condemned in the Encyclical *Pascendi*; but is the use of various kinds of literature to spread abroad Modernist doctrines.—"The Authors and the Time of the Composition of the Psalms." L. Méchmeau, S.J., outlines the work accomplished by the Biblical Commission, and then explains why the Commission does not oblige us to attribute to David all the Psalms.—"Italian Emigration and Canada," reviews *Canada, Present and Future, in its Return to Italian Emigration*, a work by P. Pisani, professor in the Seminary of Vercelli. Emigration to Canada is represented as an admirably efficacious means of agricultural colonization, which offers to the Italian peasants the best economic advantages in the cultivation of the soil.—"The Nature of the Sacraments According to the Theosophists." "The Christian

sacraments are not rites instituted by Christ, but are special formulas or magic rites not unlike the superstitious ceremonies of the Indians, Buddhists, and Spiritualists."

Razón y Fe (Nov.): V. Minteguiaga writes on "The Depreciation of Authority: Its Causes." These are: the secularization of authority, denying its foundation in God; and the extension of the civil authority (as in education) until it conflicts with individual liberty.—"Has Rome Admitted Religious Liberty in Rome?" asks P. Villada; and answers no, in the sense of approving such action.—J. MaGarcía Ocaña describes various suggestions regarding "The Budget of the Clergy."—N. Noguer writes on "'Le Sillon' and the Democratic Movement." The organization is accused of a too conciliatory attitude towards anti-clericals and masons.—"Christian Education in the Family" warns parents against the agitation now going on in Spain to secularize the schools. Children belong to parents not to the State, it is claimed. The influences back of the school question are blamed for the Barcelona riots.

España y América (1 Oct.): P. A. Sanz, reviewing Jünemann's *General History of Literature*, recommends it as a textbook and guide. Objection is found with the author's assumption of Hebrew works prior to the Bible. Detailed description of "The Decoration of the Church of St. Paul in Manila," by P. M. Cil.

(15 Oct.): "Rationalism Against Christianity," by P. M. Blanco, of New York, is a review of Philip Vivian's *The Churches and Modern Freethought*. The strength of the Knights of Columbus in the United States is instanced as indicating the vitality of the Church.—P. A. Monjas, under the title "The Educational Congress and Neutral Schools," points to France as an example of Godless education. Spanish officials, having sworn to support the Catholic religion, have no right, he contends, to drive the teaching of that religion out of the schools.—Decree of Pope Pius X. on "First Communion," declaring that children are bound to make their Easter duty as soon as they reach the age of reason, that is about seven years.

Recent Events.

Events which have taken place in France. France are calculated to cause anxiety in the minds of friends

of the existing form of government. M. Briand had declared that his end and aim was to promote the well-being of all Frenchmen, to whatsoever party they belonged. This declaration did not meet with the approbation of many members of the largest party in the Chamber—the Socialist-Radicals. To them every one who was not an aggressive supporter of the Republic, or who, professing to be a Republican, showed any Catholic sympathy or adopted any practice, was an enemy of France and to be treated as such. In former days an official who went to Mass was to be denounced to his superiors. This party held a meeting at Rouen, at which it elected M. Combes as President of the Executive Committee, and passed a resolution, although there was a respectable minority, in condemnation of M. Briand's policy of *apaisement*.

The railway strike, however, threw those proceedings into the background and introduced new issues. The firmness of M. Briand and his Cabinet caused the failure of the strike. Acting under the authority of existing laws, he summoned to the colors the Reserves, and as these included the strikers on the railway, the decree *ipso facto* put them under martial law and rendered them liable to its pains and penalties. Moreover, it excited feelings of patriotism and loyalty towards the colors, and within a few days after the decree had been issued the strike was at an end.

But not its consequences, for these seem destined to exert a profound influence upon the course of events. Several days' debate took place in Parliament, in which a fierce attack was made upon M. Briand and the government by the Socialists of the Extreme Left, of whom M. Jaurès made himself the spokesman. The articulate attack was not so remarkable as the inarticulate. Such violent scenes have never in recent years been witnessed in the French Chamber. M. Briand had to make his speech in the midst of the banging of desks, of exclamations of all kinds; and when it was over he had to be escorted to his room by a phalanx of friends in order that he

might not be subjected to physical violence. The strange part of it was that the Socialists, who made this savage attack on M. Briand, were taking the part of those who are called Syndicalists, and are really anàrchists, and utterly opposed in principles to the Socialists. The latter wish the State to own and control everything and all the means of production, to place every one in his daily life under State control. The former, to whose action the strike was due, wish to abolish all government, and leave everything to the individual. M. Briand's government incurred the condemnation of both, because he had defended so successfully the existing order; and this was the only bond between his opponents.

Several of the Ministers, including M. Briand, were handicapped by the fact that, not many years ago, they had expressed approval of the general strike advocated, as a means of obtaining its ends, by the General Confederation of Labor. M. Briand, however, is not unwilling to grow wiser as he grows older, and to admit that he has made mistakes in the past. Moreover, he was able to show that the strike just over had peculiar features of its own, and that those who promoted it had entered into a conspiracy against the well-being of all the citizens and their interests, and that the means which they adopted of maliciously injuring property constituted an intolerable outrage on the rights of others. In his own words: "The government had been confronted with an enterprise designed to ruin the country, an anarchist movement with civil war as its object, and for its methods violence and organized destruction (*Sabotage*)."

The zealous regard for legality shown by the law-breaking defenders of the strike was made manifest when M. Briand publicly, and some think injudiciously, declared that although he had acted in strict accordance with law in the measures which he had taken, yet he would have been willing to resort to illegality if it had been necessary so to do. This declaration the Socialists received with shouts of: "Dictator, Dictator, Resign, Resign!" and almost carried the tribune by assault. In the end the government's victory was complete. An unqualified expression of confidence in it was carried by a majority of 388 votes to 94. Royalists and Imperialists voted in support of the motion. Their support, however, would not have been accepted as a condition of retaining office. Had

there not been a clear majority of Republicans, M. Briand declared that he would resign. This, however, was amply secured, for he had a majority of 104 even within the old Combist *bloc*.

The government had been united in the measures which they had taken for suppressing the strike; but when the question arose, what was to be done to prevent similar efforts in the future, divisions arose. M. Viviani resigned, and doubts arose in the minds of several members. Desirous of complete unity of action in the future, M. Briand placed in the hands of the President the resignation of himself and his colleagues. He was, however, at once entrusted with the task of forming a new government, a thing which he did in the course of twenty-four hours. The new Cabinet embraces within its ranks four or five of M. Briand's old colleagues, including M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister. The new members are little known men, thereby making it, in the judgment of many, a one man government. Its programme embraces proposals relating to electoral, administrative, and fiscal reform, which have already received the approval of the great majority of Deputies during the recent electoral campaign. The new proposals, in consequence of the strike, for the prohibition of like attempts in the public services and in great enterprises like railways, may meet with more opposition. The prospects for the future are not of the brightest. M. Briand has enemies on the Right and on the Left. The Socialists, and no small number of the Radical Party, cannot be relied upon for support: the latter on account of Briand's policy of *apaisement*; the Right and the Moderate Republicans on account of his devotion to the Republic and of his leaning to the Radical Left. Such being the state of things within and without the Chamber, violence and virulence, in an unprecedented degree, characterizing the recent movements, while divisions, which go down to the very depths, exist—not merely between the supporters of the Republic and its opponents, but even within the ranks of the Republicans themselves, it is impossible not to feel apprehension as to the immediate future.

The relations of France towards other Powers have not changed to any great extent, although the refusal to allow the Hungarian Loan to be quoted on the Bourse, thereby rendering it impossible that it should be raised in France, has caused

a certain degree of coolness in Austria-Hungary. The conditions insisted upon by the French government, before the same privilege should be granted to Turkey, were after long negotiations rejected by the Turkish Cabinet, and with a like result. Turkey is now seeking the help of her former adversaries, Germany and Austria, and is getting a series of monthly advances at a higher rate of interest than would have been paid to the French financiers, with the promise or expectation of a loan next spring. With Great Britain the *entente cordiale* still subsists with undiminished ardor, nor has the controversy about the native of India, who escaped while in French waters and was handed back to the British authorities, caused any serious difference between the two countries, inasmuch as it has been referred to arbitration at The Hague. Towards Spain a feeling of distrust was beginning to be felt, on account of reports that the Spanish government was seeking to secure an indemnity which would conflict with French interests. The assurances given by the Spanish government have, however, removed all anxiety.

Germany.

Nothing of great moment has taken place in Germany. The shipping dispute, which threatened so serious a dislocation of industry, has been settled. The riots in Berlin had no political importance and were suppressed without much trouble. The Berlin University has been celebrating its one hundredth anniversary, having been founded, as the Emperor in his speech at the celebration said, when the tide of Prussian fortune was at its lowest, in order to make good, by intellectual forces, what the State had lost in material strength. In this she had succeeded, having been filled with the spirit of truth and thoroughness, with the seriousness and the love in every task which is the glory of the German people. Through the pursuit of pure knowledge, which comes from within and which transforms character and makes characters, his Majesty expressed the hope that the University would continue its work, and would constitute herself as the guardian of a treasure which belongs to all mankind: "*Communis hominum thesaurus situs est in magnis veritatibus.*"

The admonition given to women by the Emperor in his speech at Königsberg, that they should devote themselves to

the quiet work of the home rather than to the attainment of "supposed rights," has not been listened to by the gentle sex with the docility which was to have been expected. The League of the Association of German Women passed a strongly-worded resolution in which pain and regret were expressed at the German Emperor's want of understanding. While appreciating the importance of women's domestic duties, they could not rest content with a state of things which drove 9,500,000 women into a struggle for living outside the home, and so they felt bound to exert themselves in order to find a remedy.

To a remarkable appeal made to him the Emperor has so far made no answer. The new constitutional *regime* in Persia has not been able to restore order. In all parts of the country chaos reigns and, as a consequence, commerce is almost impossible. The British government felt itself justified in giving notice to the Persian government that, if steps were not taken within three months to bring about tranquillity, it would itself organize, under the command of Indian officers, a Persian force sufficient to guard the trade routes. A number of Persians and Turks (among whom must be included some Germans) misrepresented this as involving a deliberate purpose to partition Persia—Great Britain to take the South, Russia the North. The feeling was so strong that at a meeting of Turkish and Persian Moslems, held at Constantinople, an appeal was made to the Emperor for his protection and aid. He was reminded that at the tomb of Saladin he had uttered words which had gladdened the hearts of 350 million Moslems—the generous promise to safeguard their rights. His support of Turkey in Macedonia, his intervention in Morocco, justified the hope that now he would protect Islam from the nefarious attempts of the British government. By this time these petitioners have found out that they were laboring under a delusion—that no partition is contemplated—and, therefore, that a reply from the Emperor is not called for.

With the Turkish Empire both Germany and Austria have entered into closer relations, for the loan that failed in France is being raised in the two Empires. Doubtless this will involve a closer political union. The visit of the Tsar to Potsdam has led to speculation as to whether any change will take place in the attitude of the two countries one to another. Great care has been taken to keep secret what

passed between the Kaiser and the Tsar; but as the respective Foreign Ministers were present it cannot be looked upon as merely a family visit. It is well known that Count Achrenthal wishes to renew the Alliance of the Three Emperors, and that he is strongly opposed to the *entente* that now exists between Great Britain and Russia.

Spain.

The revolution in Portugal led to the expectation that a like event would take place in Spain. The very day, that of Ferrer's execution, was, it was said, fixed. But so far nothing has happened to justify these apprehensions. The number of Republicans in Spain is, indeed, considerable, and they form one of the recognized parties. But they are not relatively so numerous as they are in Portugal, and their aim is not altogether in accord with that of the Portuguese Republicans. Many of the Spanish advocates of a Republic wish to establish a similar form of government for the whole of the Peninsula, to embrace both Spain and Portugal, and thereby to establish a great Iberian Republic. But this is not in accordance with the patriotic idea of the Portuguese, who love their own country although it is small.

Another difference is that the Royal Family of Spain seems to be very popular, and this popularity is due chiefly to the Queen. The visit recently paid to Valentia, a republican stronghold, made manifest the hold of their Majesties upon the affections of the people. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the welcome which they received, not only in the city itself, but on the route to and fro. The visit is said to have proved a great personal triumph for the Queen, who charmed every one by her pleasing appearance and gracious manner. The return journey from Valentia to Madrid was the occasion of the most extraordinary scenes of popular enthusiasm. The King had given orders that the train should make a short stop at all the stations, and every one of these was packed to overflowing. We are not told that the King, in imitation of illustrious examples, took the opportunity to make a speech, but the people struggled, thrust, and even fought, to shake hands with his Majesty and the Queen. Such great enthusiasm has seldom been witnessed in Spain.

How far this may be taken as an assurance that no change

is likely, it is impossible for any one to say. To what extent the personal popularity of the King is a controlling force is doubtful. Leading Republicans declare that so long as a moderate government is in power, the present state of things will be accepted; but if a Conservative government were to be formed the overthrow of the monarchy would be attempted. The army is said to be loyal; and in General Weyler it has a commander who will not be slow to put into execution the methods characteristic of Spanish rule. Subversive manifestoes are, however, being circulated in the barracks. Catholic demonstrations have been held in various parts of Spain, but these are directed against the anti-religious measures proposed by the government rather than in support of the dynasty. A Bill has passed the Senate which limits the number of religious associations to be allowed in Spain for the next two years, when another Bill, which will have been more thoughtfully prepared, is to be introduced.

Portugal.

One of the most remarkable things about the recent revolution in Portugal is the fact that the monarchy had so little hold upon the people that, after a few hours' fighting, the opposition to the establishment of a Republic ceased, and from one end of the kingdom to the other the new form of government was almost at once accepted. The king's own ministers made not the slightest effort to save him. A few officials have refused to serve under the new government. The Marquis de Soveral, the Minister for so many years to Great Britain, has sent in his resignation; and at the bull fight which was held in order to celebrate the victory—for the Republic, notwithstanding its ardor for reforms, has not included the abolition of this barbarous pastime among them—the seats usually occupied by the aristocracy were vacant. The Church lost no time in giving in her adhesion to the Republic. On the 17th of the month the Cardinal Archbishop of Lisbon sent a letter to the Minister of the Interior, formally declaring his acceptance of the new form of government, and by the 21st all the Bishops had given in their adhesion. The Provisional Government, therefore, has no excuse for its harsh and unjust treatment of the Church.

The new authorities seem to be altogether too precipitate

in the wholesale way in which they are carrying out what they are pleased to call reforms. Their proper function is to prepare the way for the nation's voice being heard by means of a Constituent Assembly. But they have announced that this Assembly will not be called before next summer; and in the meantime they have, of their own authority, decreed a series of reforms, some of them deserving that name, but others by no means worthy of it. The abolition of the arbitrary Press Law of Senhor Franco, and of the law of summary arrest, the practical enforcement of the law for repatriation of the natives of Angola, are, indeed, steps in the right direction, the abolition of the House of Peers, of the Council of State, and of titles of nobility, as well as the banishment of all members of the Braganza Family (although the last savors of harshness), are matters about which outsiders have no right to express an opinion. It is worthy of note that, although hereditary titles have been abolished, the Orders of Knighthood conferred for personal excellence have been retained. Nothing but regret can be felt, however, that the secularization of all State schools, and the prohibition of all religious education, are included among the measures already decreed.

The Censorship, too, is carried out so strictly that nothing in the way of news, or of the expression of opinion, is allowed to be sent abroad, except such as may be deemed edifying. Hence, no one can be sure that he knows the exact state of things. This seems to be the delusion into which all authoritarian forms of government fall, and the present Portuguese government must be looked upon as such. They think they have the power to suppress the truth, or that their cause is served by the attempt to do so. The new Press Law, indeed, permits free discussion and criticism of all legislative measures existing or in prospect, of political matters, of government policy, and of the action of public officials. The censorship hitherto existing with autocratic and anonymous power called the Black Cabinet is abolished. But these reforms do not include the abolition of the censorship over foreign telegrams.

Other measures are proposed which in no way deserve the name of reforms: Church and State are to be separated; all churches and ecclesiastical buildings are to become the property of the State, not absolutely, indeed, for they are to be used for the services of the Church under the supervision of

the Minister of Public Works. The private property of the clergy is to remain inviolate, and all ecclesiastical incumbents are to enjoy for life their present emoluments. The State guarantees to equalize any deficits for which the application of the new law is directly answerable. The proposed law for allowing divorce shows, however, more clearly than anything else how far the new government is prepared to go. In addition to several other causes, divorce is to be allowed by mutual consent, provided, after two years of married life, the parties have for one year manifested to state officials their intention of seeking a release from their bonds. Neither Europe nor our own country allows such a liberty.

Instead of letting bygones be bygones Senhor Franco, the ex-Dictator, who had returned to Portugal, and was indeed holding a political office, has been arrested, and is held for trial on the charge of having exercised an unlawful dictatorship, of enforcing seventy-two dictatorial decrees without the sanction of Parliament, of endeavoring by decree to liquidate the indebtedness of the Royal Family to the State, to the amount of some five hundred thousand dollars, and of fraudulently increasing the Civil List of the crown by the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. This prosecution seems to be in the highest degree unwise, and the government disclaims responsibility for it. The trial, however, may throw light upon the causes which have led to the expulsion of the royal family. This family seems to have lost its hold upon the respect of the people, less from any particular evil doing of its own (although it seems to have been somewhat over-desirous of money), but from the want of ability to cope with the evils brought upon the country by politicians whose only aim was their own personal gain. The situation has been much the same as in Greece, a country which has been brought to the verge of ruin by a similar class of self-seekers. But Greece has had the advantage of possessing in its ruler a man of principle who has loyally respected the constitution to which he owed his crown, whereas the late King Carlos of Portugal tried by arbitrary measures to find the remedy—an attempt which resulted first in his own assassination and afterwards in the recent revolution. It remains very doubtful whether this revolution will effect a cure. What Portugal wants is good government, honest administration, justice, liberty, and progress, and in particu-

lar a reform of taxation; and these must in large measure come from the natural virtues of the people, and are not the gift of either monarchism or republicanism. Republicanism opens mere avenues for the bringing into the public service of the necessary elements of good government. But the spirit of the existent authorities seems to be as autocratic and self-centred as that of any despot.

A beginning, however, has been made in the very important matter of finance, the mismanagement of which was at the root of the discontent. The five hundred thousand dollars a year spent upon the royal family is to be applied to the abolition of the town dues on meat and vegetables, thereby diminishing the cost of living for the people. The taxation on landed property and buildings is to be raised from some twenty-five millions to sixty. The payment of arrears of taxes is to be enforced; superfluous officials dismissed. The advances made to the Royal Family and government officials, amounting to nearly five millions, are to be collected. The revenues of the Royal properties are, after payment of debts, to be handed over to the deposed monarch, who is, in other ways, assured of an income of a hundred thousand a year. By these and other measures it is hoped to pay all expenses without the issue of a loan. In fact, every effort will be made to pay off the national debt, the burden of which has been so great a source of evil. The small effect produced by the revolution upon Portuguese stocks is an evidence that the financial world has not felt any great degree of apprehension or anxiety on account of the change of government.

With Our Readers

SELDOM does the press of this country attain so high a level, both editorially and otherwise, as on Tuesday, November 15, in appreciation of John La Farge, who, in his seventy-sixth year, had died on the preceeding day. The public at large should surely have realized, what many long have known, that his was the remarkable career of a remarkable man, remarkable both as artist and as writer on the philosophy and history of art, while as regards his work in glass John La Farge held the unique and historic place of inventor and founder of a school. In the words of the judge of the window which he exhibited at the French Exhibition of 1889, and for which he was given the Legion of Honor:

He is the great innovator, the inventor of opaline glass. He has created, in all its details, an art unknown before, an entirely new industry.

And the Boston *Transcript* says:

It was in his glass work that he most freely and completely expressed himself. This work is *sui generis*. In it he attained the perfect union of the decorative and the religious intention. Solemnity and exaltation are embodied in resplendent terms of color. Æsthetic detachment and illustrative interest not in conflict, but co-operating, here are bound up in an organic unity. La Farge has achieved what amounts almost to a miracle in carrying forward and giving new lustre to the sublime color of the old French glass-makers. Words are inadequate to describe the magnificence of his windows. Before such masterpieces one remains silent.

One need only see for himself in order to believe the truth of these most laudatory words. In the Paulist Church, just behind the altar, are three windows of German and English fabric.

All the other windows, and two in the chancel, are the work of John La Farge. What a contrast! What a difference in the two kinds of work. What dull, soulless color in the one, what a revelation of luminous color-blending in the other!

AS regards his painting of religious subjects, notable examples of which may be seen in the churches of St. Thomas, the Ascension, and the Incarnation, and in Trinity Church, Boston, the same writer of the Boston *Transcript* says:

Different as La Farge's art is in all its exterior aspects from that of Rembrandt, it has certain affinities to it in spirit, which are worth consideration. Both enter into the old Bible stories, not like men using them as materials, but like simple little children, to whom they are as dear and familiar and authentic as household events of yesterday. La Farge's imagination has undoubtedly less of homely depth, the astounding reality, the poignant inten-

sity of feeling, and the understanding of humanity, which combine to make Rembrandt the supreme artist of all time; but he shares with the great Dutchman his absolute seriousness and unquestioning faith, his mystic vein of thought, and his impersonal detachment. His angels, saints, and prophets are not wholly of this world; they belong to a higher order of creation; he delights in clothing them with moral beauty, with the suggestions of more than moral power, with nobility and dignity and tenderness, that do not altogether belong to poor humanity, but yet convey some glorious hints as to what it may aspire to in its golden moments of high endeavor. With all its limitations, the religious art of La Farge is truly inspired, full of reverence, and as far removed from materialism as is that of Fra Angelico.

* * *

JOHN LA FARGE was born in New York in 1835. His father, Jean Frederic La Farge, a native of Charente, France, who lived during the terrible days of the French Revolution, was in the navy and army by turns, fought under Napoleon on his native soil, as well as in San Domingo, and died at his summer residence, Glen Cove, L. I., in 1858. Having disposed of an estate in Louisiana, he came to New York, where he acquired a large property, partly in Jefferson and partly in Lewis counties, not far from Lake Ontario. There he founded La Fargeville, and built the mansion which later was used by Archbishop Hughes as an ecclesiastical seminary. During Lieutenant La Farge's ownership the homestead was maintained in princely style, and generous hospitality dispensed, especially to many of his expatriated countrymen. Among these was M. Victor Bancel, a graduate of La Fleche, who had founded in New York a semi-military school. M. Buisse de St. Victor, a wealthy planter of San Domingo, had also come here, married M. Bancel's sister, and the daughter of this lady became the wife of John La Farge's father. M. Buisse de St. Victor was a miniature painter of distinction, some of whose excellent work may still be seen in New York drawing rooms; and it was he who gave to John La Farge, his grandson, the first lessons in drawing. "He taught me," said Mr. La Farge, "when I was only six years old, how to tack my drawing paper on the board, and made me practice ruling until I became very expert." An early beginning which served him in good stead to the end. His education was divided between Columbia, Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md., and St. John's College, at Fordham.

* * *

IT was an Irish Jesuit who first aroused his interest in China and Japan, an interest which in time so effectively expressed itself in his decorative work. I well remember only three winters ago, in calling upon Mr. La Farge, to find him absorbed in reading a big dusty old book written in a curious Latin, which he told me was the diary of a Chinese priest and missionary, a convert of the seven-

teenth century. The Jesuit Fathers were evidently quick to discern the unusual possibilities of this boy. He was not obliged to study or compete in the exercises unless he chose. Consequently he did study, and, when he chose to compete, was easily first. With the apparent caprice of genius he went from one college to another and back again for slight reasons. From St. Mary's to Fordham, and again from Fordham back to Emmitsburg, where he completed his studies and graduated in 1853. It was also an Irish priest at St. Mary's who saw the lad's artistic quality of soul, and therefore put Ruskin in his hands to read at an age which was receptive and formative. He afterwards went to the studio of Couture, in Paris, only to find from Couture himself that he (John La Farge) was to be his own best master. Like many a man of the artistic temperament, he fought against his destiny, and for a time tried the law; but Blackstone and Kent were like the Latin and Greek classics of college days; he read them when and how he pleased—fortunately, for he was impelled against himself to be true to himself. Hence the development of a great artist and a great personality. Essentially a Catholic type, of universal expansiveness of perception, thought, and sympathy, he painted everything and anything, investing it with beauty, by reason of depth and breadth of vision, of his profound simplicity and sincerity. Like Francis Thompson, his work is the varied expression of poet, mystic, and metaphysician, of a man of the hour, a man of all ages, of a child whose soul is as old as the world.

The New York Evening Post says:

As a prophet his quality was peculiar. Our pathfinders of the spirit have almost invariably been of a single type—the Puritan—Emerson, Lowell, Norton—in all of these there has been a marked strain of other-worldliness. None of this in John La Farge. He accepted the world blandly and with shrewd sagacity, somewhat in the spirit of those Jesuit Fathers from whom he received his first instruction. He represented to us the mellowness of the Catholic civilization of Europe.

* * *

JOHN LA FARGE was, as every Catholic should be, beautifully innocent of Puritanism.

Paul Bourget in *Outre-Mer* writes:

Nowhere have I felt more keenly the influence of travel upon American intellectuality than in New York, and in the studio of that remarkable painter, John La Farge. The man himself, who is no longer young, whose subtle face with a skin whitened, and as if dried by inner ardor, with eyes mobile and yet held within lids both drawn and stretched, gives the impression of a nervous activity unappeased by any effort, unsatisfied through any experience, and seeking, and seeking again. He has invented new processes for stained glass. He has practised both decoration and illustration,

painting in oil and encaustic, has executed large altar pieces, such as his grand and refined Ascension, as well as delicate palettes.

The following is from the private letter of a distinguished writer to the hostess of an informal dinner party, at which La Farge had been the other distinguished guest :

The more I think of Mr. La Farge, the more wonderful he grows, and the more I appreciate the pleasure and the honor of dining with him. I never met any one who said wicked things so gently, and I never met any one at all who alternated so easily between sardonic humor and the expression of charming emotions. It is a great deal to have had one such experience, one such conversation, amid the recurrent stupidities of life.

It is needless to say that here the terms "*wicked*" and "*sardonic*" are used in the harmless sense. His was an extraordinary personality, and therefore not without its paradoxes. In an estimation of his character, charity, as always and everywhere, should here be exercised, the charity which Mr. Chesterton defines as "a reverent agnosticism towards the profound mystery and complexity of the human soul."

John La Farge married Miss Margaret Perry, of Newport, a granddaughter of Commodore Perry, and a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin. Of the seven surviving children, the youngest, and his namesake, is a priest of the Society of Jesus. He was the celebrant of the Solemn High Mass of Requiem sung for the repose of his father's soul at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, Thursday, November 17.

THE dedication of Father Corby's statue at Gettysburg, on October 29, was an event significant from many angles of view. In the first place, it is the only monument to a Catholic priest on any modern battlefield. And then, not the least of its merits lies in the obvious vindication of Catholic loyalty in these United States—a loyalty magnificently conspicuous in the Irish Brigade at Gettysburg, as it has been upon every hard-fought field from Revolutionary days even to our own. The life of the Very Rev. William Corby, C.S.C., is an inspired and inspiring commentary upon the American priesthood. Born in Detroit the 2d of October, 1833, he early entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross. In 1861—one year after his ordination—he resigned his professorial and pastoral duties to go to the front as a volunteer chaplain. He served as spiritual director to the Eighty-Eighth New York Regiment of the Irish Brigade during four years of the thickest and most critical fighting of the Civil War; then at its close he quietly returned to his Congregation. Father Corby was subsequently elected President of Notre Dame University (in which office he was responsible for rebuilding that institution after the fire of 1879), and finally attained

to the distinction of Provincial General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States and Assistant General for all parts of the world. His valorous and holy life closed the 28th of December, 1897.

The monument at Gettysburg represents the priest at the historic moment of administering general absolution to the men about to enter battle, July 2, 1863. The late General St. Clair Mulholland has left a graphic account of the event: "Father Corby stood on a large rock in front of the brigade. Addressing the men, he explained . . . that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing their sins, urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought. . . . The brigade was standing at 'order arms'; and as he closed his address, every man fell on his knees with head bowed down. Then, stretching his right hand toward the brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of the general absolution: '*Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat, et ego, auctoritate ipsius, vos absolvo,*' etc."

Father Corby later explained that he intended this absolution, so far as it might be applicable, for all the men of both armies, without distinction of creed. The chaplain's beautiful act stands unique in the military annals of our country, and the greater publicity given it, the better both for faith and citizenship.

The Gettysburg memorial is a gift of the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Philadelphia, which, under the moderatorship of the Rev. William S. Singleton, S.J., took up the project less than two years ago. Valuable assistance was given by the President and alumni of Notre Dame University, and the work was brought to completion with the unanimous approval of the hierarchy and laity of the United States.

THE increase of the Socialist vote in the United States to something over 700,000, the entrance of the first Socialist Representative into the United States Congress, the eulogies passed on the present Socialist Municipal administration of Milwaukee, the casting of 65,000 votes for the Socialist gubernatorial candidate in New York—these are among many recent indications of a strong popular demand for large changes in the existing order of things. It looks very much as if the National Conference of Catholic Charities had been organized not a moment too soon, and as if the appeal for Catholics to join in the work of social reform were an imperative summons to perform a duty too long deferred. If we do not want Socialism we had better think of forestalling it.

THE following verses, written by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, which appeared years ago in the *Georgetown College Journal*, are of such rare beauty and power that they deserve to be widely known; and so we reprint them here.

HE CAME.

The splendors of the mystic sphere
 From Eons torched Thy way ;
 Lit by one star, Thou camest here
 On Christmas day.
 Saw this clear star in myriad row
 The waiting souls, with rapture dumb ;
 Had there been only one below
 Thou would'st have come.

WHY some men should undertake, or imagine that they are in any way fitted, to treat certain subjects must ever remain a mystery for the thoughtful man, save that the thoughtful man, recalling the truth of original sin, remembers that there is no limit to the possibilities of human self-deception. Lately there has appeared an English translation of Dr. E. Lehman's high-sounding German work, *Mysticism in Heathendom and Christendom*. The work is an excellent illustration of our opening sentence. Even a purely secular journal of ability says of the book : " Before many pages [are read] the work acquires so many inconsistent but 'essential' characteristics that almost anything may be said of it." A perusal of the work shows that the author does not know the A B C of his subject. Yet the book has been hailed by many with applause and stamped as remarkably erudite. To quote again the same secular journal : " When the reader closes the book, he is likely to feel that mysticism may indeed be a very wonderful thing ; but that neither he nor Dr. Lehman has any clear and exact notion as to what it really is."

MYSTICISM may be defined briefly in the words of Cardinal Wiseman, as " the science of love." It is the science of the personal love of God, a love that feeds upon the doctrinal truths of Christ's revelation and that is born of and supported by the supernatural life of His Sacraments.

Mysticism is infinite in its degrees. In some measure, it is the practice of every faithful Catholic. It reaches from the contrite prayer of the sinner, who begs God for mercy, to the sublime union of the saint in heavenly ecstasy with God, to whom God has become more real even in this life than the things of sense. Its graces are the gifts of the Holy Spirit; nor can they who follow not the Holy Spirit know of it. As well might you speak of the beauty of the landscape to one absolutely blind. And when one who is not in-

spired by the definite truth and the love of God, writes upon it, he enters a land of utter darkness, where he knows not the first step on the road. The spirit of God alone can illumine the way. His language is understandable only to His children. Unless others will accept the guidance of His messenger, the Church, His delights must remain, in the truest sense, a *disciplina arcani* and the language of His visitations cannot be transcribed for the carnal man.

As Coventry Patmore wrote: "The 'science of love' is, indeed, 'mysticism'—(a puzzle and a confusion) to the many who fancy its experiences—incommunicable as the odor of a violet to those who have never smelt one—to be those of idiosyncratical enthusiasm or infatuation: but among 'mystics' themselves, the terms of this science are common property. Deep calleth unto deep a prophecy which is not of 'private interpretation,' but one which has a language as clear as is that of the sciences of the dust, and as strict a consensus of orthodoxy. A St. Catherine of Genoa and a St. John of the Cross know each what the other is saying, though to a Huxley or a Morley it is but a hooting of owls."

The Editor of "The Catholic World."

October 14, 1910.

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to your notice of *A Renegade Poet*, by Francis Thompson, in the current number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. I find it most unpleasant to be involved in a controversy, for discussion of this kind is of necessity more or less undignified. In this matter, however, I have no choice.

In March, 1909, I first undertook to collect Francis Thompson's prose essays, with a view to an authorized edition of them. In May I had hardly begun the work, when a member of Mr. Meynell's household was introduced to me, from whom I have received nothing but kindness. I met her in Boston, and was encouraged to continue the work. She wrote to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, Francis Thompson's literary executor, and also to Mr. Everard Meynell, the poet's biographer, informing them of my purpose, and giving them my address. I heard nothing from them whatever until the end of July, when a letter came from Mr. Wilfrid Meynell warmly congratulating me on an article on Francis Thompson, which I had lately published in *Poet-Lore*. This essay has since been republished, with revisions and additions, as the introduction to *A Renegade Poet*, and has been the subject of much unfavorable criticism in THE CATHOLIC WORLD and in *America*. In view of this, it may be interesting to quote Mr. Meynell. "I can say," he writes, "that it is written in the true spirit of the poet. He would have ratified every word of yours about his work." In this letter, however, he makes no mention of the essays. About a week before, in some impatience at his silence, I had written him of the matter, and, two or three days after the first letter, came a second letter from him, wherein he says: "I can only wish that you had communicated earlier with me." In my letter to him I enclosed a list of the essays I had chosen, with references to periodical, volume and page.

On receiving his second letter (dated July 12, 1909) wherein he stated

that he had prepared a volume of the poet's essays which was ready for publication, I wrote to him on the 30th of July in part as follows: "I am very sorry that I should have even momentarily conflicted with a volume projected by the poet. . . . I had gone on and completed my collection of Thompson's essays on the supposition that Miss C—— had written to you in May about my work, and that you had, at least tacitly, approved of it. Could it not be arranged for me to still edit the essays? Why not send me a list of those essays which conflict with those I have chosen? The treasury of the poet is surely sufficient for me to draw upon it for other essays to take their place." I furthermore asked him if he would be prepared to consider a royalty on this independent volume of essays. To this letter Mr. Meynell made no reply. Meanwhile, I had written to Miss C—— to ask if she had written to the Meynells. I heard nothing from her at that time because of illness, and abandoned the idea of publishing the book. In February of this year I wrote to her again at my publisher's request, and she replied that she had written to the Meynells just as I had supposed. I then decided to publish the book, and accordingly it was issued last spring. If necessary, I shall be glad to publish both Mr. Meynell's and Miss C——'s letters, and, on the other hand, am quite willing that he should publish mine and my publisher's. As a last word, I wish to make it clear that The Ball Publishing Company has acted honorably in this matter from first to last, and that they refused to publish the essays until it was quite clear to them that I was morally entitled to edit the book. I am most anxious that this fact should be made clear to your readers. I desire that the issue, if issue there be, should be fought out solely between Mr. Meynell and myself. I am, very sincerely yours,

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

The Editor of "The Catholic World."

OCTOBER 22, 1910.

DEAR SIR: In reference to your article on our publication, *A Renegade Poet; and Other Essays*, by Francis Thompson, and to the ethics of publishing the same, will you allow us to say that our first offer to Mr. O'Brien was to publish the volume if Francis Thompson's literary executor would approve it. When Mr. Meynell wrote that he was preparing an edition we dropped the matter of publication.

It was only after we were convinced that Mr. Meynell had been aware that Mr. O'Brien was collecting these articles for publication, and that he made no objection to it, that we again took up the matter. Mr. O'Brien submitted to Mr. Meynell the list of essays that he had intended to use, and asked him to mark any or all that he was going to use in his volume, offering to use none of them. Mr. Meynell has never answered this letter. We may be wrong, but we decided that if the publication of the essay on Shelly had not been so great a success, no objection would have been forthcoming to Mr. O'Brien's collection.

Upon the advice of one of the most noted Catholic educators of this country, we decided that Mr. O'Brien was morally and legally entitled to edit the volume and we published it. For its contents we have no apologies to make and believe the book to be one of the most worthy volumes that has been published for many a day. Very respectfully yours,

THE BALL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Life in the Shadow of Death. Art and Purpose of Living. By Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A.M. \$1 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

St. Thomas A Becket. By Monsignor Deminund. \$1 net. *Our Lady's Lutenist; and Other Stories of the Bright Ages.* By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. 65 cents. *The Attributes of God Mirrored in the Perfection of Mary.* 90 cents net. *Round the World.* A Series of Interesting Illustrated Articles on a Great Variety of Subjects. Vol. VIII. \$1. *St. Bridget of Sweden.* By Francesca M. Steele 75 cents net. *The Dominicans.* Letters to a Young Man on the Dominican Order Edited by Very Rev. Father John Proctor, S.T.M. 20 cents net. *More Short Spiritual Readings for Mary's Children.* By Madame Cecilia. \$1 25. *Ned Rieder.* A Parochial School Story. By Rev. John A. Wehs. 85 cents. *Freddy Carr and His Friends* A Day-School Story. By Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J. 85 cents. *The Old Mill on the Withrose.* By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J. 85 cents. *As Gold in the Furnace.* A College Story. By Rev. John E. Copus, S.J. 85 cents. *Melchior of Boston.* By Michael Earls, S.J. \$1.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

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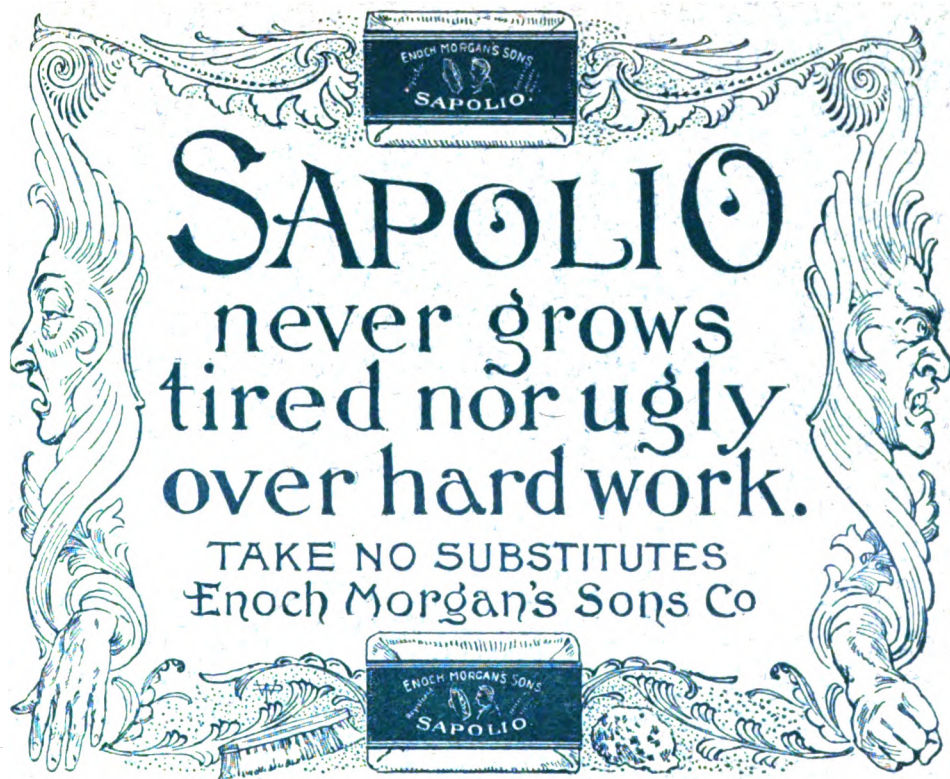
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WHAT WAS THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE?

BY HILAIRE BELLOG.

II.

So far we have been attempting an answer to the question "What was the Roman Empire?" We have seen in the answer to that question that it was an institution of such and such a character, but to this we had to add that this institution was affected from its origin and was at last permeated by another institution of a religious character. This institution had and has for its name "the Church."

Our next task must, therefore, be an attempt to answer the question "What was the Church in the Roman Empire?" for that we have not yet touched. In order to answer that question we shall do well to put ourselves in the place of a man living in a particular period, from whose standpoint the nature of the connection between the Church and the Empire can best be observed. And that standpoint in time is the generation that extended through the close of the second century into the latter half of the third century. A man born shortly after the reign of Marcus Aurelius, living through the violent civil wars that succeeded the peace of the Antonines, surviving to witness the Decian persecution of the Church and in extreme old age to perceive the promise, though not the establishment, of an untrammelled Catholicism (it had yet the last and the most terrible of the persecutions to pass through), would have been able to answer our question well. He would have lived at the turn of the tide. Let us suppose him the head of a Senatorial family in some great provincial town

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VOL. XCII.—28

such as Toulouse. He would have found himself one of a comparatively small class of very wealthy men to which was confined the municipal government of the city. Beneath him he would have been accustomed to a large class of citizens, free men but not senatorial; beneath these again his society reposed upon a great body of slaves.

In what proportion these three classes of society would have been found in a town like Toulouse we have no exact documents to tell us, but we may infer that the majority would certainly have been of the servile class, senators just as certainly a very small body (they were the great landowners of the neighborhood), and we must add to these three main divisions two other classes which complicate our view of that society. The first was the freed men, the second those perpetual tenants nominally free but economically and already partly in legal theory bound to the wealthier classes. The freed men had risen from the service class by the act of their masters, but they remained bound to those masters, very strongly so far as social atmosphere went, and to no small extent in legal theory as well. This preponderance of a small wealthy class we must not look upon as a stationary phenomenon: it was increasing, and in another half-dozen generations it was destined, in the decline of public power, to form the outstanding feature of all imperial society.

It is next important to remember that such a man as we are conceiving would never have regarded the legal distinctions between slave and free as a line of cleavage between different kinds of men. It was a social arrangement and no more. Most of the slaves were, indeed, still chattel, bought and sold, and many of them even incapable of any true family life. But there was nothing uncommon in a slave's being treated as a friend, in his being discovered as a member of the liberal professions, of his acting as a tutor, as an administrator of the fortune, a bailiff, or a doctor. Certain official things he could not be; he could not hold any public office of course; he could never plead; and he could not be a soldier.

This last point is essential, because the Roman Empire, though it required no large armed force in comparison with the total numbers of its vast population (for it was not a system of repression—no such system has ever endured), yet could only draw that force from a restricted portion of the population, and in the absence of adventure in the use of the

armies mainly as frontier police, it was not easy to obtain the recruitment required. The wealthy citizen we are considering would have been expected to "find" a certain number of recruits for the service of the army. He found them among his bound free tenants and enfranchised slaves; he was increasingly reluctant to find them, and they were increasingly reluctant to serve.

Let us imagine such a man going through the streets of Toulouse of a morning to attend a meeting of the Curia. He would salute and be saluted, as he passed, by many men of the various classes I have described. Some, though slaves, he would greet familiarly; others, though nominally free and belonging to his smaller following or to that of some friend, he would regard with less attention. He would be accompanied, it may be presumed, by a small retinue, some of whom might be freed men of his own, some slaves, some of the tenant class, some in legal theory quite independent of him, and yet by the economic necessities of the moment practically his dependents. As he passes through the streets he notes the temples dedicated to a variety of services. No creed dominated the city, even the local gods were now but a confused memory; a religious service of the official type was to greet him upon his entry to the Assembly, but in the public life of the city no fixed philosophy, no general creed appeared.

Among the many buildings so dedicated, two perhaps would have struck his attention: the one the synagogue where the local Jews met upon their Sabbath, the other a Christian church. The first of these he would look on as one looks to-day upon the mark of an alien colony in some great modern city. He knew it to be the symbol of a small reserved unsympathetic wealthy race scattered throughout the Empire. The Empire had had trouble with it in the past, but that trouble was long forgotten; the little colonies of Jews had become negotiators highly separate from their fellow-citizens, unpopular but nothing more. With the Christian Church it would be otherwise. He would know as an administrator (we will suppose him a pagan) that this Church was *endowed*; that it was possessed of property more or less legally guaranteed. It had a very definite position of its own among the congregations and corporations of the city peculiar and yet well secured. He would further know, as an administrator (and this would more concern him—for the possession of

property by so important a body would seem natural enough), that to this building and the corporation of which it was a symbol were attached an appreciable number of his fellow-citizens, a small minority of course in any town of such a date (the first generation of the third century), but a minority most appreciable and most worthy of his concern from three very definite characteristics. In the first place it was certainly growing; in the second place it was certainly, even after so many generations of growth, a phenomenon perpetually novel; and in the third place (and this was the capital point) it represented a true political organism—*the only subsidiary organism which had risen within the general body of the Empire.*

If the reader will retain no other one of the points I am making in this description, let him retain this point: it is, from the historical point of view, the explanation of all that was to follow. The Catholic Church in Toulouse would have been for that senator a distinct organism; with its officers, its peculiar spirit, its own type of vitality, which, if he were a wise man, he would know was certain to endure and to grow, and even if he were but a superficial and unintelligent senator he would recognize as unique.

Like a sort of little State of its own it included all classes and kinds of men, and like the Empire itself, within which it was growing, it regarded all classes of its own members as subject to it within its own sphere. The senator, the knight, the tenant, the freed man, the slave, the soldier, in so far as they were members of this corporation, were equally bound to certain observances. Did they neglect these observances, the corporation would expel them or subject them to penalties of its own. He knew that though misunderstandings and fables existed with regard to this body, there was no class in which its members had not propagated a knowledge of its customs. He knew (and it would disturb him to know) that its organization, though in no way admitted by law, and purely what we should call "voluntary," was strict and formidable. Here in Toulouse would be a monarchical head called by the Greek name of Episcopos. Greek was a language which the cultured knew and used throughout the western or Latin part of the empire to which he belonged; the title would not, therefore, seem to him in any way alien any more than would the title of the "Presbyteres," who were the official priests under this

monarchical head of the organization, or the title "Diacones," which was attached to the last order just below the priests who formed the inferior officials of the body.

He knew that this particular cult, like the innumerable others that were represented by the various sacred buildings of the city, had its mysteries, its solemn rituals, and so forth, which these officials of its body alone might engage in, and which the mass of the local "Christians"—for such was their name—attended as a congregation. But he would further know that it differed wholly from any other of the many observances round it by a certain fixity of definition. It was not an opinion, nor a fashion, nor a philosophy (in the accepted sense of that term); it was not a theory nor a habit, it was a *definite body corporate*, extremely jealous of its unity and of its precise definitions, and filled, as was no other body of men at that time, with passionate conviction. By this I do not mean that the senator so walking to his official duties could not have recalled from among his own friends more than one who was attached to the Christian body in a negligent sort of way, perhaps by the influence of his wife, perhaps by a tradition inherited from his father: he would guess, and justly guess, that this rapidly growing body counted very many members who were indifferent and some, perhaps who were ignorant of its full doctrine; but the body as a whole, in its general spirit, and *especially in the disciplined organization of its hierarchy*, did differ from everything round it in this character of conviction. There was no certitude left and no definite spirit or mental aim, no "dogma" (as we should say to-day), taken for granted in the Toulouse of his time—save among the Christians.

The mass were attached, without definite religion, to a number of customs, in social morals they were guided by certain institutions, at the foundation of which were the Roman ideas of property in men, land, and goods; patriotism, the bond of smaller societies, had long ago merged in the conception of a universal empire. This Christian Church alone represented a complete theory of life, to which men were attached as they had hundreds of years before been attached to their local city with its local gods and intense corporate local life. Without any doubt the presence of that Church and of what it stood for would have concerned him; if he were like most of his kind in that generation it would have concerned

him as an irritant; its existence interfered with the general routine of public affairs. If he were, as a minority of the rich then were, in sympathy with it though not for it, it would still have concerned him. It was the principal exceptional organism of his time: and it was growing.

This senator goes into the Curia, he deals with the business of the day: it includes complaints upon certain assessments of the Imperial taxes; he consults the lists and sees there (it was the fundamental conception of the whole of that society) men drawn up in grades of importance exactly corresponding to the freehold land which each possessed. He has to vote perhaps upon some question of local repairs, the making of some new street, or the establishment of some monument. He leaves the Curia for his own business and hears at home the accounts of his many farms, what deaths of slaves there have been, what has been the result of the harvest, what purchases of slaves or goods have been made, what difficulty there has been in recruiting among his tenantry for the army, and so forth. Such a man was concerned one way or another with perhaps a dozen large farming centres or villages, and had some thousands of human beings dependent upon him. There might possibly, even at that distance from the frontiers, be rumors of some little incursion or other of barbarians; perhaps a few hundred fighting men, come from the outer Germanies, had taken refuge with a Roman garrison after suffering defeat at the hands of neighboring barbarians; or perhaps they were attempting to live by pillage in the neighborhood of the garrison and the soldiers had been called out against them. He might have, from the hand of a friend in that garrison, a letter brought to him officially by the imperial post, which was organized along all the great highways, telling him what had been done to the marauders or the suppliants; how to some had been given land under conditions nearly servile, some perhaps recruited for the army. The news would never for a moment have suggested to him any danger to the society in which he lived.

He would have passed from such affairs to recreations probably literary, and there would have been an end of his day.

In such a day what we note most is the aspect of the Catholic Church in a then pagan city, and we should remember, if we are to understand history, that by this time it was

already the phenomenon which contemporaries were also beginning to note most.

That is a fair presentment of the manner in which a number of local affairs (including the Catholic Church in his city) would have struck such a man at such a time.

If we use our knowledge to consider the Empire as a whole, we must observe certain other things in the landscape touching the Church and the society round it which a local view would not give us. In the first place there had been in that society from time to time acute spasmodic friction breaking out between the Imperial power and this separate voluntary organism, the Catholic Church. The Church's partial secrecy, its high vitality, its claim to independent administration, were the causes of this. Speaking as Catholics, we know that the causes were more profound. The conflict was a conflict between Jesus Christ with His great foundation on the one hand, and what Jesus Christ Himself had called "the world." But it is unhistorical to think of a "Pagan" world opposed to a "Christian" world at that time. The very conception of "a Pagan world" requires some external manifest Christian civilization against which to contrast it. There are none such, of course, for Rome in the first generation of the third century. The Church had around her a society in which education was very widely spread, intellectual curiosity very lively, a society largely sceptical, but interested to discover the right conduct of human life, and tasting now this opinion, now that, to see if it could discover a final solution. It was a society of such individual freedom that it is difficult to speak of its "luxury" or its "cruelty"; a cruel man could be cruel in it without suffering the punishment which centuries of Christian training would render natural to our ideas. But a merciful man could be and would be merciful and would preach mercy. It was a society in which there were many ascetics; whole schools of thought contemptuous of sensual pleasure—but a society distinguished from the Christian particularly in this, that at bottom it *believed man to be sufficient to himself*. Here was the great antithesis between the Church and her surroundings. It is an antithesis which has been revived to-day. The Church did not believe man to be sufficient to himself, nor naturally in possession of those keys which would open the doors onto full knowledge or full social content.

A word as to the constitution of the Church. All men with an historical sense know by this time that the Church was what I have described it, an organized society under bishops, and, what is more, it is evident that there was a central primacy at Rome as well as local primacies in various departments of the Church, as at Carthage, as at Alexandria, as at Jerusalem. But what is not so generally emphasized is the way in which Christian society appears to have *looked at itself* at that time.

That conception which it had of itself can, perhaps, best be entered upon by pointing out that if we use the word "Christianity" we are unhistorical. "Christianity" is a term in the mouth and upon the pen of the post-Reformation writer; it connotes an opinion or a theory, a point of view, an idea. The Christians of the time of which I speak were attached to no such conception. Upon the contrary they were attached to its very antithesis, to the conception of an organized body instituted for a definite end, disciplined in a definite way, and remarkable for the possession of definite doctrine. One can talk, in speaking of the first three centuries, of stoicism or epicureanism or neoplatonism, but one cannot talk of "Christianism" or "Christism." Indeed, no one has been so ignorant or unhistorical as to attempt those phrases. But the current phrase "Christianity," used as identical with the Christian body in the third century, is intellectually the equivalent of "Christianism" or "Christism"; and, I repeat, it connotes a grossly unhistorical idea. In other words, it connotes something historically false.

Let me give an example of what I mean:

Four men will be sitting as guests of a fifth in a private house in Carthage in the year —. They are all men of culture, all possessed of the two languages, Greek and Latin, well-read and interested in the problems and half-solutions of their sceptical time. One will profess himself materialist, and will find another to agree with him; there is no personal God, certain moral duties must be recognized by men for such and such reasons, and so forth. He finds support. The host is not of that opinion; he has been profoundly influenced by certain mysteries; he has come to feel of the spiritual life as something quite as real as the natural life round him. He has curiously followed and often paid at high expense the services of necromancers; he believes that in an initiation which he

experienced in his youth he actually came in contact with the spiritual world. Such men were not uncommon. The declining society of the time was already turning to suffer influences of that type. The host's conviction, his awed and reticent attitude towards such things, impress his guests. One of the guests, however, a simple, solid kind of man, not drawn to such vagaries, says that he has been reading with great interest the literature of the Christians. He is in admiration of the traditional figure of the Founder of their Church. He quotes certain phrases, especially from the Gospels. They move him to eloquence and their poignancy and illuminative power have an effect upon his friends. He ends by saying: "For my part, I have come to make it a sort of rule to act as this Man Christ would have had me act. He seems to me to have led the most perfect life I ever read of, and the practical maxims which are attached to His Name seem to me a sufficient guide to life. That," he will conclude simply, "is the groove into which I have fallen, and I do not think I shall ever leave it."

Let us call the man who has so spoken, Ferreolus. Would Ferreolus have been a *Christian*? Would the officials of the Roman Empire have called him a *Christian*? Would he have been in danger of unpopularity where *Christians* were unpopular? Would *Christians* have received him among themselves as part of their strict and still somewhat secret society? Would he have counted with any single man of the whole empire as one of the *Christian* body?

The answer is a most emphatic negative.

No Christian in the first three centuries would have given a pinch of snuff for such a man; no imperial officer in the most violent crisis of one of these spasmodic persecutions which the Church had to undergo would have troubled him with a single question. No Christian congregation would have regarded him as in any way connected with their body. Opinion of that sort, "Christism," had no relation to the Church. How far it existed we cannot tell, for it was unimportant. In so far as it existed it would have been on all fours with any one of the dozen opinions and more which floated about the cultured Roman world.

Now it is evident that the term "Christianity," used as a point of view, a mere mental attitude, would include such a man, and it is equally evident that we have only to imagine him to see that he had nothing to do with the Christian *reli-*

gion of that day. For the Christian religion (then as now was a thing, not a theory. It was expressed in what I have called an organism, and that organism was the Catholic Church.

The reader may here object: "But surely there was heresy after heresy and thousands of men were at any moment claiming the name of Christian whom the orthodox Church rejected. Nay, some suffered martyrdom rather than relinquish the name." True, but the very existence of such sects should be enough to prove the point at issue. They arose precisely because within the Catholic Church exact doctrine, unbroken tradition, and unity, were all three regarded as necessary marks of the institution. The heresies arose one after another, from the action of men who were prepared to define yet further what the truth might be, and to claim with yet more particular insistence the possession of living tradition and the right to be regarded as the centre of unity. No heresy pretended that the truth was vague and indefinite. The whole gist and meaning of a heresy then was that it, the heresy, or he the heresiarch, was prepared to make doctrine yet more sharp, and to assert his own definition. What you find is not the Catholic Church asserting and defining a thing and then some time after the heresiarch denying this definition; no heresy comes within a hundred miles of such a procedure. What happens in the Church at that time is that some doctrine not yet defined, or some rule of discipline not yet universal, is laid down by such and such a man, that his final settlement clashes with the opinion of others, that after debate and counsel and also authoritative statement on the part of the bishops, this man's solution is rejected, some other orthodox solution is defined, from that moment the heresiarch, if he will not fall into line with defined opinion, ceases to be in communion, and his rejection no less than his own original insistence upon his doctrine, are in themselves proofs that both he and his judges start from a conception of unity and definition as the necessary marks of Catholic truth. No early heretic nor no early orthodox authority or office dreams of saying to his opponent: "You may be right, let us agree to differ, let us each form his part of Christian society and look at things from his own point of view." The moment a question is raised it must of its nature, the early Church being what it was, be defined one way or the other.

Let me finally and briefly set down what we know, as a

matter of historical and documentary evidence, the Church of this period to have held. What we know is a very different matter from what we can guess. We may amplify it from our conceptions of the probable according to our knowledge of that society, as, for instance, when we say that there was *probably* a bishop at Marseilles before the middle of the second century. Or we may amplify it by guesswork in consonance with some preconceived abstract idea, as do some scholars when they say that the words of Hegessipus, "I made a list of the bishops of Rome," must be wrong, because there were not any bishops at Rome in his time. Or when we say that the Presbyters of such and such a Church in such and such a period were not priests offering the Sacrifice of the Eucharist, but merely an informal body of "Elders." There is an infinite range from guesswork, both orthodox and heretical, but the plain and known facts which repose upon historical and documentary evidence, and which have no corresponding documentary evidence against them, are both few and certain.

Let us take such a writer as Tertullian and set down what was certainly true of his time. The central act of worship of the Christian Church was a consecration of bread and wine by priests in the presence of the initiated and baptized Christian body of the locality. The bread and wine so consecrated were certainly called (universally) the body of the Lord. The faithful also certainly communicated. The sacred elements were certainly treated as objects worthy of the highest possible, the highest conceivable, reverence and care. There was certainly at the head of each Christian community a bishop. The numerical proportion of the Church in the city of Carthage, where Tertullian wrote, was certainly large enough for its general suppression to be impossible. One might argue from one of his phrases that it was a tenth of the population. Equally certainly did the unity of the Christian Church and its bishops teach the institution of the Eucharist, the Resurrection, the authority of the Apostles, and their power of tradition through the bishops. A very large number of converts were to be noted, and (to go back to Tertullian) the majority of his time, by his testimony, were recruited by conversion, and were not born Christians.

Such were known to have been, in a very brief outline, the manner of the Catholic Church in these early years of the

third century. Such was the manner of the Church as a Christian would have been acquainted with it who, himself a young man at the time, would have later witnessed the persecution of Decius, and might have lived to the very eve of the Church's triumph a hundred years later.

I have purposely chosen this moment, because it is the moment in which Christian evidence first emerges upon any considerable scale. Many of the points I have set down are demonstrably anterior to the third century. We have Justin Martyr from the description of the Mass. We have the letters of St. Ignatius, we have the letter of St. Clement, and so forth. But the literature of the early Church is extraordinarily scanty. It is no exaggeration to say that the writings of what are called Apostolic times, that is documents proceeding immediately or almost immediately from men who could remember the time of our Lord, form not only in quantity (and that is sufficiently remarkable), but in their quality and character, too, a far superior body of evidence to what we possess of the generation of men succeeding; that is, to the documents proceeding from men who could remember the Apostles in old age only and presented to men who could only so remember them.

I would beg the reader to note with precision both the task upon which we are engaged and the exact dates with which we are dealing, for there is no matter in which history has been more grievously distorted by religious bias.

The task upon which we are engaged is the judgment of a portion of history as it was. I am not writing here from a brief. I am concerned to set forth a fact. I am acting as a witness or a copier, not as an advocate or lawyer. And I say that the conclusion we can establish with regard to the Christian community on these main lines is the conclusion to which a man will come quite independently of his creed. He will deny it only if he has a definite bias against the Faith. It is the Church seen from the outside as it were: our knowledge of its mission, our confidence in its divine origin, do not move us to these conclusions any more than they move us to our conclusions upon the Battle of Waterloo: they are plain history. To show that they are plain history, the reader must consider the second point I have mentioned, a consideration of the dates.

We know that we have in the body of documents contained in the canon which the Church has authorized, documents pro-

ceeding from men who were contemporaries with the origin of the Christian religion. All scholarship is now clear upon that point. The authors of the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, Clement also, and Ignatius may have been deceived, they may have been deceiving. I am not here concerned with that point. The discussion of it belongs to another province of argument altogether—but they were *contemporaries* of the things they said they were contemporaries of. In other words, their writings are what is called "authentic." If I read in the New Testament of such and such a miracle, I believe it or I doubt it, according to other canons than those involved in these pages. But I know that I am reading the work of a man who can be appealed to as a witness of the beginnings of the Church; and that the customs, manners, and institutions he mentions or takes for granted are those of this *origin* of Catholicism. Well, there comes after this considerable body of contemporary documentary evidence (evidence contemporary, that is, with the very spring and rising of the Church and proceeding from its first founders), a gap which is somewhat more than the long lifetime of a man. This gap is with difficulty bridged. The vast mass of documentary evidence has, of course, perished, as has the vast mass of all ancient writing. The little preserved is mainly preserved in quotations and fragments. But after this gap we come to the beginning of a regular series, and a series increasing in volume, of documentary evidence. Not, I repeat, of evidence to the supernatural, but of evidence to plain and every-day affairs, evidence to the way in which the Church was constituted, to the way in which she regarded her mission, to the things she thought important, to the practice of her rites. Now it is all important for the reader, who desires a true historical picture, to seize the proportionate evidence of the dates with which we are dealing and the society to which those dates relate.

It is all important because the false history which has presumed to have its own way for so many years is based upon two false suggestions of the first magnitude: first, the suggestion that the period was one in which vast changes could proceed unobserved, and vast perversions of original direction be rapidly developed; and secondly, that the space of time during which those changes could take place was considerable.

Because those days are far remote from ours, such suggestions can be made. If we put ourselves, by an effort of the

imagination, into the surroundings of that period we can soon discover how false they are.

The period was not one favorable to the formation of legends. It was one of a very high culture. The proportion of curious, intellectual, and sceptical men which that society contained was perhaps greater than any other with which we are acquainted. It was certainly greater than it is to-day. Those times were certainly less susceptible to mere assertion, mere repetition, and mere suggestion than are the crowds of our great cities under the influence of the modern press. It was a period astonishingly alive. Lethargy and decay had not yet touched the world of the empire. It built, read, traveled, discussed, and, above all, *criticised*, with an enormous energy.

In general it was no period during which a totally new fashion could rise within the community without its opponents being immediately able to combat it by an appeal to the evidence of the immediate past. The world was one and the world was intensely vivid.

Well now, in such a world let us see what was the distance in mere time between this early third century of which I speak and what is called the Apostolic period, that is the generation which could still remember the origins of the Church in Jerusalem and the preaching of the Gospel in Grecian, Italian, and perhaps African cities.

Let us consider a man advanced in years, well read and traveled, present in those first years of the third century at the celebration of the Eucharist; there were many such men who, if they had cared or been able to do so, could have reproved novelties and denounced perverted tradition. That none did so is a sufficient proof that the main lines of Catholic government and practice had developed unbroken and unwarped from the very beginning. For an old man, who so witnessed the constitution of the Church and its practices as I have described them in that moment, would correspond to that generation of old people whom we have with us to-day, who were born in the late 20's and early 30's of the nineteenth century; the old people can just remember in Europe the French Revolution of 1830, or the English Reform Bill, and who were almost grown up during the troubles of 1848 and the establishment of the second Empire in Paris: the old people in the United States who can remember as children

the election of Van Buren to the office of president, the old whose birth was not far removed from the death of Thomas Jefferson, and who were grown men and women when gold was first discovered in California.

Well, pursuing that parallel, consider next the persecution under Nero. It was the great event to which the Christian would refer as a date in the early history of the Church. It took place in Apostolic times. It affected men who, though aged, could easily remember Judea in the years connected with our Lord's mystery and His Passion. St. Peter lived to witness, in that persecution, to the Faith. St. John survived it. It came not forty years later than the day of Pentecost. But the persecution under Nero was, to a man, such as I have described, assisting at the Eucharist in the early part of the third century, only ten years further off than the Declaration of Independence would be from the old people of our generation to whom I have alluded by way of parallel. A man in such a position in the third century could certainly remember many who had themselves been witness of the Apostolic age. The old people who had surrounded his childhood would be to St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John, what the old people who survived say, to 1840, would have been to Washington, to Jefferson, and to Lafayette. They could have seen and talked to that first generation of the Church as the corresponding people surviving in the early nineteenth century could have seen and talked with the founders of the United States.

It is quite impossible to imagine that the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the custom of initiation, Baptism in the name of the Trinity, the establishment of an episcopacy, the fierce defense of unity and orthodoxy, and all those main lines of Catholicism which we find not only firmly established but the very foundation of the Church in the early third century, could have risen without protest by a sort of ignorant corruption and perversion of an original so very recent and so open to every form of examination. That there should have been discussion as to the definition and meaning of undecided doctrines is natural and fits in both with the dates and with the atmosphere of the period and with the character of the subject. But that a whole scheme of Christian government and doctrine should have developed in error and without protest in a period so brilliantly living, full of such rapid intercommunication, and above all so brief, is quite impossible.

That is what history has to say of the early Church in the Roman Empire. The documents may tell a true or a false story; their authors may have written under an illusion or from a conscious self-deception; or they may have been supremely true and immutably sincere. *But they are contemporary.* A man may respect their divine origin or he may despise their claims to instruct the human race; but that the Christian body from its beginning was not "Christianity" but a Church, and that that Church was identically one with what was already called before the third century * the *Catholic* Church, is simply plain history, history as plain and straightforward as the history, let us say, of municipal institutions in contemporary Gaul, and indefinitely better proved and therefore indefinitely more certain than, let us say, modern guesswork as to the state of the "Anglo-Saxons" at the time of the invasions of Britain or the "Aryan" origins of the European race, or any other of the pseudo-scientific hypotheses which until recently were made to pass for historical truth.

We have next to observe three developments that followed: first, the great increase of barbarian hired soldiery within the empire; secondly, the weakening of the central power as compared with the local power of the small and increasingly rich class of great landowners; and thirdly, the rise to an official position (and a predominating position) of the Catholic Church. All these three phenomena developed together; they occupied about two hundred years. When they had run their course the Western Empire was no longer governed as one society from one Imperial centre. The chance heads of certain Roman or auxiliary forces drawn from barbaric recruitment had established themselves in the various provinces and were calling themselves "Kings." The Catholic Church was everywhere the religion of the great majority; it had everywhere alliance with, and often the use of, the official machinery of government and taxation which continued unbroken; and it was, far beyond all other organisms in the State, the central and typical organism which gave the European world its note.

This process is commonly called "the Fall of the Roman Empire"; and I shall in my next article try to answer the question what that fall was. I shall try to explain what really happened in this great transformation.

* The Muratorian Fragment is older than the third century.

THE JOURNAL OF MY LIFE.

BY A NUN.

II.



ONE day as I was looking, according to my wont, at the view from the little hill, a melancholy train of thought took possession of me, and the staid deep shadows from the stately trees seemed to speak to me of repose and stability. In a field to the right, just outside our grounds, lay a little cottage half-buried in a group of oak and pine; from a chimney at its gable end rose heavenward a clear, straight column of smoke, its soft white vapor relieving the heavy background of foliage; above was a blue sky with downy cloudlets skimming its surface and looking like the reflection of some living thing as their shadows swept rapidly across the bright grass below. There was no sound save the unceasing coo of the wood pigeon in a tree beside me. The horse-chestnuts had lost their bloom and the thick foliage had the full depth of midsummer green. Each object seemed to speak to me of the life I was about to undertake; this same view I should have before me until my death and would it not become deadly monotonous? And was not the life itself apt, in time, to become one in monotony with the scene I looked out upon? Might not its never-ending repose and stability create reaction and drive me in the future to flee the cloister?

Yet again, if I stayed on, might I not be one of those, and there were many such in the convent, who were never employed in exterior work, whose whole energies outside the religious exercises had no scope on which to spend themselves save the daily routine of labor, often only house-labor; was this neo-platonic idea of burying one's capabilities with a view to please God right? So had I heard the world speak of the contemplative life; and, after all, was not its judgment just; was not this the true, sane view about it; were not the unmonotonous moments in such a life as fleeting as the reflections of the cloudlets I had just been watching across the grass, and which were all gone now, nothing being left but the

dark shadows which, with the sun's course, made the daily circle of each tree?

I came down from the hillock and went to my cell, all depressed and wavering. A weary, irresolute night and day followed, but the succeeding morning, during Mass, I asked God with all the fervor I could command to enlighten me. I asked my Mother Mary to speak for me to the Holy Spirit; and I repeated with a heavy heart the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, which prayer since that day I have always loved and said in all my difficulties and anxieties.

When Communion time came I went up to the altar rail to receive, and as I walked back to my stall the thought of our Lady's life came before me. Must she not have been intended by God as a model for the children of all generations? And what could have been more monotonous than her daily, exterior life? Did she then, I asked myself, sacrifice her energies and capacities to please God? Surely He never would have consented to any course that could impair or curtail His Mother's gifts; rather would He daily ennoble them by His Presence and direct them in a heavenward course. Yet it lay in her power to accept or reject the high mission for which she was created: so was it with me. I was free to return to the world and there find vent for such energies and capacities as I possessed, or to embrace the religious life where my employment would be mapped out for me at the discretion and judgment of another; but in exchange for this sacrifice, this outward bondage, I looked for an inner freedom that would give my spirit wing.

I began then to define monotony, and I thought if it means a life void of keen joys and sorrows, then of all lives since the world began the Mother of God's was the least monotonous. What bliss could ever compare with hers at the Nativity, or in the hourly after possession of her Child? As He grew must she not have watched with daily increasing joy the unfolding of His Divine beauty? What woe, too, could ever equal hers when she saw Him rejected by His own people, or as she stood beneath the cross on Calvary?

The world of society, thought I, seeks constant distraction because it dreads the monotony that gives time for thought; for it is conscious that reflection will inevitably show it the follies of its own life. May not a nun, then, court monotony

to give her time to think, not of the folly but of the wisdom of her life? Thought it is that feeds the spiritual life and puts afar all monotony of spirit.

With these reflections now uppermost I prayed that morning that my spiritual life might never be monotonous, that I might put a living intensity into the daily routine of common life, so that my happiness might be independent of my exterior employment, that I might use all material actions, however uninteresting or uncongenial, as mere necessary condiments for my spiritual growth. I felt the making of my own life was in my own hands; if my energies flagged, then, indeed, this life here might be poorer and less productive than a life outside the cloister.

In this new frame of mind I once more ascended the little hill. Oh, what strange, varying creatures we are! I looked again upon the lofty trees with the same dense shadows, and to my lips came the words: "Under thy shadow I will rest." I looked upon the column of smoke rising like incense and I thought so should my prayer rise straight to heaven, free and untrammelled by all circumstances and surroundings. Out of sight I knew was a burning fire and up through a narrow chimney did the smoke work its way, till I saw it rise in freedom above; so must my prayer come from a heart on fire with love, and so must my inner life gain strength and force by living within the straight confines of the Rule. Thus would self-freedom be purchased.

So did I now look upon the clear, vapory beauty of the smoke in mid-air, so fittingly typifying my own spiritual life. The blue sky told me that all my brightness and joy must come from above and the cloudlets flitting again across its surface made me fancy, in my new frame of mind, that perhaps they were emblematic of my future life, and that it would be a bright one with only quickly passing sorrows; but I dared not ask for such a fate; my practical nature made me feel that such ways were hazardous and the common beaten track was best for me.

The wood pigeon was not cooing that day, but a lark was singing and I thought of the poet's words: "Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun." Then my thoughts went back to my own loved waves of the West, and I thought how they had been my first Novice Mistress, and had given me my first

lessons in strength and freedom which my second Mistress was now developing.

As I stood on the hill I recited the Magnificat, half to myself and half aloud, with a gladsome thrill of thanksgiving to God for bringing me here, and so my struggle passed.

On the fifth of August I made my Profession. Auntie Meg, Honor, and her husband were present, but not my father. I did not ask him to come, because the ceremony was a very solemn one, and I feared he would feel it too much.

As I stood before the altar I made my vows aloud, and in the beautiful opening words of the formula I began by calling upon the heavens to hearken to my voice and the earth to listen to the words of my mouth. Having solemnly pledged myself to God as the only object of my love and made my vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, I left the altar step. My heart was high with hope and happiness in my newly-found Lover. I spoke with Him much that day—of myself, of my own needs, and of all those dear to me.

It is customary for the newly professed to wear a wreath of white flowers; into my wreath I wound a few wild anemones which I picked with Honor when we were walking together in the grounds after the ceremony, and at the end of the day I gave them to her to take home to Father for me. Twenty years after, when he was dying, he asked to have them placed in his coffin, so that they might be buried with him. We both loved each other best in the world to the end.

My cousin, Mary C——, comes to see me almost every year, and her husband, whom I have always looked upon as a devoted brother, and who is now a judge, occasionally pays me a visit when he is holding the Assizes in our part of the country. Upon one occasion I had a discussion with him which I should like to relate. He came to consult me about his eldest girl, U——, who was then twenty-four and wished to be a nun. Now Mr. C—— is a thorough man of the world; he is clever and ambitious, but he is fair-minded and kind-hearted. U——, he told me, was very intelligent, full of life and energy, and of an active turn of mind. He did not like to oppose her vocation, yet he had great doubts as to her ultimate happiness in a life where there was so little scope for a girl of her character; or, worse still, where her energies and talents might be deliberately thwarted, which he was led to believe was not

an uncommon occurrence in convents. He explained all this to me, and said that he had promised his wife, who was in favor of U——'s vocation, to talk the matter over with me, and ask my advice: then he continued with energy, rising as he spoke and walking up and down the room: "Were you nuns such as the medieval nun I would place no hindrance in the child's way. In those days you had a status in the land, and were powerful factors for good; convents were centres of learning, industry, activity; and all this, crowned by the spiritual life, formed a lever in society which gave you a prominent part in training the youth of the country. You were the refuge of the sinner. You gave a home and employment to the indigent; you were a centre of cultivation for youthful talent; with every class, the poor and the wealthy, you were in touch: the wife and the mother of all ranks sought support, comfort, Christian training, from her sister in religion. In a word, the medieval nun was trained to a noble vocation and she fulfilled it, whereas, now"—he threw himself into the armchair again and turning to me continued—"Well, now—I have no doubt you nuns are very good women, harmless at any rate; you wrap yourselves round in your own little conceits, say your prayers, perform your little round of prescribed duties, and"—he proceeded slowly as if thinking what next to say—"and—you employ the residue of your time in making pincushions for bazaars."

Then, after a pause, he said: "Excuse me for speaking so plainly; but the truth is you have become too sensitive for the useful wear and tear of life, too high strung to bear much contact with the rough and ready world, too chary of the vulgar eye intruding into your sanctuary. You hide your system too jealously from the enquiring world, and are too centred in your own sanctification, too small altogether, and narrow in your aims. You know I always regretted your having become a nun."

While he was pouring out this diatribe I bethought me how to answer him, for there was much truth in what he said. No doubt things *had* greatly changed. The suppression of convents at the Reformation had brought its inevitable consequences: the power of the nun was obliterated from the land, and when convents again began to form they were forced to live in utter seclusion; for, though the day of active persecution had passed, the day of prejudice and false statement was at its height and

continued till our own time. All this could not have been without effect upon the well-being of monastic life. Then again the convents, while banished, were recruited almost exclusively from the old Catholic families at home, to whom all honor is due for retaining the faith, but who had to do so at the price of losing their intellectual position in the country. They had no means of education at home and they lived in constant fear of being branded with disloyalty to the crown because they acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope; whereas, in reality, they were intensely loyal. Whenever their religion came to the front it was regarded as some interference of a foreign power, and the populace had a confused idea that it partook of high treason.

So they lived and vegetated in their secluded homes. This state of things did but intensify their native conservatism; they could not compete in the race of life with their countrymen; first, because of legal disability, and, after emancipation, from mental disability brought about by generations of uneducated and fostered by the intermarrying which was necessary for the preservation of the faith. When such members joined the Religious Orders they brought their own spirit into them, a spirit indeed of loyalty to the old faith, of high principle and refinement; but as to literary culture, they were almost totally devoid of it. Long enslavement had left them with little spirit to cope with any intellectual awakening. They had kept the faith in safe deposit during the troubled times, but their grit was gone; it had been ground to dust in long years of pressure. From such material one could hardly expect the medieval nun to be resuscitated. However, as time went on, emancipation began slowly to take effect. Some of the more vigorous communities, who had taken refuge abroad, returned to their own country and began again to give such education as in their maimed condition they could impart. This state of things has now almost passed away, a new element is coming into convents, and the nun of to-day seems foremost in her desire for the advancement of women to their right level.

When Mr. C—— took breath, I was about to reply, but just then Sister B—— came into the parlor with a message from Reverend Mother, to invite Mr. C—— to lunch. As she had made his acquaintance on one of his former visits, she sat down to chat for a few minutes. Full of his subject, he

accosted her by saying: "I have just been abusing nuns to my cousin here, and telling her that I wish you were like the nuns of medieval times."

"Ah!" replied Sister B—— "this is the age in which nothing that is not visible and tangible is prized. You motor through life with such speed that even your thinkers are all in a hurry to produce the result of their thinking. You ought to follow nature and, like the acorn, drop into the earth and be hidden and die to the world, and then bring forth fruit, as it does the everlasting oak. I am not at all so sure that we don't do as much as the medieval nun. If I did not feel," Sister B—— continued, "that I myself was conferring a great boon on all the world outside—though it is so dense and so material that it will never understand this—I should return to society and have a good time of it. The medieval nun and we of the present serve the same Master, and I hope we serve as faithfully as she; though she, in an age when He was recognized; and we, in an age when He is ignored; and so our services take a different form. She was the official of His palace; and we are, I hope, His comforters in prison. So long as we truly serve, what does it matter? Perhaps at the end one of the surprises in store for clever people will be to find that the modern nun, by her whole burnt offering of self, has achieved as much for the world and for her Master's cause as her sister of many opportunities and much distinction in olden times."

"But" replied my cousin, "you nuns, what *do* you do with yourselves all day? And what *might* you not be doing in the world outside if you would only stay there?"

"Do!" replied Sister B——, "I should like to see you spend one day as we do! Why the very idea of the spiritual life is to be 'eternally progressive, unquenchably active, insatiable in knowledge, and unlimited in aspiration'; and in whatever age a nun lives, if she is true to her vocation, her interior life must be all this, or else it is far better for her to stay in the world. But the mistake you make is your modern mania for results; this will be stamped as an age of quick and brilliant achievements, but is it an age of moral greatness? I don't know; I am too little conversant with the world outside to judge. When I read Newman, as I often do, I ask myself, now that he is dead, is there any one left with repose enough and

reverence enough to think out his own thoughts in all humility and teach the world as he did? You can, no doubt, answer this question, but I am only a poor ignorant woman and cannot answer half the questions that I put to myself."

Just as she finished speaking a bell rang and Sister B—— rose quickly, explaining that it was her bell and that she must answer it. "I may not be able to return," she said to my cousin, "as that bell is probably some poor forlorn spirit of high or low degree that will need comfort or instruction or hospitality, and I may be detained to provide it for him." Then, turning to me, she said: "You must finish the argument for me; and mind that you don't let the learned judge have the better of it."

When she had left my cousin remarked that her presence created a certain freshness like a sea breeze, and that he almost felt the healthy flavor of sea salt on his lips.

At length, taking up the vexed question, I agreed with him in much of what he said about the medieval nun; but, as I reminded him, it was not only the nun, but womankind altogether, that had lost the power she undoubtedly wielded in olden times. However, in his view of the modern nun, I could not agree with him, although I own appearances are against her. I assured him that Sister B—— was right in saying that at the present moment we certainly do not vegetate. "Even with us who are contemplative (though not exclusively so) the stress of modern life seems to affect us. I think it must be that we are in a state of transition, for with those amongst us who are of an active temperament and who, though clothed, as every contemplative nun should be, with the armor of her state, *vis.*, works of expiation, impetration, and self-combat, have yet a residue of energy which needs an outlet. This, at times, creates a certain mental thirst, aggravated no doubt by our reawakening and the desire to clothe our literary nakedness so as to enlarge our power and influence with those with whom we come in contact, since a nun should be behindhand in nothing that can add to her moral equipment. Even we, though more especially the active orders, see that the exigencies of our age require a more extended curriculum; and that, like our Holy Mother Church, we must adapt ourselves with earnestness and energy to the growing needs of our times; and this we are trying to do.

"As education, in which we are beginning successfully to compete, is liable to be taken out of our hands, we look to fitting ourselves to undertake other forms of training to help Catholic interests. We might have reading-rooms, industries, games, debating societies, so that no sins of omission may be on our heads. I sometimes dream of a future for us extended and fruitful of good, as was the medieval nun of whom you think so highly. Now as to your daughter's vocation, I cannot think it wise to oppose it at all, unless, indeed, for the sake of testing its reality. If she be really called to a religious life, she will not be satisfied in the world, and the happiest fate there would not make *her* happy. A vocation means a certain want or yearning for a fuller interior life, and this the world does not satisfy. The monastic system recognized this need of the soul and is, therefore, formed to satisfy it; and it has, besides, a wonderful power of self-development. Let U—— be a nun; and though she leaves you she will be none the less a daughter to you; rather more, for her affections will deepen, and her thought and energy expand.

"It is not true that the intelligence is thwarted in convents, quite the contrary; though it is true that there is not always scope for the residue of energy of which I have been speaking. This is a want sometimes felt. It is a legacy from the dark night through which we have passed, and is quickly dispersing with a brighter horizon.

"As to your remark about employing our time in making pincushions and such things, nuns often get the credit of so spending their time when such trifles are but the product of some aged or infirm sister, whose years or health incapacitate her from the more useful needlework which we get through during our hours of recreation, and it makes her happy to feel that her fingers are occupied in some little helpful way for others. You remind me of a similar objection related by one of the Fathers of the Desert of a huntsman who, seeing St. John the Evangelist amusing himself with a partridge on his finger, reproached him for wasting his time in such trifling, upon which the good saint asked him why he did not always keep his bow bent. The huntsman replied that, were he to do so, it would lose all its force. 'Then,' responded the saint, 'be not surprised that I should sometimes relax my mind, for it is only to fit it the better for divine contemplation.'"

When I ceased speaking my cousin remained silent a little while, and then said he was glad that he had spoken so openly to me, and that perhaps after all his wife was right.

"Let your wife's judgment prevail," I said. "I do not think that you will ever regret having yielded to her."

He rose shortly afterwards and left me. Later I had a letter from his wife telling me that U——, with her father's full consent, had entered an active order.

It is the day of my silver jubilee, my sisters have been fêting me all day; we have dined under the big spreading oak in our field, and I have received the valued little attentions customary on such occasions. The day is now over and I sit in my cell looking out through the open window, and looking back at the twenty-five years that have passed like a dream, as do all things when we look back upon them. Amongst us here are the eager and energetic, the naturally sluggish and inert, the buoyant and lethargic, the hopeful and despondent; we are of different nationalities, of different social grades, different views, capacities, temperaments; but all are united in one common aim, pledged to one vow, to work for God and for the salvation of souls. As the bee is ever working in the hidden hive for the benefit of those outside, who are unconscious and careless of its occult labors, so do we strive to help the world from within our convent home. And as in the beehive there is a perfect communism of goods, so it is with us. It is said that the world creeps into every cloister, and this I suppose must be true as long as we are in the world; but as far as human nature can live in the world and yet not be of it, so far is the religious life free of its taint. Nowhere outside the cloister is, or indeed could, communism be practised as within its walls. It is the life of the community; without it religious life would perish. Our property, goods, money, talents, even our family position, all are thrown into the stock pot to be used for the common good. Such a life could not work except where all such accidental distinctions are, though not lost, swept along in the wave of communism that gathers up as it passes and uses all contingent forces to strengthen and perfect it in its warfare with the spirit of the world, against which its very existence proves it to be in enmity.

There is much affection, or perhaps it is more accurate

to say much thoroughness and earnestness, in our intercourse with one another, and this comes out and shows its genuineness whenever any sister is in trouble. We undertake voluntarily a hard life; for hard it is, although the Rule can, according to our spirit, be mitigated. Though each individual soul is formed to it and by it, yet, on its side, its spirit is to adapt itself to the necessities of each case. Take, for example, the food which is always ample and good, but of the plainest, all that savors of delicacies being prohibited. In cases of indisposition, the order is to relax the Rule, and no one, in the most devoted family, could receive more care and attention than a sick nun from her sisters in religion. So it is with everything, our hours of sleep are short, yet the young are, if necessary, gradually accustomed to this under the watchful eye of the Novice Mistress.

Seeing all this, it may be supposed that my life has been a very happy one. Yes, indeed, this has been so, interpreting the word happiness as I once heard it defined, *vis.*, having a definite object and feeling that you are advancing towards it. But this advancement with me has been wrought and quickened by suffering. In our keen spiritual moments we wish for suffering, realizing in theory that it is the most powerful weapon for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth, and also because at such moments to be identified with Him Whom we love is our greatest need. Very different are our feelings when our wish is granted. The cross is upon our shoulders and we look around to see who it is that has placed it there; we seek amongst our sisters or our circumstances for the perpetrator of the deed, blaming these incidental causes, whilst ignoring the fact that God makes use of ordinary means to grant us what we desire; and that our own flesh and blood must ever be the ordinary channel of communication for such gifts from Him.

Perhaps I was too bold in my prayer, but it is one of my beliefs that any one in or out of the cloister who is earnestly religious cannot be long without suffering, and that this suffering is usually of a kind with which the world can have little sympathy. With me, I felt at times a hunger to be identified with my Lover, I felt that my happiness depended on this and that I cared for nothing on earth in comparison to it; and as the years pass they do but increase this need. Yet all the while I feel that I am

"Myself archtraitor to myself,
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe;
My clog whatever way I go."

At one time I had a phase of suffering in which I shrank from the tenderest touch. The kindest interference caused me pain, and sometimes acute pain. Left unaided, save by the Savior's hand, my spirit ached indeed, but with a certain sense of peaceful endurance and a blessed sense of resignation; and yet at times would come a kind of joy so bracing that I would question whether we live most keenly in the joy born of suffering or the joy born of bliss; but through it all, thank God! I felt that peace which is the outcome of struggle, subjugated. To make peace with one's own heart on battle terms is the most enduring form of peacemaking.

Again, at times, God has given me a sense of joy when I literally felt like one walking on air; but we are not put into this world to walk on air, but rather on the low, solid ground, and so all Christian lives must be hard, and those who seek more will find more, *i. e.*, a harder life.

During my religious life I have been employed for many years in active work with others, and, again, in simple household drudgery, but I have learnt that we can make "drudgery divine." As I did my menial work my mind was free to dwell on happy thoughts, sometimes I would think of what heaven must be like, and though I know its first and foremost joy is love, yet on its other joys I liked to dwell, and would fancy that there I should be in full possession of a number of pleasurable capacities, emotions, capabilities, which are now within us, but which can be neither born nor developed here, though in a sense we are conscious of their existence. Sometimes, it may be but once in a lifetime, they flash across our minds or hearts for an instant and are gone; or I would think of it as the power of comprehending the mystery of life; or, of grasping some great truth that on earth is outside our ken, and for the knowledge of which we hunger here. So it will be seen that my inner life was not monotonous, and even when I suffered most I never wished it so to be. My thoughts, too, would range back at times to home and to the days when Honor and I and Auntie Meg would discourse together on any and all subjects, and to how we freely discussed

the range of virtues, and how humility in those days was not in much favor with me for I esteemed it a poor spirited thing, and to how Auntie Meg would laughingly tell me that I did not even know the meaning of the word.

Now that I venerate it in my sisters as something God-like, it attracts me without my being able to take hold of it; 'tis something that I admire, but cannot attain to. When I contemplate it in others it reminds me of the morning mist that tries to hide the sunshine; but only succeeds in adding a mystic beauty to its rays as they peer through it with softened radiance; or I like to think of it as the morning dew that throws its mantle over the flower and yet does not conceal but rather adds to its lustre; or I liken it to the stock dove, that bird of contemplation whose peaceful, solitary note is but the echo of an inward peace which he wills not to communicate, yet those soothing tones suggest the plaintiveness of earth combined with the restful bliss of heaven. And thus do I see those endowed with this virtue strive to hide their goodness from others, and fail in the effort, as effectually as this very humility hides their own virtue from themselves. Sometimes when I feel buoyant about myself I think that perhaps I am getting a little of this great virtue, and then the thought comes to me that the surest sign that I am without it is to think myself possessed of it; and so I can but go my way, still striving and hoping before the end to arrive at that truth with which it is synonymous.

All these thoughts have passed through my mind while I still sit at my cell window, the cool night air is coming in as I write; the moon is so bright that I have put out my candle, it is shining full on the text above my bed: "Till the day break, and the shadows retire, I will go to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense" (Cant. iv. 6). Up must I toil then by the steep hill of prayer and the rugged mount of mortification, till the glad some day break and in the "flecker'd dawning" my long-strained eyes rest entranced on the Light of Life. Though long and weary the way, as with difficulty and much backward sliding I essay to scale the heights, yet is the pilgrimage so wondrously sweetened by His company that even now before our journey's end "Whoso takes His cross and follows Christ will pardon me for that I leave untold."

As I review the past five and twenty years my mind turns to religious life as a system. It is not for me to judge of what the Church has commended since the days of the Apostles, and of what we are told has held back God's avenging hand more than aught else that man can do; but as each individual mind is created with its own independent thought, so do I sit here to-night and ruminate. Can we, I ask myself, be called generous? In desire a nun certainly is. She voluntarily gives up a life of ease, believing herself called to a larger scope of duties than the woman of the world, who usually confines her interests to her own offspring and her immediate surroundings. The nun forgoes the lawful pleasures of her sex, for she is human like her sister outside the cloister; but as her aims are greater and her ideals higher, she emancipates herself from all ties and makes an exchange of this world for the other; she yields her hold upon the corruptible crown, only that she may take fast hold of the incorruptible, though it is not the crown, but the never-ending love of which it is the symbol, that she covets. She does not feel called upon to help the world by fulfilling the ordinary destiny of her sex, because the history of the world has taught her that the overwhelming majority of her sisters will always feel called to that state. So she is free to help in a propagation solely of the Spirit.

Still, taking for granted a belief in another world, can it be called a sacrifice, when we think of the liberal and sure return promised? Looking at life from a purely common-sense point of view, the fact remains that the nun is the most practical of her sex, for she has chosen the better part, the better half of life, and to make sure of the best is only acting according to reason.

The life of every woman worthy of the name is ruled by love; it is not so with man, in him ambition is the stronger passion, and when the two clash love usually goes to the wall; but since we women are so constituted, does it not seem reasonable that we should choose the surest and the most abiding love?

Since I have become a nun to how many a sad tale have I not listened from those who come to us in trouble and misfortune to seek sympathy and encouragement. I think of them, and their number has not been small, and then my thoughts turn to my own life and to how truly God gives us

the hundredfold in return for giving up our little all to Him. I lead a life under Rule from morning to night, from year's end to year's end, but about this Rule and the whole system of religious life (as far as my own experience goes), in little things and great, essential and non-essential, there is a balancing sense of proportion that at first unconsciously enamors, one knows not why, and later on in life, as one grows older, the beautiful equity of the balance impresses one with a conviction that such a system and Rule of life could never have been framed or endured by mere human wisdom. The saintly founder drew his code from inspiration. I see him, pen in hand and thought in God, a being human, with a spirit superhuman, as he traces out for his children a constitution all tender in its consideration for human frailty, yet with a power in its laws to adapt the spirit to rise above all things earthly. He wrote and framed laws in advance of his time, and, with a prophetic eye on future ages, he tells us it behooveth much to consider the minds of the age in which we live.

When such thoughts come to me I can but turn to my God and thank Him in wondering love that for such a life He should have chosen me.

NOTE.—The author of this paper died the year after her silver jubilee. At my request she wrote the foregoing little sketch of her vocation and her views on monastic life. She gave it to me during her last illness. I asked her if I might show it to some mutual friends, and she answered me: "I wrote it freely for you alone, but when I am dead I care not who sees it; only, you must promise me to make no comment on the writer, and, she added maliciously, "to tell no tales out of school." So my lips are sealed about her of whom both pleasure and edification would urge me to speak. [CHAPLAIN.]

FAMILY AND DIVORCE IN JAPAN.

BY JOSEPH FRERI, D.C.L.,

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THE conversion of a whole nation from paganism to Christianity in the Far-East is still an unknown fact. Friends of the missions ask themselves, perhaps, why the work of the world's evangelization progresses so slowly? They may say: "We have thousands of missionary priests, brothers, and nuns at work in the field, and where is the fruit of their labors? Of course they obtain some results, but are those results in proportion to the sacrifices made? It is true the various missionary organizations report each year that a few thousands have entered the fold; but how small those figures appear when we think of the billion of people who are not Christians! And at that rate, when will the world be converted?"

These good friends of the missions would like to see the Gospel carried to that thousand million within the present generation. Their charity causes them to become impatient at the slowness of the process. The object of this sketch is to place before their eyes one of the many obstacles the preaching of the Gospel encounters in pagan nations, especially in those which have attained a certain degree of civilization.

The obstacles to the conversion of either an individual or of a nation are many and of a varied nature. For the individual there is the difficulty of giving up a religion handed down to him by his forefathers, and in which he has believed for years; or, if he has always lived without religious practices of any kind, he may fail to see the need of them. When there is question of entering the Catholic Church, difficulties arise from all sides. In these days of free-thought and unrestrained criticism, one must humble himself under the yoke of authority and admit, through faith, mysteries which the mind cannot comprehend. Much good-will, nay, an immense

amount of courage, is required to accept and follow rules of morality, far more strict than those of the pagan code, and this, whilst remaining in pagan surroundings.

But this is not all. The nations of the Far-East are proud of their ancient civilization. They are deeply attached to the customs and tradition of their ancestors. Their social organization was constituted outside of all Christian idea, and the adoption of Christianity by a whole nation would necessarily entail important changes in the most intimate and general customs of life. It is difficult to bring about such changes; the social condition of a nation, especially of a civilized nation, cannot be altered as easily as its political status.

It is true there are certain principles generally admitted even among non-Christian peoples. They all condemn murder, theft, and lying. To some extent no one can be insensible to calumny, remain deaf to truth; and all have some notion of the just and the unjust. Without this no society could be possible.

But if we go farther, we find that, education, customs, authority, self-interests, which differ according to countries, have the effect of diversifying the tastes, the feelings, the appreciations, and, in a word, the social and moral conditions of different nations.

In Europe and America those differences are well-marked and known, and yet we dare say that they are rather superficial and do not affect the character of the peoples. This is because the Christian idea presided at the moral formation of those nations. All, so to say, were born and grew in a Christian atmosphere.

Such is not the case in Asia. The social organization there is altogether different from ours; more than that, it differs according to countries, as we will see if we compare India with Persia or China. Now, in the social organization of all the Far-East there are certain practices incompatible with Christianity: one of these is divorce.

It is well-known that in countries where Confucianism prevails, the family is established on a basis quite different from ours. The members of the family have not among themselves the same relations as with us, and the family itself is neither formed nor dissolved in the same manner.

With us marriage is the foundation of a family and divorce

its dissolution. A violent rupture of family ties between married persons, and between parents and children, is abnormal and against nature, and the Catholic Church has always fought against it. Whatever may be the pretexts to justify divorce, no one can deny that its consequences are disastrous—for the future and the honor of the woman, and for the moral formation and education of the children. The children, especially, are to be pitied. For if, on the one hand, divorce brings to parents hatred, loneliness, shame, remorse, and jealous disputes over the children; it is, after all, the children themselves who are sacrificed so that their parents may recover a shameful independence; the children find themselves in an unnatural attitude toward those who gave them life; their education is endangered and will be received from strangers. They are the chief victims of the rupture of the family ties.

In the land of the Rising Sun things are altogether different. Family, not being founded upon marriage, is not destroyed by divorce. Family is not there the natural group of parents and children. It is a collection of individuals who may have no ties of blood one with the other; it is a clan, a "house," a name, which must be perpetuated indefinitely, by artificial means if necessary. Of course, a single marriage may suffice if everything succeeds; if not, successive marriages will be contracted, or concubines will be introduced, or the adoption of outsiders will be resorted to.

This organization of the "house" is based on the plan of the patriarchal family, as described in the Old Testament. But paganism added to it a religious feature, and one which implies a moral obligation; it is the worship of ancestors. Let it not be supposed that this worship is merely made up of feelings of reverence and gratitude for the forefathers; real acts of worship are paid to them; and the individuals who should neglect them would be held guilty of a base ingratitude for denying their ancestors something which cause them to suffer. Hence the obligation to perpetuate the "house" in order that the worship suffer no interruption.

This exaggerated notion of the reverence and gratitude due to ancestors has existed in the Far-East for over twenty centuries; in fact from the annals of those peoples we might believe that it has always existed. Hence it is easy to imagine how deeply rooted it must be, what a large place it occupies

in the life of the nation, and what hold it has on the minds of the people.

It may be asked whether the influences of Western rationalism upon the educated classes of Japan is not undermining that worship of the ancestors, whether it is still for them a sincere religious worship? We believe it is. For over three centuries the leading class in Japan, that of the Samurai, has been heading toward rationalism and irreligion by novel interpretations of the doctrines of Confucius; and yet the Samurai have remained as faithful as the common people to the cult of their fathers. Rationalism, which, in Japan as elsewhere, has more or less invaded philosophy and science, is undoubtedly driving away from all religion the educated Japanese, but even these do not seem willing to give up the family worship. To build up that spirit of patriotism and nationalism, which is such a source of strength for the empire, they feel the need of some basis, and they find it in the past; in the civil and religious worship of the ancestors of the Emperor, of ancient heroes, of the soldiers who died for the country. All classes take part in that worship of the great men of the nation, the natural consequences being that each house is careful not to neglect its own ancestors.

But leaving aside the question of ancestor worship, let us glance at the present family, at what we termed the "house," the clan. We will soon perceive that it has retained unchanged the fundamental doctrine that it must be preserved from extinction by all *means* and *at all costs*, whatever may be the social and moral consequences of this indisputable principle.

For the Japanese it is a surprise, nay, an insoluble enigma, to hear that, according to Western customs, families deprived of children are allowed to die out, instead of perpetuating themselves by adoption.

Not long ago a Catholic missionary wrote that one day the father of a large family proposed to him to adopt one of his own sons. The man's real motive, of course, was to lighten his burden by letting the priest pay for the education of the boy. But he did not touch upon this side of the question. Although all Japanese are anxious to extract as much money as possible from the foreigner, it is bad taste to show it; and the only argument that the good man brought forth—an argument which in his mind was amply sufficient to convince the

missionary—was that the missionary would thus start a family, have a son who, after the death of his adopted father, would be under a sacred obligation to think of him, to take care of his tomb, and pay him the customary religious duties. The man who made the proposition was not a Christian, but this incident shows the conception of the family in the Japanese mind.

Of course, the most natural means to attain that end is marriage. And in fact there are few, if any, celibates in Japan. In the census of the population the number of "houses" is as carefully indicated as the number of individuals; mention is even made of the nature of the "house"—whether it is a noble one, of descendants of Samurai, or of persons of a lower class. But the number of married couples is not recorded, it is unimportant. At certain periods of its history one house may include three or four married couples, whereas another may be represented by only a boy ten or twelve years old. Neither do the statistics record the number of celibates over thirty years of age, because practically there are none.

Now if matrimony is a means to perpetuate the "house," it is not the only one, and cannot be the only one. In case a married couple have no male child, they must have recourse to some other means to perpetuate their name; and one of the most frequent is adoption. Sometimes the adopted son enters his new family while still in his tender years, and is brought up by his new parents; sometimes when he is a youth or even an adult. But at whatever age he may change *quarters*, from the moment the adoption is legally effected, the adopted son must pay to his putative father and mother all the duties imposed by nature and tradition, and in Japan these duties are numerous, strict, and often burdensome.

On the other hand, he is entirely freed from all obligations toward the authors of his life, who lose all their rights over him. This complete rupture of the most sacred ties is so deeply rooted in the habits of the Japanese people, that there are thousands, nay millions, of individuals who have entirely forgotten their parents, have become utter strangers to them, and have transferred to others their filial affection. This shows what a small place the individual occupies among Japanese in comparison with that of the "house," and to what degree the individual must subordinate his feelings to the interest of the

clan. The ties of blood which with us are the strongest are every day broken by a multitude of men, who consider it perfectly natural, because the principle that the "house" must perpetuate itself is the preponderant motive of the social order.

To that principle not only are the ties which unite parents and children sacrificed, but also the bond of matrimony; and here again we see the individual sacrificed for the benefit of the "house." That peculiar entity which we termed "house" absorbs most of the rights, leaving few, indeed, to the individual.

Since matrimony has in view the interest of the clan rather than that of the couple it unites, it naturally follows that if it proves a failure, that is, is sterile, or endangers the peace, the prosperity, the health of the members of the "house," it must be dissolved and another one contracted. Thus divorce as much as marriage works for the welfare of the house.

We said above that matrimony does not create a new "house." The destructive effects of divorce are, therefore, not to be feared. Divorce merely brings about a change of persons, and we may assert that they have recourse to it to perpetuate the name of the house just as previously they had had recourse to marriage. From this, we may begin to realize the immense distance that separates the Oriental Confucianist from the Western Christian, as far as the organization of the family is concerned. With us the defenders of divorce must admit that it destroys the family; they try to justify it by invoking the rights of the individual, superior, in their mind, to those of society. In the Far-East divorce is justified from an entirely different point of view. The individual is sacrificed, woman especially, to the so-called rights of the "house." And as this principle, universally admitted from all antiquity, is not questioned by any one—since to question it would be to shake the organization of the "house," the basis of all social order—it follows that divorce is a most common occurrence, and that there are millions of individuals divorced and remarried in Japan.

It must be confessed, however, that divorce may be brought about by other causes besides the good of the "house," such as, difference of tempers, quarrels, and divisions between the family of the husband and that of his wife, illicit passion,

caprice, love of change, etc. But, whatever may be the cause, divorce, as well as marriage, is a mere incident which does not affect the existence of the "house"; whether a marriage is contracted or dissolved, the "house" continues. It is true that the qualities or the defects of the wife have an influence over the prosperity of the "house," and, in consequence, the man in quest of a wife tries to get as good a one as possible. But if he has made a mistake, it is easily corrected: the wife is dismissed, another takes her place, and the welfare of the "house" is not much more affected than by the change of a servant.

This fundamental difference in the notion of the family explains what, at first sight, appears so strange in the domestic life of the Far-East—that motives of interest or of social conveniences are the only ones that determine alliances of families; that the authority of the parents to decide the marriages of their children, especially their daughters, is supreme, the contracting parties are not even consulted; that marriage, *i. e.*, the introduction of a young lady into the family, is of secondary importance, because the contract may be broken as easily as it was made, and without causing unfavorable comment, so common is the practice; that the young woman occupies, of course, only a secondary position in the family, and may be divorced from her husband against her and even his will, by the mere decision of the parents of the husband; that, finally, the breaking of family ties, which with us is one of the sad features of divorce, is accepted in Japan as the most natural thing in the world.

There is no contract concerning the possession of the children; they always belong to the father, being part of the "house" he represents. When their mother leaves them to make room for another woman, they must transfer their affection to the newcomer, to whom they will pay all the duties due to a mother; and immemorial custom has caused the practice to be accepted by all without the slightest reluctance. It may happen that the new wife is not inclined to show much affection to the children of her predecessor, and they may suffer. But this is exceptional. In general the Japanese woman understands her duties in this matter, and so much the more because divorce does not place her in a false position, as is the case in Christian nations. Nothing is more common than

divorce in the middle and lower classes of the Japanese people.

Among the wealthy and leading classes divorce is not so frequent; but this does not ameliorate the condition of the women of those classes, because in its stead we find concubinage. Under the old *regime*, the number of concubines was determined for each degree of the noble class of Samurai, according to the prescriptions of the sacred books of Confucius. Those prescriptions have been abolished, but the practice continues, the number of concubines being now determined by the caprice or the wealth of the individual. Concubinage is not recognized in law, yet public opinion admits it, and the statute does not entitle the lawful wife to a divorce for such a cause. One of the great principles taught to woman by Confucius is that in these matters she must accept whatever her husband wishes to do, and submit to it without the least resentment or jealousy. Needless to say the principle is not reciprocal, and the husband has the right to repudiate a faithless wife.

It is easy to imagine that with such practices—adoption, divorce, concubinage—the word “family” has not in Japan the meaning it has with us. The relations which marriage and blood create with us are secondary there and changeable at will. The first and supreme tie between individuals is the “house.” The notion of stability of the married couple, which for us is the basis of the strength of the family, is transferred to the “house.” The whole social fabric rests on that foundation, and, strange to say, it has proved solid enough to maintain in a prosperous state those peoples of the Far-East. The national vitality of Japan, its force of expansion, and its wonderful progress, are proofs of it.

Numerous are the examples we could quote, even taken from the upper classes, to show how artificial the so-called Japanese family is. Let us take, for instance, the family of Prince Ito, the famous statesman, assassinated by a Korean a year ago. Born of poor farmers, he was ten years old when his father, named Hayashi, was adopted by an old man of the name of Ito, which name he took. The young man was sent to college, and later on to the university, where he gave proofs of a remarkable intelligence. His rise was rapid. Soon admitted into the noble class of the Samurai, then still in existence, the services he rendered to his emperor and country were

repeatedly rewarded by titles of nobility, until he reached the highest, that of Prince or Duke. At his death he left two sons: the elder, who became chief of the "house" and heir to the title of prince, is an adopted son; as a matter of fact he is the son of Marquis Inoue, a life-long friend of Ito, who had a fortunate career somewhat similar to the latter's. The other son was born of a concubine and has received the title of Baron.

It is not safe to trust the official statistics concerning marriages and divorces. Marriage has always been a strictly private affair in Japan; it affects the "house" alone, and has no relation with civil or religious law. Every marriage must be recorded by a state official, but often the declaration is not made before the birth of the first child; and if, after two or three years of common life, there is no child, the parties separate without any formality. The name of the woman not having been entered in the public records, need not be taken off. From this fact, frequent enough among the people at large, it follows that the statistics are incomplete and untrustworthy. However, it is generally admitted that in Japan the proportion is one divorce for three marriages.

Although divorce has not in Japan the meaning and social bearing it has in the Western world, since its claim is to insure the stability of the "house," nevertheless the Japanese, having become acquainted with Western civilization, and the light in which divorce is viewed by Christian nations, felt humiliated at being looked upon by foreigners as inferiors so far as marriage and the organization of the family are concerned. It is an open secret that the present Mikado, gloriously reigning, is the son of a concubine, as well as the Crown Prince, heir to the throne. And whilst this is a matter of perfect indifference to the Japanese, they do not like foreigners to remark on it. It was, therefore, decided, at the time of the marriage of the Crown Prince some ten years ago, that the right of succession to the throne would belong to legitimate sons only, and that divorce would never take place in the imperial family.

It was out of the question to abolish divorce for the people. The practice is too old and too frequent. Nevertheless, the new civil code of laws, adopted in 1898, has endeavored to do something for the rehabilitation of woman. Some civil

rights are granted to her; very few as yet, but, as she had none before, this is a step in the right direction and a promise for the future. It is a promise only, because when legislation is too far ahead of the habits of a people, there is great danger that it will remain a dead letter for many years. Thus it is difficult to imagine a Japanese woman appealing to the courts for help against her husband or relatives. The traditional custom is that these may dispose of her at will, and it will be a long time before she is bold enough to rid herself of that slavery; it will be a long time before such action on her part is looked upon with favor by society. From time immemorial, each "house" has enjoyed complete autonomy to dispose of its members and transact its private affairs. When such customs have the weight of centuries, the people do not ask for a change, nor feel the need of it, especially if that change would curtail the powers of the male sex. On the contrary, they arrange matters so as to leave ineffective, as much as possible, the new code of laws.

That is what happens in regard to divorce. Of course, if the parties mutually consent, the divorce is granted at once; if they do not, the statute of 1898 decrees that the case will be brought before the court and the judge shall decide whether the cause alleged is one of those for which divorce may be obtained, as determined by law. Some of those causes are of such a nature that it might have been as well to declare that a husband may divorce his wife at will. Prince Togukawa, President of the Japanese House of Peers, who recently visited New York, declared in an interview, that "a Japanese husband may divorce his wife if, after marriage, he finds he no longer loves her!"

Any lukewarmness on the part of the wife in the worship of her husband's ancestors, and even lack of veneration for his parents, are causes for divorce; and how far that veneration must go will be illustrated by the following example:

"One of our Japanese savants," writes Jiro Shimoda in the *Japan Magazine*, "has said that, though a wife were complete in all accomplishments of the modern world, she would still not be a perfect wife if she did not know how to shampoo the head of her husband's father or mother. To married women of the West this idea may come as a shock, but in all respectable circles of Japanese society it is taken as a matter

of course. In fact, any violation of it would be a legitimate cause for divorce. . . ."

But even if none of these trivial causes could be alleged, the Japanese woman is held in such a submission to her husband that, practically speaking, she cannot refuse her *consent* to divorce. Furthermore, the expenses entailed by a lawsuit, the aversion for outside interference in family affairs, and the dread of all judicial proceedings, keep away from tribunals persons of the lower class, which means the great majority of the nation and the class where divorce is more frequent. It may, therefore, be asserted that the law of 1898 has not brought about any material change.

However, the new code has permitted a delusion, and the Japanese, anxious to show that social morality is progressing with them, pretend that divorce is on the decline in Japan. Up to 1898, the official records reported one divorce for three marriages. Suddenly, the following year, that proportion decreased by half and was one divorce out of six marriages. These figures have been maintained ever since. Whatever explanation may be given for this unexpected change, it must be admitted that, either up to 1898 the statistics were grossly inaccurate, or that the figures quoted since that date are misleading and do not report the true condition of affairs; the latter is the more probable conjecture. For what could have been the motive of exaggerating the number of divorces in the statistics published before 1898? Whereas, nobody will believe that an institution, as old and popular as divorce is in Japan, could have been so radically modified within the space of one year, by the enactment of a law, the value of which we have examined above. A custom so generally admitted, and which is the outcome of the constitution of the family, cannot be abolished by the stroke of a pen. The decrease in the number of divorces reported by the statistics is fictitious; nobody doubts it. But Japan makes a proud exhibition of it before the Western world, hoping to grow in the world's esteem.

The truth is that no real transformation of the customs of the people has taken place, and there is no reason why it should take place. Marriage among the Japanese is as unstable now as ever, and the tie as frail and as easily broken as in the past.

A complete study of these important questions would fill a volume, and it is difficult to give in a few pages an accurate description of a condition of affairs so diametrically opposed to ours. What we have said may suffice to make us realize the radical change the conversion of such a nation to true Christianity would suppose. It is not merely a question for the individual to accept a set of doctrines, and adapt his private conduct to a new code of morality. The family itself, which is the basis of the whole social fabric, must be transformed.

Now the Japanese has no desire for a new order of things. He is satisfied with the present one and strongly attached to it, since he considers it the main source of the national strength of his country. He loves the stability of the Japanese family, as instituted by Confucius, whilst he regards as injurious the over-developed individualism of the Western nations.


Furthermore, he cannot help seeing that we are not free from shortcomings, even defects, which leads him to think that our civilization is not so very superior to his. Why, therefore, should he give up his secular practices for ours? Of two evils, he prefers the one he is accustomed to, and which he considers the lesser. Finally, each family is anxious to retain the absolute autonomy it has always enjoyed in those delicate questions of marriage and divorce. They resent a religious interference which pretends to keep them within well-defined bounds and to impose on their conscience sanctions hitherto unheard of.

There are other obstacles in the way of Catholic missionaries in Japan. The state of mind of the Japanese people in regard to those vital questions, may suffice to convince us that the conversion of the Japanese nation to true Christianity, will necessarily be a difficult and slow work. It will meet with much resistance, not perhaps on the part of each individual taken singly, but on the part of the social body; its customs and traditions, which enslave the individual, are not to be easily modified. The transformation will require a long time.

THE MACE BEARER.

BY HELEN HAINES.

I.

Y letter from Janet, shyly acknowledging her love, surprised and transported me. She would be mine at Christmas, and this was now September. How characteristic it was of her teasing witchery, this waiting to write from vacation haunts, five hundred miles away, instead of answering my pleadings on the day we parted. Ah, it was great, it was thrilling news!

In every way, save one, our union is desirable. We have known each other since babyhood. Only a little stream divides our plantations, which the great war overlooked, thus preserving our traditions—and by our marriage, our resources will be best conserved. Furthermore she will brighten my lonely student life with the fires of her enthusiasms. There is, indeed, one obstacle—Janet is not of the faith. But in my present sense of possession, I was in no mood to heed sinister warnings.

I prepared at once to follow her, but it was time my Godfather, the Bishop, knew how we sped, so I lingered over a train to tell him. How many hours we had spent together in this same library! How many times had we reviewed the manuscripts of my Ancient France, before the volumes appeared to make my reputation!

He listened with all his wonted interest and affection—as who, knowing Janet, would not—leaning forward to question me, as in my youngster and university days.

“No Duras has married out of the faith,” he reminded me gently, as the story ended, and he rested his head on the chair-back, scrutinizing my face with his kind, keen eyes.

I smiled. “Perhaps no Duras had such provocation.”

“So, Guy, you think you can bear your faith so doughtily, it will suffice for two?”

“Janet is something of an Ismist,” I conceded. “But she knows what the faith is to me. I’m no coward, Padre dear, but you wouldn’t have me go a-missioning to every fair Gentile; I’ve been too uncertain of her; but later on—”

"Ah, 'later on,'" he sighed. "It is so often never." Then he sat upright. "Let us balance your equipment—your's and Janet's. For you there is the inheritance of a mighty faith, serene in God's promises and revelations. For you the divine Son dies on the cross. For you He has appointed the Church, a teaching guide, which has spurred human endeavor to its highest spiritual achievements. For you there are the Sacraments, uniting the living and the dead; and that great miracle of divine compassion, the Real Presence on our altars. For Janet what suffices? A kindly charity to all; benevolence to the poor; a happy optimism concerning the future life; and her faith, if faith it may be called, looks to a man on a cross, as a pattern of gentle, human endurance. Oh, my son, if He is but a man on a cross, why not St. Peter or any one of that legion of martyrs from the first century to the poor Jesuit crucified in the last Boxer rebellion? Try to think what the Incarnation really means! Ah, can any of us apprehend the glory of it—although Holy Church rings its bells thrice a day to remind us?"

His glowing words held me, and there opened out for me piteous future visions. But Janet would soon be my wife. "Love goes where it will, dear Godfather," I said.

We stood now, and he held me by the shoulders. "I blame you not for loving, Guy, and but for one thing: faith and the grace of God are His gifts. Have you asked them for her? Come—"

I followed him through the columned passageway into the church, and we knelt together outside the altar rail before the Ineffable Presence. I, poor needy publican, could only make a humble act of contrition and rise, for it was nearly train time. I touched my dear Godfather's arm, but he did not turn; and so I left him, storming for me, for Janet, the battements of God.

It seemed but an instant afterward, as I was whirling out of the city intent upon this rift in my happiness, there came a terrific impact, the crashing of timber and shattered glass, the hissing of steam mingled with groans and imprecations, the helpful hurry of the unhurt, and—as I sank into oblivion—the rustling of brooding pinions, bringing stillness, peace.

When I roused drowsily again, it was to other surround-

ings, and to a dim knowledge of hideous pain. Consciousness ebbed and flowed, like some huge wave, cresting to bewildering heights, to be again and again sucked under, submerged. Thus I swooned from an awareness of voices to bleak silences. But gradually there was forced upon me a steady drone of sound, which I knew for prayer; and, after a time, the words were borne in upon me:

"*Licet enim peccaverit, tamen Patrem, et Filium, et Spiritum Sanctum, non negavit*—For though he has sinned, he has not denied the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Ah, I had not done that, nor would I ever! But some dear one, who—who—

I struggled wondering, and my eyes opened. I lay upon a great bed, and where the curtains parted I saw a young knight of handsome, haughty features. He was in partial armor, as though called hastily to the death watch.

"*Orate pro eo*," he antiphoned devoutly, calling on the saints of God. "*Orate pro eo*." Then his gaze, wandering, fell upon me. He started and cried aloud: "Peace, my lord Bishop, Sir Guy de Duras lives! Peace, his body, not his soul needs us!"

At this outcry, a confused medley of figures surged toward my bed. The knight, who had spoken, bent over me. "By the Blessed Trinity, my lord Guy, it is joyous to see your eyes again! We thought, in very truth, you had slipped us."

I must have swooned again, for it was a long time, or so it seemed to me, before I outgrew entire bewilderment; and it was not until I had been forced many times to sip a nauseous and bitter draught, the room and its occupants assumed a clearer outline. I felt a hound on the bed beside me lick my face, and my limp fingers closed about a crucifix. The familiar, tortured figure gave me courage to look upon my surroundings, to face this strange ordeal.

I was in a great vaulted chamber, lighted by small windows in deep recesses, and I seemed to be an object of solicitude to many. Ecclesiastics and knights, with their squires, pages, and attendants, came and went. They sat upon the benches under the windows, or stood talking in groups before the huge fireplace to the right of my bed, which none passed without a prayer. Privacy could be assured me by drawing the tapestries, which would have made of my corner a small curtained

room. But the curtains were pushed aside, so all could see me, and hence I had the opportunity to observe and to listen; to reflect, with all the aid of my once boasted scholarship, upon what I was seeing and hearing. As my vision clarified, I recognized the armor and costumes, the speech, manners, and customs as those of France—France in the middle of the fourteenth century.

Conscious indeed I was of another state of being, although the old life and its friendships seemed but the activities and phantoms of a dream, while my real self was a part of this great period I had somewhere known as history.

But day by day, as I realized my former existence had dropped from me like the feathers of a molting bird, not my intellectual strength, but my physical weakness taught me one imperious fact: These men and I had one great common bond. Their prayers were mine. Our faith united us. Her precious ministrations bridged the ages.

Even in these earliest hours, I knew I must prolong my convalescence until I was assured of the part I was to play. I summoned all my fortitude, and for a time assumed a dumb, but smiling recognition, as though, with my other injuries, a great paralysis had tied my tongue. For weary weeks I lay in sombre stillness, spent with pain, comforted only by the music of Mass or Vespers in a nearby chapel, or the solemn chant of monks in the hours of the empty night.

My condition was a matter of prolonged concern to the great knight, who had first spoken to me, and who, as I soon learned, was my lord Edward of England, the Black Prince. When I trusted myself to speech, he came to me almost daily, for it was out of the great love he bore me, and, as those about me were pleased to say, for my brave deeds on that dread nineteenth of September, he had brought me, nearer dead than living, after the battle of Poitiers, to Bordeaux, and had housed me in the great Abbey of St. Andrew, where he was now holding his impressive court.

My Prince's distress over my state was my own, for another reason. The Church was my one bulwark, and I longed to place my strange burden at her feet; but how to explain or ask for advice, I knew not. Gentle and learned monks there were in the Abbey of St. Andrew, and shrewd ecclesiastics skilled in the polity of governing and of courts, but to my poor

intelligence, my strange affair seemed a subject for the highest jurisdiction. Neglect of the Sacrament, where none neglected it, might bring upon me the suspicion of this devout Prince; but I could not approach the Altar unshriven of my enforced duplicity. When I was able to assist at daily Mass, I vowed a pilgrimage to Avignon. There dwelt one who even now was striving, through his envoys, to make peace between these rival princes, and whose austere example, in an age of luxury and amusement was as compelling as that of the Roman Pontiff, who had trimmed the lamp of faith in troubled other days.

Gradually, as physical strength returned to me, I became interested in the motion and life around me. Money was easy and plentiful that winter of 1356 and 1357, owing to the booty taken from the French, and the ransoms paid by the captured nobles. The months passed in pageants planned to amuse our royal prisoner, John of France, whose grand apartments were in another part of the great abbey, and whose interest was in tourneys and banquets, rather than in the pitiful condition of his conquered realm.

It often angered me that the Prince, who was deeply religious and held so high a sense of duty, should at the same time be so prodigal of pleasure. But he was young and adored, surrounded by a glittering society—the men bent upon diversion and aggrandizement, the women counting their lovers and their gifts. When no longer crippled, I was in frequent attendance upon him, and he distinguished me by every mark of consideration, compelling me to share his amusements and his sports.

But best I liked to escape the folly of the court, and to visit, at their desks, the monk copyists, who with many a pictured saint, quaint arabesque and flower, adorned the Word of God: Or sometimes on my charger, the Prince's gift, to ride alone, throughout all the country round Bordeaux.

One evening, returning from such an expedition, I learned I had been commanded to a banquet in honor of the Pope's envoys. My people quickly made me gay, and slipping into the feast hall unobserved, I took the only vacant place, beside a fair and lovely woman, who had but just reached Bordeaux from her estates near Toulouse, the Lady Jeanne de Thibaut.

She had come, she told me, with her treasurer, Cural, and a considerable retinue, to pay the heavy ransom demanded for

her uncle, whose ward she was. Already rumors were rife that John would go to England, and if these proved true, this lord, Count Eustace de Thibaut, who was close to the captive King, would accompany him.

"So harsh a business, Lady Jeanne de Thibaut," I said, marveling at her undertaking, "would better become some kinsman knight."

She turned and smiled upon me, her beauty conjuring for me some faint but evanescent spectre of the past, as the sun lattices the thicket's tangle, but does not disperse the shadows.

Her answer recalled me. "I am familiar with such business, my lord of Duras; my masters from Thoulouse have taught me the sciences and the *ars metrick*. An' if my good uncle were not ransomed, his life were forfeit."

"But you have kinsmen, lady."

"Nay, my lord, none since Poitiers—save Sir Bertrand, the Cardinal Envoy, and my guardian."

Her sad speech touched my heart in its loneliness. "By my faith, Lady Jeanne," I cried, "when such as you turn beggar, Lucifer himself would give alms."

"The collections have been made by our treasurer," she answered to my impetuosity. "Sir, you must know, my uncle's town and mine have paid yearly to our king the wage of five hundred men at arms and fifty thousand crowns. Think you this ransom has rejoiced our people? Nay, my lord, not so; but gold drops from the bones of a dead peasant, when Cural rattles them."

"He must be a trusty knave," I said.

Her eyes widened with horror, and she made the sign of the cross.

"Lady, you may trust me," I whispered earnestly, for her speech hesitated.

"Sir, Cural is an heretic confessed," she answered gratefully, yet looked about us, "and for his impiety and greed my people have risen against him. I brought him hither to escape their wrath."

"By the Mass, fair lady, mercy should be your part, it so becomes you."

"Ah, my lord, what is mercy? Your Prince's mercy to my guardian has made men sweat blood and little children starve;

while mine to this wretch"—she shrugged in her stiff iridescent silks, and the jewels in her coif gleamed in the torch-light—"I trust the noise of it may not reach Sir Bertrand. The Thoulousain, Sir Guy de Duras, has ever been perverse, and in my mother's ancestry there has been some straying from the faith."

"Ah, no one, lady," I cried ardently, "could think you otherwise than the faith's fairest daughter!"

Thus was no heart eased in all that brilliant assemblage. This sombre, splendid hall, hung now with priceless tapestries and royal standards, flaming with tall torches held by motionless men-at-arms, encompassed all emotions. For long months Innocent VI. had labored toward peace. But peace brings poor reward to noble knights. The Gascons, who had helped the English capture the King of France, were making huge demands, if the Black Prince conveyed him to England. The English were noble conquerors, the French as nobly conquered, and according to degree with their ladies they sat together, and all were incomparably arrayed in rich stuffs, fur-trimmed and velvets, while gems flashed from finger, chain, and sword hilt, or from belt and clasp and head dress. But without that authority, represented by the ecclesiastics in their robes of state, there would not have been even this seeming amity.

Such things I thought on, and others that I learned from Lady Jeanne as the long courses proceeded in dignified succession, and I had progressed towards something warmer than friendship by the time the spiced wine was served, and grace said, when the tables being removed, the minstrels came to amuse us. But at length the great prelates and lords signified their withdrawal, and the entire company formed a lane for them to pass between.

I know not whether it was the sight of our Prince that recalled to the Lady of Thibaut the French defeat; but under cover of the bustle in the hall she asked swiftly: "What progress do these negotiations make, my lord of Duras?"

"Lady, they have sped but slowly."

"An' the Bogie offer these Gascons gold enough, our King goes to England!"

"The Bogie, Madam!" cried I, all loyal to my Prince.

"Bogie or devil is he in Languedoc," she insisted, her

voice rising. "The very babes are in terror of his name. Through God's mercy he passed us on his march last year to the Greekish Sea." She sighed aloud, not heeding the approach of the high dignitaries. "But those he neglected then are his now by Poitiers!"

"By my troth, my lady, it was a great victory, nobly wrought."

"Ah, Sir Guy de Duras was of the victors!"

I bit my lip to hide a smile at her ready wit. The Cardinal de Perigord leaned towards her and she bent over his proffered hand.

"Soft words, my lady cousin, become the conquered," he murmured and passed on.

Lady Jeanne's eyes were flashing, and her curled lip protested haughtily. I should have forborne to tempt so high a spirit.

"Beauty, my lady of Thibaut, has ever the privilege of overboldness," I ventured to plague her. "You and your kinsmen are England's guests."

"But who pays for all these splendors, sir? Who, but the lords of France!"

I trembled and those about us started, as her words were more than audible, and the Prince, who was near, had a quick ear.

He paused now before us. "By my Faith, Lady Jeanne de Thibaut, your tongue cuts like a sword of Thoulouse!"

She swept him a low obeisance. "My lord Prince," she answered, "I would it were one and was making headway."

There was a rustle and a stir, but it passed. Prince Edward well knew how courtesy became him; and where there was beauty could forgive a shrewish answer. He laughed now, and we all breathed freer; then, as he was moving on, he turned to me: "Sir Guy de Duras attend me to-morrow in my cabinet, after Mass."

II.

Lady Jeanne's masters from Thoulouse had taught her other things, it seemed to me, beside the sciences and the *ars metrick*. On the instant, I saw her in a melting mood, regretting her imprudences, and knew not whether I loved her better so, or when she spoke bitterly, for every word she had uttered was so true I could but wonder at her courage.

Nevertheless I obeyed, with trepidation, Prince Edward's behest. But if he resented the little episode at the close of the gala evening, or my connection with it, his manner did not betray him. He was looking to an interview with Sir Bertrand touching on the affair of peace, so proceeded at once to the business for which he had summoned me.

"My lord Guy," he said, "we have acceded to the demand of the Gascon nobles, and the price is set. We pay one hundred thousand florins; and next month, when the weather fairs, we sail with my good cousin, King John, to England."

I knew not what was coming, and my heart beat high; but it was not resentment over the extortion of these Gascons. My one thought was that attending my lord to England, I should not again see Jeanne.

"It is our pleasure," the Prince continued, his stern eyes upon me, "that you serve us here."

I knelt to cover my glad confusion. "Here or elsewhere, my Prince," I murmured, kissing his hand.

This expression of my devotion pleased him, and he raised me. "I trust you," he said kindly. "We are appointing governors, who will be empowered fully to act in our absence. It is our wish you be of them, and bear the symbol of our authority in certain provinces."

"By the faith I owe you, my lord Prince," I cried, overwhelmed, "I shall endeavor to merit your condescension."

Prince Edward turned to a rude chart of Aquitaine and France, and his finger followed the line of the Garonne, and the irregular boundary of Aquitaine to the south-eastward. "These, my Mace Bearer," he smiled upon me, "these provinces, with their cities and towns and their fortresses on the frontier, are yours. If peace comes or a truce, get revenues for the future. But this business will not be managed as the Holy Father hopes. All the Thoulousain smarts under our recent raid. There is one here now."

I flushed, for there was something sinister in his meaning. "My lord, I cried impulsively, "there are ways of peace; and of joining fair lands which streams divide. Love finds a ford."

"What mean you, my lord of Duras?"

"Sir, my speech admits of but one meaning. I would marry the Lady Jeanne de Thibaut, with your permission and Count Eustace's."

"Sir Guy, Sir Guy," he thundered with darkened brow, "There is a taint in that blood—"

"Sire!"

"By the Trinity, I would sooner see you tried for treason. Heresy there has been on her mother's side."

"Love goes where it will, dear Prince."

"Aye, love," he sighed, and I knew his thought, "but marriage is another thing. Have you forgot that all Thoulouse ran heretics' blood?"

"Sir, it was long years ago."

"By the faith, it takes centuries to squeeze out the last drop of unbelief. And now, it seemeth me, Sir Guy himself is but lukewarm in his faith."

It was the accusation I had long expected, and my spirit drooped. "There is that upon my conscience, my lord," I faltered, "that will not ease until I make a pilgrimage."

"Guy, it were sin to doubt you," the Prince said simply, his quick wrath cooling, for he well knew the pilgrim's path.

Our interview had lasted overlong, and was now concluded by the arrival of the Cardinal Envoy. My lord motioned to me to remain awhile, and then crossed the room to lead his distinguished guest to the seat he himself had occupied, while I craved a blessing.

"My lord Cardinal," laughed the Prince, when this ceremony was over; "here is one who needs thy blessing; and a foolish knight, taken captive by a lady's beauty, he would wed her."

"'Tis no uncommon sight," the Cardinal smiled upon me.

Prince Edward's voice grew ominous. "The lady, Eminence, is Jeanne of Thibaut."

Sir Bertrand's manner changed. "My lord of Duras, think well before you enter the holy estate of matrimony with such an one and beget children bastards in their faith."

"My lady's faith is above suspicion, my lord Cardinal."

"Holy Church would be assured of it. Souls are souls, Sir Guy de Duras, and man or woman, such has but one to save. In these months of the Count Eustace's detention here, his treasurer has openly denied the Trinity and the Incarnation. The people, whom he has oppressed, are murmuring, but my young lady cousia has defended him."

I longed to say what part the Count's ransom played in

this affair; but my tongue was silenced by the presence of the Prince.

"Nay, Sir Guy," the Cardinal added more kindly, taking my dumbness for assent, "turn your thought to knightly deeds, for which we understand your noble Prince will provide ample opportunity."

III.

This interview in the cabinet of the Black Prince, which had so strangely terminated, convinced me that my lady must purge her own fair name from all accusation of heresy, before I wed her. But my love for her was augmented by her isolation, as was the determination, I had avowed to my lord Edward, to proceed with the proposals of this marriage, and which, whispering to Lady Jeanne at our next meeting, I saw were acceptable to her sweet modesty.

Sir Bertrand I did not see again, for the envoys left Bordeaux immediately, taking with them an agreement for a truce of two years, instead of the peace on which Innocent had set his heart. Soon after their departure, the civil authorities of Thibaut demanded Cural's return to examine him on the charge of extortion: so I had to be content with my lady's promises to keep me informed of how she fared, and how the treasurer's case proceeded.

There was need now of dispatch in my negotiations with Count Eustace de Thibaut for the hand of his ward, because he would soon go to England; and Prince Edward, whether he suspected my enterprise, or for the reason of our coming separation, was insistent in his demands upon my time, and I knew no knights of the court I could trust with these negotiations in the proper manner, because none dared brave his opposition.

I had fair hope that Count Eustace, who was grasping, would see the wisdom of joining Lady Jeanne's inheritance to the dependencies of a favorite of our great overlord; for there was grave danger in his own absence and with Cural's downfall, her lands and towns would tempt the marauding bands of dispersed mercenaries wandering over France, or be confiscate to the Church.

But the Count, who was slippery and subtle, seeing my ardor, treated me coldly, till near time for him to leave Bor-

deaux, and when the signed agreement was next my heart, he had managed me so well, I had begged him to accept a large sum to be paid the Cardinal for him, at the time of the marriage, for his care of his niece during his wardship.

The marriage was not to proceed until the festival of Christmas, there being good reason for the delay. I must acquit myself of my new responsibilities, and make my own peace at Avignon; also, while my Prince's gifts sufficed for me to go forward, and to keep my official state, the money for Count Eustace must come from my dependencies, already overtaxed. I saw now why Jeanne—her guardian's life in the balance—had supported the impious treasurer.

It was late April when the ships with their high burden passed to England and the embarkation was a sight both joyous and sad. Sad for the noble prisoners who were leaving France, and joyous to look upon the handsome ships so well purveyed, with the emblazoned banners of the great lords glittering in the sun, and the music of clarion and trumpet wafting from the sea. The royal captive had been provided with a ship for himself and his following, that all might be the more at ease. The Black Prince, with many lords and knights, English and Gascon, was in another; while in the fleet were five hundred men-at-arms and two thousand archers, for none knew what might befall them on the voyage.

My heart almost failed me at my Prince's leave-taking, the more since I had so wilfully mistreated him in dealing with Count Eustace. Still there was no sign that he suspicioned it.

"Guy, Guy," he said to me at the last, "by my troth, I am sore vexed to depart, and am envious of your fortresses. In England there awaits me pleasure only and inaction."

"Oh, my lord Prince," I cried, "return to us and Aquitaine! This truce is but a poor affair to soothe such claims as yours!"

His eyes softened, and he embraced me. "Guard well your frontiers, Sir Guy"; and as other knights pressed about us, he whispered significantly: "Guard well your faith!"

So he had known!—had guessed my subterfuges, and had realized that, faith or unfaith, I was bent upon the marriage with Lady Jeanne.

"I entreat your prayers, my lord," I stammered now in answer, "and, sir, may God speed you."

My mounting color and chagrin meant nothing to those near us but the pain of parting from so loved a master and so complaisant a friend. Under cover of the confusion I withdrew, vowing, since I had deceived him in a matter so personal and dear, that none save Lady Jeanne herself should say me "Nay," my public acts should make all reparation to my lord. There was no longer need for me to tarry in Bordeaux, for my officers had so well prepared, everything was ready for the journey through my new possessions. I was impatient, too, to prove myself after the idle months devoted to pleasure, when Prince Edward's friendship had taxed my wit to the uttermost, and I had been ever on guard, ready with recollection and invention. But now I was drawn into the vortex of his hopes and ambitions, compelled to move as he and his advisers would have me; although my most poignant memories were those that prophesied the frustration of all his proud desires. In achievement I hoped to lose these haunting auguries.

I had authority to develop, organize, and govern as seemed best to me, and in sanguine days I boldly thought to change the course of empire. This truce would give time for my projects to mature, and for the battered country to reinvigorate.

Such simple devices as the backward look gave me, in uses of material which later centuries showed had been now neglected, I would utilize. My armorers should temper their steel shafts more highly, and no coat of mail then fashioned could withstand them. My merchants should have government protection, not oppression; and if all the governors would unite to secure their galleys, by the time our Prince returned a strong merchant-marine would be assured. No hired mercenaries, but well paid troops should defend my fortresses. My poor should be well housed, and own their bit of land, while all my roads should be safeguarded and repaired.

But the long months passed in a slow progress through city, town, or stronghold, and everywhere there was need for my prestige and all my diplomacy. The wars had brought bitter racial rivalries, and our feudal customs differed one province from another. The charters of my towns varied, so long weeks were wasted in disputes of jurisdiction. Corporation and citizen railed, one against the other, and the towns besought relief from the levies of their overlords. Nor could these conditions be ignored, as chaos would have followed.

What had the power of my Prince availed me as history raced along? The marriage tribute for Count Eustace; there, alas! my people grasped the meaning that each new governor held for them. But to effect economic reforms I, with all my knowledge of the future, had been as impotent as any others of my time.

So wearied of it all I was that in the late autumn I dismissed my officers to their homes to keep their Christmas festival, while I retired to a strong castle which rose out of the Garonne on my frontier toward Thoulouse.

My lady I had not seen since she had left Bordeaux; but through our messengers I knew of her and how Cural, after languishing long in prison, had been released, because the sums he had raised were either for the King or Count, and there was no reason to detain him. Nevertheless I would my lady were freed from all concern of such a man, fearing for the old suspicion of her faith; and now I longed to hear from her again, bidding us haste to Avignon—as the time drew near for our marriage—to ease my soul and hers.

Yet all foreboding seized me, as spiritless, I sought the tower set apart for me in the fortress, and looked out through narrow apertures upon a cloud-tossed night.

Below me swept the Garonne. Across the river Languedoc and France, and on the far horizon glowed the fair walled city of Thoulouse; while all the towns and lands to its southward, between the devastating marches of my Prince, were Jeanne's.

Still gazing, my sight became focussed upon a horseman speeding from across the river to the ford above the castle. But the waters were high, and as the poor beast floundered in struggling, the rider stood upon his back calling upon the saints for mercy, and the horse for courage. I saw the current take them, and was well content when both made Aquitaine, for I could follow them no more, the ramparts hiding them from view.

Then presently I heard my guard cry out, the drawbridge lower, and in a moment more my squire entered the apartment with another.

In the firelight he stood, this sorry messenger, and his clothes dripped water on the rush-strewn floor. I summoned him, and he handed me a jewel I had given Jeanne.

"My lord Guy de Duras," he knelt beseechingly, "the Lady of Thibaut implores your haste."

IV.

It seemed I had lacked some such impetus to action, awaiting my love's wishes, but now all my resolution came again, my quaverings gone, my orders given—a fresh horse for the messenger, my Prince's charger for myself, the Count's remuneration—and I passed from Aquitaine to Languedoc.

I thought to pause at one of Jeanne's castles or some town or in the larger city of Thibaut, which has a Bishopric. But my mind was moody and fixed on the adventure, so I asked no question. Then, as on and on we rode, I turned upon the fellow to find out where she was.

"Sir, my lady lies in Thoulouse at the merchant's house, where Cural hides and sent for her."

I scowled and spurred my horse. In the drifting darkness we gave the horses head, and then were we twice bemired; and once some cut-throats sprang upon us from the shadow of a vineyard; but our good steeds outstripped them. At length we made Thoulouse, and everywhere I marked the signs of Prince Edward's late destruction.

My companion was known to sentry and to guard, and we passed on unchallenged to the merchant's. We did not stop before the silent, shuttered entrance, but turned into an alley past warehouses to the stables, where we dismounted, and the man, caring for the weary beasts, directed me. I crossed a crowded courtyard to a turret door, wherein a stairway, broadening out in landings to the upper floors, circled to the roof.

On the first landing I saw a light stream greeting through the arras where, in a spacious room, the lady Jeanne awaited me. The floor was laid with leopard skins, the tapestries were drawn, the windows curtained, and though my lady sat before the fire, she was wrapped in a furred mantle, for the night was numbing chill. She laid aside a *Book of Hours* as I went to greet her, but she seemed as far as when I had looked upon the night and wondered where she was.

"By my troth, my lady," I faltered under her steadfast gaze, "I had looked to a more prosperous meeting. The monies of your guardian are here. Shall we speed together to Avignon?"

"Nay, my lord; you must go hence alone. I have other longings of which I shall inform you."

I paused now upon the threshold of a hot retort. "My Lady of Thibaut," I said firmly, "the time has come for you to free your name from this besmirching. Since Cural is released, why hides he here?"

"He hides, Sir Guy, from those that he has wronged, and wronged for me and mine. For if all Thibaut hates him for his practices, he is worse hated for his unbelief. As soon as it is day the Bishop, who on my account stands somewhat delicately, will send him to Avignon for his trial. And there, sir, I do entreat you see my cousin, the Cardinal, and beg the wretch's life."

I paced the floor now up and down, for I had no liking for this errand. "Lady, I would I were anywhere but here," I said, "but since you so entreat me, I may not refuse. But judge now whether it be merciful to permit this erring soul to wander, and so spread his defection."

"Strip him of his gains, my lord of Duras," she answered, a wise smile hovering round her lips, "but save his life. Prayers come swifter to the needy soul."

I paused before her where she sat, pitying my conflict, and, thinking of the futile months, I saw that I was needy. What was left to me—his Mace Bearer—as my Prince had fondly called me? The ready tears sprang, as the answer came—the faith—she alone would be unchanged, as she had been unchanging.

"What are these longings, Lady, of which you speak?"

Her beauty shone with holy radiance. "Sir, do you recall that once I asked what mercy was? These shuddering days have taught me what it is, and where. It is in those houses of Holy Church, where prayer is the sole weapon. Such places I would found on my estates for those, who know no mercy, for none is shown to them. For, look you, what are a few gold pieces given in alms outside a castle gate, where one comes late, and all are hungry."

Unworthy as I was, I knelt to kiss her robe, but she would not suffer it. "And now, my lord, whence go you?" she asked me, rising.

"To find peace, lady," I answered, and passed on down the stairs into the great city. There, wandering, I came upon the convent of the Friars Preachers, where I thought to pass the night before my pilgrimage.

I found them all preparing for the Feast of Christmas, and listening to their nocturnals and their choruses, I fell asleep, the holy music following all my dreams until the morning came, and from the great church, the harmony of organ and of voice surged to that triumphant welcome to the Infant Christ—*Venite, Venite*—Oh come let us adore Him.

Thus I awoke refreshed, serenely vigorous, to see my God-father's face, benignant yet concerned, and across the old familiar room of books, a dear form kneeling before a Christmas crib.

"Janet, *there?*" I asked the Bishop.

"Where else, my son, on Christmas Day?"

I looked upon him, wondering.

"Prayer compasseth all things, Guy," he said. "'Tis man's most potent weapon." He placed Janet's hand within my own, and happy tears stood in her eyes.

She whispered, bending to me: "God has crowned all these suffering weeks, dear Guy. He has been gracious to me."

"To us," I added reverently.

THE COLLOQUY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

"IN the crevice of the rock

Oh, My sister, My dove

Show Me thy face!"

"I the soiled of the flock!

Though I yearn, Thou wouldst turn

From my disgrace."

"But know you not" (He said)
"When I died, from My side
Poured blood and water:
Water clear and blood red
To wash white in death's despite
Thy sins, daughter?"

"See my heart, shrivelled, small,
Cold as stone, cold and lone,
Sad its story!
Why dost Thou come at all?
Here's no place for Thy grace,
King of Glory."

"It is hard, yet not so hard
As the bed where I was laid
For thy dear sake.
In the balm and spikenard—
In death's swoond, all one wound.
Till third day-break."

"My bosom for Thy head
And my breast for Thy rest,
I, the unkind one!
Go higher; in my stead
Seek one white, ardent, bright
Seek Thou and find one."

He said: "Upon the Tree
With content was I spent
I, the Lover!
I, Who have chosen thee
Warm thee through, make anew
Over and over."

"In the crevice of the rock
Then break me, re-make me
After Thy fashion.
I, the impure of the flock!
Keep me, and steep me
In the sea of Thy Passion!"

MRS. MEYNELL: AN APPRECIATION.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.



THE world was first aware of Alice Meynell (or, as she then was, Miss Alice Thompson) as a poet. It was back in 1875 that the little initial volume, *Preludes*, blossomed into life like a March violet—early enough, one can never forget, to win Ruskin's enthusiastic praise. Three of its selections ("San Lorenzo's Mother," together with the closing lines of the "Daisy" sonnet, and of that unforgettable "Letter From a Girl to Her Own Old Age") he forthright declared "the finest things he had yet seen or felt in modern verse." That was a personal estimate, to be sure, since Tennyson, Browning, Patmore, and Swinburne were all in the act of writing memorable things; but what a thunderously significant tribute to lay at the feet of a young girl just lifting up her voice in song! *Abyssus abyssum invocat*. More than quarter of a century has passed, and the *Preludes* have scarcely seen fulfillment; since in the actual matter of poetry Mrs. Meynell has published but two additional volumes, the *Poems* of 1893 (an augmented reprint of the original booklet) and the slight but weighty *Later Poems* of 1901; these, with fugitive strains of rare beauty in some favored review, make up the sum. Yet no authentic poet—nor any authentic critic—of to-day dare deny her fellowship in the hierarchy of song. The voice in its moment was *ex cathedra*; having spoken, she may hold her peace.

She has elected all along to speak in a deliberately vestal and cloistral poetry. Remote as the mountain snows, yet near as the wind upon our face, is her song. It is seldom sensuous, the very imagery being evoked, in the main, from the intellectual vision; and there are moments when "amorous Thought has sucked pale Fancy's breath" quite out of the stanzas. Yet these tremble with a deep and impassioned emotion—emotion which seems aloof because it is so interior. For the characteristic note of Mrs. Meynell's music is not yearning or aspiration; it is not the dear and consummate fruition of life;

still less is it a mourning over things lost. It is the note of active *renunciation*. Renunciation of the beloved by the lover, that both may be more true to the Heart of Love; renunciation by the poet, the artist, not only of the poor, precious human comforting, but likewise of his own sweet prodigality in art—that he may see a few things clearly, without excess; in fine, the ultimate and inevitable renunciation of the elect soul.

Renunciation of the beloved by the lover—that, surely, is not a new note; quite a universal note, life and art would seem to say! It is instinct with the power and passion which are the *raison d'être* of poetry. Yet it is never a seriously chosen and admitted strain save by the very little flock; and Mrs. Meynell has made it quite her own. One exquisite sonnet, "Renouncement" (perhaps the best known of her entire legacy), has concentrated the message—but the companion poem may be discerned to beat with a music still more poignant. "After a Parting" it is named:

Farewell has long been said; I have foregone thee;
I never name thee even.
But how shall I learn virtues and yet shun thee?
For thou art so near Heaven
That heavenward meditations pause upon thee.

Thou dost beset the path to every shrine;
My trembling thoughts discern
Thy goodness in the good for which I pine;
And if I turn from but one sin, I turn
Unto a smile of thine.

How shall I thrust thee apart
Since all my growth tends to thee night and day—
To thee faith, hope, and art?
Swift are the currents setting all one way;
They draw my life, my life, out of my heart.

Another early poem, "To the Beloved," should be quoted in contrast. Surpassingly tender and delicate is its feeling; but its reticence, its singular peace, are almost a rebuke to more vehement possessors.

Oh, not more subtly silence strays
Amongst the winds, between the voices,
Mingling alike with pensive lays,
And with the music that rejoices,
Than thou art present in my days.

Thou art like silence all unvexed
Though wild words part my soul from thee.
Thou art like silence unperplexed,
A secret and a mystery
Between one footfall and the next.

Darkness and solitude shine, for me.
For Life's fair outward part are rife
The silver noises; let them be.
It is the very soul of life
Listens for thee, listens for thee.

Mrs. Meynell's own quintessential vehemence is reserved for the denial, the abeyance of love!

All this perennial, repetitional sacrifice of the lower to the higher good was foreshadowed in her earliest verses. It is a solitariness never far from our poet's song—a wistful loneliness in the youthful pages; a pain high-heartedly borne, welcomed, treasured above all cheaper gifts, in the more mature pages. Much has been said about that unique and heart-shaking "Letter From a Girl to Her Own Old Age." But there is a less known apostrophe, "The Poet to His Childhood," about which something remains to be spoken. It probes to the heart of the sacrificial vocation—whether poetic or sacerdotal matters little:

If it prove a life of pain, greater have I judged the gain.
With a singing soul for music's sake I climb and meet the
rain,
And I choose, whilst I am calm, my thought and laboring
to be
Unconsoled by sympathy.

Mrs. Meynell has loved the Lady Poverty as truly as ever the Assisian did: but hers is a Lady whose realm is over letters as well as life. She dwells in the twilight and the

dawn; her cool, quiet fingers are pressed upon the temples of love; in "slender landscape and austere," in nature marvelously, but not rapturously, understood, she is found. And close beside her treads another Lady, "our sister, the Death of the Body"—Death the Revealer, making clear at last the mysteries of weary Life. This is distinctively the motif, very personal and very perfect, not merely of the much-praised sonnet "To a Daisy," but of Mrs. Meynell's nature poetry as a whole.

Through "The Neophyte" and "San Lorenzo Giustiniani's Mother" the self-same cry is variously but unmistakably heard. It stings the soul in that late and mystical lyric:

Why wilt thou chide,
Who hast attained to be denied?
Oh learn, above
All price is my refusal, Love.
My sacred Nay
Was never cheapened by the way.
Thy single sorrow crowns thee lord
Of an unpurchasable word.
Oh strong, oh pure!
As Yea makes happier loves secure,
I vow thee this
Unique rejection of a kiss—

More than one meditation of this final volume suggest the influence of that immemorial (and in these latter days too little known) treasure-house of poetry and vision, the Roman Breviary. But always the distinction and the originality of Alice Meynell's thought, the peculiar personality of her vision, have about them a very sacredness. Not lightly comes the illumination of the singular soul: that *particular* judgment so transcendently more appalling than the final and *general* judgment! She has not feared to travel up the mountain side alone—to look down, with eyes that have known both tears and the drying of tears, upon the ways of human life.

In the matter of artistry and poetic technique, Mrs. Meynell's work is like fine gold-smithery; classic gold-smithery, exquisite and austere. "I could wish abstention to exist, and even to be evident in my words," she has somewhere written;

but the words are scrupulously chosen. Her mastery over slight forms—the quatrain, the couplet—is quite as consummate, and almost as felicitous, as Father Tabb's. And through this ethereal poetry shine lines of the highest and most serious power.

They who doomed by infallible decrees
Unnumbered man to the innumerable grave,

falls upon the ear with Miltonic grandeur. Any poet must rejoice in the fancy which perceives day's memories flocking home at dusk to the "dove-cote doors of sleep," or which cries out so subtly in the colorless February dawning:

A poet's face asleep is this grey morn !

Mrs. Meynell's poetry, like a certain school of modern music, suggests and betrays rather than expresses emotion. It is definite but intangible. It creates an atmosphere of angelically clear thought, of rare delicacies of feeling, and speaks with a perfect reticence. Mistakenly, perhaps, the hasty might dub it a poetry of promise: on the contrary it is a poetry of uncommonly fine achievement. But it does not achieve the expected thing. We are conscious of a light, a flash, a voice, a perfume—the soul of the Muse has passed by. And we were looking for the body, flower-crowned !

When all is said, it is in her prose that Mrs. Meynell has attained the most compelling and indubitable distinction. In much critical work and some biography, and in a series of essays covering subjects all the way from "impressionist" art to the ways of childhood—or from "Pocket Vocabularies" to the "Hours of Sleep"—her pen has prevailed with a masterful delicacy. These brief pages are seldom distinctly literary in theme; yet they have made literature. Scarcely ever are they professedly Catholic or even religious; yet the whole science of the saints rests by implication within their pages. Alice Meynell is the true contemplative of letters. For contemplation, which in the spiritual world has been described as a looking at and listening to God, is in the world of art a looking at and listening to life. It is an exceedingly quiet and sensitive attention to all that others see but transiently, superficially, in the large. We can scarcely believe there are

many minds capable of the exquisitely subtle and sustained attention, the delicate weighing, the differentiation, and withal the liberal sympathy, which have been the very keynote of her criticism. Take, as an instance, this pregnant passage upon the return and periodicity of our mental processes:

Distances are not gauged, ellipses not measured, velocities not ascertained, times not known. Nevertheless the recurrence is sure. What the mind suffered last week, or last year, it does not suffer now; but it will suffer again next week or next year. Happiness is not a matter of events; it depends upon the tides of the mind. Disease is metrical, closing in at shorter and shorter periods towards death, sweeping abroad at longer and longer intervals towards recovery. . . . Even the burden of a spiritual distress unsolved is bound to leave the heart to a temporary peace; and remorse itself does not remain—it returns. Gaiety takes us by a dear surprise. . . . Love itself has tidal times—lapses and ebbs which are due to the metrical rule of the interior heart, but which the lover vainly and unkindly attributes to some outward alteration in the beloved.*

Coventry Patmore (who, in his own turn, has been the subject of Mrs. Meynell's most illuminative criticism) declared fully one-half of the volume just quoted to be "classical work, embodying as it does new thought in perfect language, and bearing in every sentence the hall-mark of genius." Only the poets, perhaps, have shared with the saints this singular contemplative attention to things great and small. And in the nature painting which colors Mrs. Meynell's pages the same quality is conspicuous. Neither the lyre nor the brush seems strange to the hand which has so sketched for us the majesty of the *cloud*—not guardian of the sun's rays merely, but "the sun's treasurer"; the course of the southwest wind, regnant and imperious; and that "heroic sky," beneath whose light "few of the things that were ever done upon earth are great enough" to have dared the doing. Not Wordsworth himself has more graciously sung of the daffodil. And who has so understandingly praised the modest yet prevailing grass of the fields, or the trees of July, or given so discerning a study to the "gentle color of life"?

* *The Rhythm of Life.*

Up and down upon the earth, to and fro upon it, wander the children of men; but few, indeed, may be trusted to catch the authentic *spirit of place*. Scarcely even our beloved Robert Louis, it would seem, since we have his own record that the act of voyaging was an end in itself—there being

Nothing under Heaven so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to!

But to the eyes of this woman there is not the same blue in more than a single zenith. In one most characteristic passage she cries:

Spirit of place! It is for this we travel, to surprise its subtlety; and where it is a strong and dominant angel, that place, seen once, abides entire in the memory with all its own accidents, its habits, its breath, its name. . . . The untravelled spirit of place—not to be pursued, for it never flies, but always to be discovered, never absent, without variation—lurks in the by-ways and rules over the tower, indestructible, an indescribable unity. It awaits us always in its ancient and eager freshness. It is sweet and nimble within its immemorial boundaries, but it never crosses them. . . . Was ever journey too hard or too long, that had to pay such a visit? And if by good fortune it is a child who is the pilgrim, the spirit of place gives him a peculiar welcome. . . . He is well used to words and voices that he does not understand, and this is a condition of his simplicity; and when those unknown words are bells, loud in the night, they are to him as homely and as old as lullabies.

It is almost a pity, for letters, that so few poets have been mothers; it is the abiding pity of childhood that so few mothers have been poets! Mrs. Meynell has an entire volume dedicated to *The Children*, and sealed with that gracious understanding of childlife which nothing other than experience can quite authenticate. It is so easy to sentimentalize over children—easy, also, to regard them as necessary nuisances; but to bear with them consistently, in a spirit of love and of discovery, is a beautiful achievement. "Fellow-travelers with a bird" (as Alice Meynell felicitously calls the protective adults) may learn strange and hidden things, as they have eyes to see or hearts to understand! Not so impatiently will

they frown upon the strange excitement which sparkles from the child's eyes, as from the kitten's, at dusk—inherited memories of the immemorial hunt, and of the "predatory dark" a thousand years ago. Not so surprising will seem the eternal conflict of bedtime, if they once realize the humorous and pretty fact that the little creature "is pursued and overtaken by sleep, caught, surprised, and overcome. He goes no more to sleep, than he takes a 'constitutional' with his hoop and hoopstick." In "The Child of Tumult" Mrs. Meynell has given a most tenderly subtle study; and here is her word upon the forgiveness of children:

It is assuredly in the absence of resentment that consists the virtue of childhood. What other thing are we to learn of them? Not simplicity, for they are intricate enough. Not gratitude; for their usual sincere thanklessness makes half the pleasure of doing them good. Not obedience; for the child is born with the love of liberty. And as for humility, the boast of a child is the frankest thing in the world. . . . It is the sweet and entire forgiveness of children, who ask pity for their sorrows from those who have caused them, who do not perceive that they are wronged, who never dream that they are forgiving, and who make no bargain for apologies—it is this that men and women are urged to learn of a child. Graces more confessedly childlike they make shift to teach themselves.*

Many a man and many a woman have written more nobly than they have lived; into the art has gone the truest part of the soul. But what unique conviction breathes from work which is at one with life—nay, which is the fruit of deep and costly living! The acuteness, the activity, the profundity of Mrs. Meynell's thought could not have failed to achieve in English letters. But her sympathy and her eternal rightness of vision are qualities in which we rejoice, humbled. *These* have given to her work that peculiar intuitive truth which is the rarest of beauties. "Her manner," wrote Mr. George Meredith, "presents to me the image of one accustomed to walk in holy places and keep the eye of a fresh mind on our tangled world." Catholic readers, at least here in the States, would seem to have been less cognizant of this superlative

* *The Children.*

merit. For no single virtue of all Mrs. Meynell's work is of the obvious or popular kind. Her pages are packed with thought, and the style—one of exceptional precision and exceptional beauty—is yet given to ellipse, to suggestion rather than emphasis, and to a quite inalienable subtlety. She speaks to the higher, even the highest, faculties of the mind. She has plead all along for singularity of soul; for distinction and elevation of personality; for the rejection of many things from our multitudinous modern life.

Sometimes, as in "Decivilized," it is with trenchant wit and irony that her sentence has been passed:

The difficulty of dealing—in the course of any critical duty—with decivilized man lies in this—when you accuse him of vulgarity—sparing him no doubt the word—he defends himself against the charge of barbarism. Especially from new soil—transatlantic, colonial—he faces you, bronzed with a half conviction of savagery, partly persuaded of his own youthfulness of race. He writes, and recites, poems about ranches and canyons; they are designed to betray the recklessness of his nature and to reveal the good that lurks in the lawless ways of a young society. . . . American fancy played long this pattering part of youth. The New Englander hastened to assure you with so self-denying a face he did not wear war paint and feathers, that it became doubly difficult to communicate to him that you had suspected him of nothing wilder than a second-hand dress coat. And when it was a question not of rebuke, but of praise, the American was ill-content with the word of the judicious who lauded him for some delicate successes in continuing something of the literature of England, something of the art of France. . . . Even now English voices, with violent commonplace, are constantly calling upon America to begin—to begin, for the world is expectant. Whereas there is no beginning for her, but instead a continuity which only a constant care can guide into sustained refinement and can save from decivilization. . . . Who shall discover why derivation becomes degeneration, and where and when and how the bastardy befalls? The decivilized have every grace as the antecedent of their vulgarities, every distinction as the precedent of their mediocrities. . . . They were born into some tendency to derogation, into an inclination for things mentally inexpensive.

But oftener the word has been spoken gently, almost casual-

ly; that the multitude seeing might not see, and hearing might not understand. Yet this attitude of Mrs. Meynell's is as far as possible from disdain. For the "narrow house," the obtuse mind baffled and inarticulate, for the shackled body, the groping soul, she has spoken with largest sympathy. Further than Charles Lamb's goes her defense of beggars—since she pleads their right not simply to free existence, but to a common and fraternal courtesy. All the great and elemental things of life have claimed allegiance from Alice Meynell; her mind, like Raphael's, "a temple for all lovely things to flock to and inhabit." Love and the bond of love, the grace and gaiety of life, the woman's need of a free and educated courage, the delicacies of friendship—one finds their praise upon her reticent lips—these, with unflinching truth to self, and a faith lofty and exquisite. For the pathos of the sentimentalist (ubiquitous and not without a suspicion of the ready-made!) our artist has shown slight patience. She will not laugh at her fellow-men—neither will she insist upon weeping over them. There is restraint, "composure" in her dream of life. Yet perchance we open the fortuitous page, and some such lines as these face us:

It is a curious slight to generous Fate that man should, like a child, ask for one thing many times. Her answer every time is a resembling but new and single gift; until the day when she shall make the one tremendous difference among her gifts—and make it perhaps in secret—by naming one of them the ultimate. What, for novelty, what, for singleness, what, for separateness, can equal the last? Of many thousand kisses the poor last—but even the kisses of your mouth are all numbered.

It is as old—as sweet and as sad—as the world!

Art to Mrs. Meynell has been a thrice holy thing: a vocation of priestly dignity, of priestly pain, as her poems witnessed. More than once have her words likened the convent-bell, imperious, not to be foregone, to the poet's elect fetters. "Within the gate of these laws, which seem so small," she tells us, "lies the world of mystic virtue." Now here is a viewpoint of the highest and rarest insight. What urbanity, what sweetness, what prevailing harmony it carries into the troublous matter of living! It has attained perspective—and

perspective is the end as well as the means of life. Surely it is for this prize alone that we wrestle and run. *To treat life in the spirit of art*—that, declared another artist-seer, Pater, is not far from the *sumum bonum*: not far from the kingdom of heaven, one might add, since the ultimate artist is God alone.

Truth, then, has been the first of Mrs. Meynell's equipments. First truth of seeing (which only the few may ever attain), and then truth of speaking—a rare enough accomplishment. With her work, as with that of Henry James, the fancied obscurity rises mainly from this exceedingly delicate truthfulness; a fastidious requirement of the word—the word—without exaggeration, without superfluity. Only with Mr. James this desire has led to repetition, with Mrs. Meynell to reticence. Having called her contemplative, we now perceive her to be ascetic. The “little less,” both in matter and manner, has seemed to her a counsel of perfection.

Only we, the losers, would quarrel now and again with this perfect abstinence—would drink oftener, if that might be, from a spring of such diamond clearness, of such depth and healing. The fields of modern literature had been more flowery for such nourishment! In all truth, modern thought must needs bear both blossom and fruit, because of its shy visits. For Alice Meynell has been very potent in her reserves. She has borne the pennant of the Ideal, with never a dip of the banner, over many a causeway, up many a battlemented height. She has, by many and by One, been found faithful. Scarcely shall we find a more adequate praise for this English word-painter, Catholic and *précieuse*, than her own praise of the Spanish Velasquez—that she has “kept the chastity of art when other masters were content with its honesty.”

NOTE—A bibliography of Mrs. Meynell's collected work would include *Poems, Late Poems, The Rhythm of Life, The Color of Life, The Children, The Spirit of Place, Ceres' Runaway, Ruskin, The Children of the Old Masters, The Flower of the Mind* (an anthology), translations of *The Nun* by René Bazin, and *Lourdes* by Daniel Barbé, an *Introduction* to the portraits of John S. Sargent, etc. etc.

A LOWLAND TALE.

BY MARGARET KERR

I.



E'S no comin', wife," Sanders sighed for the fifth time.

"It's ower early for him yet," was the reassuring reply. He cudna be here afore six o'clock, and its wantin' half an hour. Come sit ye doon and rest yersel'; ye'll be fair din afore he comes."

Silence reigned again as the old man seated himself beside his wife. They made a pretty picture, sitting side by side at the far end of their sheltered little garden. The old lady, busily knitting, was dressed in her Sunday best, and the evening sun played upon the silvery curls that had escaped from beneath the white frilled cap which framed her face. Her expression was one of absolute calm and contentment, very different from that of the old man beside her. He seemed restless and anxious and couldn't sit still. Every few minutes he walked to the garden gate and shaded his eyes as he looked down the road, as if anxiously expecting some one.

"Marget, wumman, I canna rest," he said, returning to her after a last tour of inspection. "I'll gang a wee turn up the road and meet the lad; maybe he wud like to see me comin'."

"Awa' wi' ye then and meet him," she replied, rising and patting him on the shoulder, "fine I ken'd ye wud'na bide wi' me. I'll awa' to the hoose and hae a' things ready for ye when ye come."

Without more ado the old lady entered the cottage, while Sandy Sanders passed through the little wooden gate and sauntered up the road, upon which he momentarily expected to behold the object of his anxiety.

Margaret Knight and Andrew Sanders had married late in life, and of the marriage there had only been one idolized and cherished child. The exceptional abilities of this child had led

his parents to sacrifice their own pleasure for his advancement. At first, it cannot be denied, it had been a sharp pang to the father that his son should not become a carpenter and carry on the traditions of the family; but the boy's requests, added to the repeated appeals from his schoolmasters, had won the day, and he entered on his studies for the civil service. That self-sacrifice had been well rewarded, for from the time when David had spelled out his first words with Mistress Laidlaw at the infant school, to the present time, he had carried all before him. Work came to him as play to his companions; he never seemed to flag, his brain never seemed to tire. Prize after prize he won, and bursary after bursary, until his name became a by-word on the countryside: Surely he would not fail them at the last!

A week before the story begins he had entered upon his final examination, and was returning to his home for his well-earned holiday, and to support his old parents now their working days were over.

Within the cottage Margaret prepared the evening meal, crooning softly to herself the while. Once during her progress she stopped before a picture on the wall: "Davy, ma ain lad," she murmured, her eyes moistening as she gazed on the handsome face before her. It was a habit she had. Often during the day she would pause before the picture and breathe some prayer for her only child. This, however, was no hour for meditation, she must make sure everything was ready for him, everything of the best. All was done at last! and she sank into a chair to have one more look and make certain nothing was forgotten. Yes; there was the table in his favorite spot by the window; upon it were all the cakes and scones he liked best, and the treasured teapot he had given her eight years before. At the head of the table was the big armchair he had made with his father, and by her place was the "creepie" he had wrought by himself as a surprise for her birthday. Suddenly, at this point in her reflections, she became aware that some one was calling her. With a beating heart she ran to the door to behold a breathless husband stumbling over the green.

"He's through, Marget! he's through!" he cried, "he's beaten a' the rest." Behind him was the tall and handsome figure of David, his face wreathed in smiles, in undisguised

amusement at his father's excited way of announcing his success. In a moment his mother's arms were round his neck:

"God bless ye, Davy." Then, holding him at arms' length, she said: "Oh! lad, I'm proud o' ye."

II.

Five years have elapsed. Margaret Sanders is seated by the fire mending her husband's stockings; Sandy is installed in his big armchair, his feet in the fender, puffing away at his meershaum pipe. They had been talking over old memories, of their courtship and early married life, of David from the troubled days when he was "among his teeth" to the present. Every now and then the old man would take his pipe from his mouth and draw his wife's attention to some amusing anecdote with a chuckle and a "div' ye mind, dearie?"

During one of the lapses in the conversation a voice was heard outside as of some one calling.

"See whaur it is, Sanders. Maybe it's some pair body wantin' summat this cauld nicht."

Obedient to his wife's behest, Sanders slipped his feet into his shoes and went to the door.

"Mistress Laidlaw!" he exclaimed, "whit for are ye oot on sic an a nicht? Come awa' bem and warm yersel'. Ye'll hae to tak a cup o' tea wi' Marget afore ye gang in a' the cauld. Come awa', come awa'," he continued, preceding her into the room.

He was so taken up with offering hospitality that he never noticed the deadly pallor of her face; the woman's instinct in Margaret, however, immediately detected that there was something very much amiss. Taking her friend by the hand she set her down in the chair she had just vacated, removing her damp cloak from her shoulders and placing a footstool under her feet. Then taking one of the cold hands in her own she smoothed it gently, and a look of great tenderness came into her face.

"Alison," she said, "what es 't? Tell me what's wrong. Maybe I cuid help ye."

The newcomer covered her face in her hands, rocking herself backwards and forwards, saying: "Oh, God! hoo can I tell her, it'll break her heart."

A look of dismay spread over the sweet old face of Mar-

garet Sanders, while her mind instantly seized the truth. "It's David!" she gasped. "Alison, he's deed?"

"Oh! no, no"; replied the other, "no that bad; it's—it's jist he's ta'en and lost what was'na his to loose; and Mr. Robinson 'ill hae nae mair to dae wi' him. Here's David's letter, ye'd best read it."

Mechanically Margaret Sanders took the proffered letter, gazing at it without taking in a word of its contents. Her husband, seeing her thus, gently took it from her and read aloud the following:

"Mistress Laidlaw," it began, "will you do me a great service? I have brought ruin on my parents and disgrace upon my name. A while ago I took £50 from a bank, thinking to make a big sum out of it; I have lost it all and more. I can never show my face again at home: take care of Father and Mother for the sake of auld lang syne. I am going away to forget and be forgotten.

DAVID SANDERS."

The letter dropped from the old man's hands; a cold, gray look crept over his face, and for five minutes he sat as one stunned. Then, picking up the letter, he looked it over and over: "Gone! and no address! Oh, David! it was a cruel thing to do!"

Suddenly a cry of horror escaped his lips as he beheld his wife. "Marget! Marget!" he wailed, "dinna look like that! Dinna heed! It's no true. He'll be comin' hame the morn's morn he tell't us he wud come."

Then, dropping on his knees beside her, he feverishly rubbed her lifeless hands.

"Oh! wife! speak to me! Div' ye no hear me callin'? Dinna leave me too. I canna bide wi'out ye."

The stricken woman made no response. She sat in her chair, her eyes wide open, but grasping nothing that went on around her. Every effort on the part of her husband and friend proved unavailing. At length they laid her on her bed, and everything having been done that could be thought of for her comfort, Alison Laidlaw drew a chair beside her and settled herself for a vigil.

"Sanders," she said, turning to the distracted man, "away to your sheets! I'll watch by Marget; and if she waukens

I'll come for ye." And, continuing to herself: "You're no fit to watch yersel', and I doot there'll be mony a nicht Marget 'll lie like this."

And indeed her words proved true. For many nights and many days did Margaret Sanders lie unconscious, with a strained expression on her face, as if she were seeking for something she could not find. On the fifth day the doctor made a prolonged examination, at the end of which he came to Sanders and said in his kindly way:

"Man, I can do no more for your wife; it rests with you, you must make her greet. She is not quite unconscious now; it's more as if she was too wearied to rouse herself. If you can shake her out of it, she'll do."

So saying he patted the old man on the arm and left the house. Sanders, worn out in mind and body, sank down on the chair by the bed and laid his head on the pillow beside his wife. Slowly great tears ran down his haggard face. "Mak' her greet? Hoo could he dae it." He taxed his brain, until he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

"Man, hoo changed ye are," murmured Alison Laidlaw to herself as she crept into the room after her school hours were done, "your face is ten year aulder and your hair's whiter nor snow." For a moment she stood sorrowfully gazing at the old couple, who, but a week before, had been so peaceful and happy in their little home. Then, going forward to the bed, she touched Sanders on the shoulder, saying:

"She's moved, Sandy." He raised his head and saw that indeed Margaret had moved, the hand that had been beneath the coverlet was now lying stretched out towards him.

"Alison," he said, "the doctor's been, and he says we mun mak' her greet. I have been dreaming, wumman, and I seed in ma dream hoo wee'll dae it. Ye ken the hymn we hae always sung syne we was mairit? I'll sing it the noo. Wull ye help me? Ma voice is no as strong as it used to be, wi' wantin' Marget."

Together they knelt down beside the bed, Sanders taking his wife's outstretched hand in his own.

"Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom," they began, at first in faltering tones, but their voices gained in strength as they sang. Slowly the strained look left Margaret's face, and a dawning smile hovered on her lips. As the last words of

the hymn sounded in her ears she raised her hand, laying it tenderly on Sandy's head:

"Ma ain man," she whispered, and the tears rained down her face.

"I'll leave ye the noo," said Alison Laidlaw, "and be back in half an hour."

III.

"What's wrong, wife, wi' Mistress Laidlaw?" said Sanders some months after the incidents of the last chapter.

"Wrong wi' Alison?" queried his wife, "she's no been in the day. Is she no at the schule?"

"No"; replied the other. "I was jist ha'en a wee bit crack wi' Patrick Thompson when she passed me on the road; she was as near runnin' as ever I seed her. I cried on her, but she wudna stop, she jist ca'ed oot ower her shuther: 'I've nae time havering the day, Sanders; I'm awa tae the toon! Tell Marget I'll no be see'in' her the nicht.' I canna think whit can hae cam ower her, I've never seed her so excited like."

"Alison excited and goin' tae the toon," repeated Margaret incredulously, "it's no like her. I trust naethin's wrong. Maybe she had a letter frae yin o' her nieces spierin on her. Onyway, it's nae use frettin'; she'll likely be in the nicht, for a' she said she wudna."

Early in the afternoon Sanders rose from his chair: "Are ye wantin' onything, dearie?"

"No, man; I'm fine!"

"I think I'll awa' doon the road and see hoo the men's gettin' on wi' the dyke. Are ye sure yer no wantin' naethin', Marget?"

"No, dearie; I'm rale fine. But, Sanders," she called after her retreating husband, "ye micht jist ask at the schule when Alison's expeckit hame. I canna help feelin' kind o' anxious about her."

Left alone the old lady gave herself up to her own sad thoughts. To the casual observer she had made a wonderful recovery from her severe illness; but if the truth were known it was only her intense love for her husband that kept life in her aching heart. The shock of her son's fall, great though

it had been, was forgotten in the misery of his subsequent behavior. Their working days were over, and he had deserted them just at the very hour when he was most needed. Why had he never written to her, nor thought to tell her where he had gone? He knew they could not pay his debts, and he had left them to make the best of it, supposing they would forget. Oh! it was a cruel blow, one from which she could never recover. Again and again she reproached herself wherein she had failed? What duty left undone? What part of his training she had left unfinished, that he should think it better to act as he had done? Her loyal heart was always shielding her child from blame, and searching in her own conscience for the reason of his cowardice.

The moon was slowly rising behind a bank of clouds and the night air was still as two figures made their way along the deserted lane leading from the high road to Blinkbonnie. It was late and silence had fallen between them during their slow progress. As they drew near the village the younger of the two halted every now and then, as if his strength would take him no farther. He was a young man, of perhaps some thirty years. A weary, drawn look was on his face, and his eyes shone with an unnatural brightness. His lips were tightly compressed together and his hands worked nervously by his side. For the third time during their approach to the village he turned as if to go back. In an instant his companion had him by the arm and faced him round the way she intended him to go, saying:

"David Sanders"—for it was no other than he and his old schoolmistress—"can ye no mind yer mither? Think o' her! think o' yer faither! Dinna think o' yer ain shame, lad, it's no the hour for that! Be a man, lad, as you used aye tae be. Ye wudna? Ye cudna gang back noo ye hae cam' sae faur."

Two days previously Alison Laidlaw had received a letter from an old friend in Edinburgh, in the course of which the writer spoke of a young man in distressful circumstances with whom they had lately become acquainted: "It is a sad case," wrote Mrs. Scott, "the young man must have known better days. He seems to be kind of starving himself and saving every penny. My man is fearfully taken up about him. I took him in a few bit things the other day, and he nearly

broke down with gratitude. He murmured something about his mother and not troubling me long, but didn't seem to wish to speak, and I have not been able to see him since."

For two nights after the receipt of this letter Alison lay sleepless. The more she thought, the more she wondered whether her surmises could be true. Time and again she said to herself: "Alison, you're jist an auld fule, I doot you're doited." But she couldn't rest. It was useless making herself ill over an idea, silly though it might be; she must go to Edinburgh and see for herself, "Elspeth Scott's an auld freend and kens fine hoo tae haud her tongue."

Without a word to any one she set out, that Saturday morning, on her quest, and, on arrival, confided her suspicions to her friend. The latter was full of sympathy and curiosity, and they started in search of the object of interest, carrying with them refreshments as an excuse for their visit. On reaching the door of the young man's wretched lodging Mrs. Scott observed it to be standing slightly open. She motioned to her friend to come forward:

"Knock for yoursel'," she whispered, "and ye'll ken by the voice o' him whether it's him or no."

"No, Elspeth, do you rap; ma hand's trembling mais awfu'. I'll listen."

Mrs. Scott knocked gently. "May I come in?" Alison's heart beat so loud she could scarcely hear.

"Knock again, wumman, I canna wait!" Still no response.

"Pit your heed round the door; maybe he's no there."

Mrs. Scott complied, and hastily drew back, saying: "He's there, look for yoursel'."

A faint cry escaped Alison's lips as she beheld the spectacle before her. Seated at a table in a bare room was a young man, his arms outstretched before him, and in his right hand a sheet of paper. His head had fallen forward on his arm and he remained motionless. In a moment she was beside him; she tenderly laid her hand on the stooping shoulders, and in a quavering voice said: "David Sanders! thank God I've found ye!"

The man raised his head and passed his hand over his eyes as he stammered forth a string of incoherent words. Cold, misery, and lack of nourishment had done their work, and it was very evident to both women that he was on the

brink of a collapse. Again his head fell forward, and once more he raised it, this time his words were more intelligible.

"Take this to Mother," he said, holding out the paper, "tell her I've worked till I've paid every penny. I did wrong. God knows I see it now."

His head dropped again, and a great sob convulsed his body.

A few minutes later his old Mistress held a cup of warm soup before him: "Drink this, David, Mrs. Scott has brought it for you."

Half choking he swallowed the first mouthfuls, and then the warmth seemed to bring life to his starved person, for he eagerly finished it and appeared ready for more. When his hunger had been appeased they placed him on his ill-covered bed.

"He'll sleep noo for a time, Elspeth, and when he waukens I'll tak' him tae his mither."

For four hours did David Sanders lie in an exhausted sleep, and for four hours did Alison Laidlaw watch by him. Then a shudder passed over his body, as opening his eyes wide he stared round him.

"You're better noo, David. Come, lad, we must be stirring. You're comin' wi' me; this place is far ower cauld for ye."

It took David some time fully to understand the situation. But he was much too overcome to argue; indeed he scarcely knew what he was doing. Few preparations were necessary, for he had no possessions save the clothes he wore. To Alison the only point at issue was to get him to his home. There was no need for words of explanation; one look at the man was sufficient to see how keenly he had suffered, and how he had humbled himself in his repentance.

They had reached the cottage. For a moment David stood on the threshold listening. Yes; they were the voices of his mother and his father united in prayer and pleading: "Lord, bring Davy home!"

"They're aye waitin' on ye, lad; gang tae them noo; they'll dae the rest."

And as she was about to leave him, she turned with an encouraging smile: "And ye micht tell yer faither I'm back frae the toon."

THE WORTH OF THE COMMONPLACE.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, that minter of both the gold and copper coin of spiritual commerce, calls attention (*Devout Life*, III., xxxv.) to the double perfection of the Valiant Woman of the Book of Proverbs: "She hath put forth her hands," he quotes, "to strong things"; that is, to things high, generous, and important, and yet she disdained not to "take hold of the spindle" (Prov. xxxi.). Never forget the distaff and the spindle, the saint insists, even if you are gifted to embroider tapestry of silk and gold. Then he utters one of his immortal maxims: "Take care to practice those low and humble virtues, which grow like flowers at the foot of the cross."

Adopting his own artless style of comparison, we notice that the biggest of animals, the whale, feeds on the littlest fish in the sea. As to ourselves, however big may be the quantity of our food, it must be pulverized and mashed in our mouths before going to the stomach for digestion; we live on many atoms rather than on much bulk of nutriment.

So does the little-by-little process of virtue feed our thoughts unto perfection. The rule admits only of rare exceptions, such as miraculous conversions. Big acts of virtue, to be sure, sooner or later will be required of us—only to be performed after minute, long-drawn-out preparation. Therefore meantime, right now, and as a current condition, God requires the little acts. How can a man who repines at a headache gladly accept God's dread fiat of death? Can one who is content to be commonly a pigmy be relied on to be occasionally a giant?

Some of us are like those public speakers who emphasize the chief words and slur over the little ones of their discourse. If you would be great, make little actions a training school for doing great ones. After all, perfection as a work-a-day grace, is a current force and an ordinary condition of love;

perfection is a continuous state and a well-connected series of loving mental activities. Outwardly this state of soul must offer in God's sight the soul's correspondence with the constantly renewed opportunities of virtue. These are not great but little virtues.

Herein is the divine worth of the commonplace. For in regard to the greater calls of God, one wisely hesitates and takes time, prays for light, seeks counsel. But there is no such liturgy for the morning and evening sacrifice of self-denial in little things, the instinctive preference of another's comfort to one's own, the automatic restraint of an irascible temper, all for the love of Jesus Crucified.

Perhaps no teaching of our Redeemer is more amazing than this: "For whosoever shall give you to drink a cup of water in My name, because you belong to Christ: amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward" (Mark ix. 40). The motive "because you belong to Christ" is the bridge between so cheap a gift as a cup of water and so glorious a destiny as the beatific vision.

It is not the money value of the threads of gold and silver and silk and wool (to revert to a previous illustration), that makes precious a piece of tapestry. And as the coloring and the grouping of the tapestry are its only real excellence, so is the soul's motive the only real excellence of any act—a great one with a little motive is dwarfed into insignificance, a little one with the great motive of "you belong to Christ" is given an extra "weight of glory," be it no more than a cup of water, or a kindly glance into the face of an angry man. This doctrine, as unquestioned as Gospel truth can make it, is a great comfort to those whose deepest searchings of consciousness are like the jingling of nickles and pennies in a poor man's pocket. The housemaid scrubs floors, and the doctor of divinity lectures on the Trinity; the difference is all in favor of the professor as to the matter, but as to personal merit of these employments, it may easily be reversed by the comparison of motive.

As a little signet ring can bind a whole kingdom, because it is worn on the king's finger, so a little hand's turn of gratitude for Christ's sake can win entrance to the kingdom of heaven. Truthfulness as absolute in little things as in great, delicate shadings of kindness in conversation, cold shivers of

sensitiveness to the divine honor in examens of conscience, rigidity of observance of a devout rule of life—behold perfection as far as it is a practical method. It is a comfort to know that God concerns Himself with *all* means of grace, great and little. To many, the disenchantment wrought by a second conversion, will be the tardy discovery that bigness is not greatness in spiritual things.

After our Savior fed several thousands of men in the wilderness by a wondrous miracle, He said to His disciples: "Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost. They gathered up, therefore, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments" (John vi. 12-13). Ask these Apostles—mark you, they were men destined to conquer the whole world to Christ—what was their part in the miracle? Gathering up fragments, they answer proudly; saving pieces of fish and bread that were left over. An honorable part, a laudable co-operation. It was all their Master asked of them; and this He even commanded. What a lesson! If he values the little things of His kitchen and dining-room, so does He value yet more the little things of His altar rail and confessional, our bedside prayers and our little aspirations, even our velleities and fleeting desires. Nay, the feeble yearnings of a cowardly nature are not unregarded. "The Lord hath heard the desire of the poor; Thy ear hath heard the preparation of their heart" (Ps. x. 17).

The Lord did not say: Gather up the fragments and you will show by their amount the greatness of My miracle. No; but "lest they be lost." The petty virtue of economy was thus lifted into the high throne of gospel poverty. An enormous miracle associated with a wee little virtue. We are long in learning that there is such a thing as giving up all to Christ, and then wasting many baskets full of useful fragments. The broken victuals are virtues as much Christ's as the rich feastings of heroic love.

"What do you do with all those coppers?" a pastor was once asked as he was seen laboriously counting his penny collection. "The bank is glad to get them," he answered, "and deals them out to grocerymen and confectioners; and I am glad to deposit them. I could hardly get along without them." One sou a week supports the vast army of Catholic missions to the heathen all around the globe.

Consider that it takes as much power to create a grain of

sand as the sun in heaven. And consider this: whosoever is careful about the little things of God, will necessarily value great ones with holiest reverence; but not (necessarily) *vice versa*. Therefore says the Wise Man: "He that feareth God, neglecteth nothing" (Eccles. vii. 19).

Notice what Jesus did when He raised to life the dead daughter of Jairus (Mark v.). They were all so astonished at seeing the corpse rise up and walk, that they forgot to care for her. Not so Jesus. He immediately commanded that some food should be given to her. Raising the dead to life did not hinder His care for her comfort: here is a majesty of love in which the great does not hinder the little.

He learned all this (as we may say) in the divine school of His Father, telling us that by Him all the hairs of our head are numbered (Matt. x. 30); that He counts the little sparrows that fall from the housetop; and safeguards even the iotas and jots and tittles of His law, till all be fulfilled (Matt. v. 18). He learned it, as we have seen, from His Mother; and from St. Joseph, saving the little pieces of board after the day's work, hunting for a lost nail, bringing in the small strips and shavings to Mary to kindle the hearth fire. Here it was—Oh, what a divine truth!—that Jesus was made accustomed to say to His disciples: "Gather up the fragments" for the love of God; do not be wasteful of the least trifling good; bear in mind that two mites may mark the whole merit of a distinguished contributor to the divine treasury of virtue (Luke xxi. 3). Like the sweepings of a goldsmith's shop, the waste and leavings of a soul working for God form a precious spiritual asset.

Herein we note the relation of natural virtues to their divine counterparts, the supernatural ones: the natural minister to the supernatural. For example, kindness is handmaid to charity and frugality to holy poverty. Frugality is a tender to poverty. A great battleship goes to sea accompanied by a tender, a common ship full of supplies and ammunition. She is not a war ship, yet she is necessary for offering battle; a battleship dare not risk an engagement without such a consort. So frugality is not in itself a Christian virtue, but it carries along holy poverty's supplies and ammunition. As Nazareth was the school of Calvary, so the household is the school of the sanctuary. The widow's mites were saved by frugality and invested by charity. Alas for the home in which little

economies are despised, or for the soul in which little devotional practices are ridiculed.

This applies with special force to the virtue of chastity, which, as a divine trait, is so well served by the natural trait of modesty. We are familiar with the frequent case of converts, whose cleanliness of soul plainly has won for them the nuptials of the Lamb in the grace of conversion to the true faith. Their native instinct of sexual refinement they cherished for its own sake, and God now endows them with the chastity of "the angels of God in heaven" (Matt. xxii. 30). Even of the licentious man, who is yet ashamed of himself and manages to keep up appearances, we may cherish hope: his bad practises are against his good principles, which will yet prevail. And good Christians shall have no small reward for their small purities. They fear and avoid what is not exactly unchaste, but yet not quite pure—a double meaning word, a doubtful article in a newspaper.

We read in wonder of the marvelous things our Lord revealed to St. Teresa in an almost continuous succession of ecstasies—we never dream of such privileges for ourselves. But do we remember that one of her notable books, *The Way of Perfection*, treats simply of how to say the Our Father with attention? Supernal wisdom was never more worthily employed than in the diminutive doctorate of teaching little ones how to prattle their prayers. Our Lord did not reproach his Apostles for not watching with Him throughout the whole of that awful night before His crucifixion; but He did complain: "What? Could you not watch one hour with Me?" (Matt. xxvi. 40). That I can do, O Lord, once a week anyway—or I can give Thee the fraction of an hour. And I can hear Mass with decent attention; and make sure of not coming late; I can recite the Angelus; I can say my table prayers.

Consider the little things of zeal for souls. One does not lie awake thinking of sinners, and yet may one have a kindly spiritual interest in them; he can and he does help others whose calling or whose gifts make them leaders in soul saving. He cannot preach a powerful sermon, but he can manage a catechism class. He cannot lecture on God, but he can help get an audience for some one who can. He cannot write a brilliant controversial article, but he can take a Catholic magazine and lend it to his non-Catholic neighbor.

Take the case of study. It is a noble thing when one studies from purely supernatural motives, originally for God, explicitly so and only so, exclusively and always for God. Well, our motives are hardly so high; saints and saintly souls do that way. But commonly one takes natural love of study and other natural motives, ready made, found set and fixed in nature, and these he dedicates to God. Thus if by nature we possess a thrifty habit of mind, we easily save the pennies of knowledge, and the dollars take care of themselves. Hereby we win not extensive information of divine things, but yet a detailed and integral completeness in what we do know. God's gain is in the merchantable character of our stock in trade rather than in its extent and variety; though we be but peddlers of His truth and love, we are not without a large commission of gain.

Note that in the case of Dives and Lazarus, the rich man's fragments were the poor man's coveted feast—coveted and begged—and refused. Lazarus lay at the rich man's gate, "desiring to be filled with the crumbs that fell from his table, and no one did give unto him" (Luke xvi. 21). If Dives had but saved the broken victuals of his sumptuous feasting for a beggar's scanty meal, it would never have been said of him: "The rich man died and was buried in hell." He was not called on to invite the beggar to his banquet hall; but he was obligated at least to give him the kitchen refuse and the table waste for which his mouth watered. He was buried in hell because he would not give away the leavings of his luxury. Jesus gave His great feast to the hungry multitude, and kept for Himself and His beloved Apostles only the leavings. Dives would not even do the reverse of this. He gorged himself to death on the dainties of luxury, and despised the famishing plea of the beggar for the crumbs and sweepings of his dining-room. Many a Catholic will surely have to suffer many days in purgatory, for feasting sumptuously on the good things of holy faith, forgetful of the non-Catholics at his gate, languishing for the crumbs—the pleasant words of truth, the kindly invitations to Mass and to sermons, the little books of religion that would save their immortal souls.

Fidelity to God is a permanent state only when it takes in little things for His sake with the fidelity due to Him in great things. No one was ever canonized for doing great things with

the case of native greatness; but many a saint is embalmed in eternal memory by the divine testimony of miracles, for living a routine life with miraculous fervor. The prime secret of holiness is how to do ordinary actions with extraordinary love. The obvious advantage of this doctrine, seldom known till after the chagrin of many spiritual disappointments, is that it makes the vestibule of perfection common ground for all, whether heroes or underlings. The daily life of all is the average humdrum of the commonplace. No other novitiate is open to the most gifted, nor refused to the dullest of souls. Habit makes the man, and habit depends on a constant succession of influences; but great events and heroic calls are not constantly repeated, but are rare. Little opportunities to be good are always at hand, are naturally successive, are supernaturally distributed everywhere, and supernaturally blest. What is naturally present with us daily and hourly, God makes supernatural and providential. Habits of virtue, like any other habits, must come gradually and easily, or hardly come at all. Happy is the Christian, who, for the love of God, fixes his mind on the divine opportunities of home and business, and loses none of them for the practice of virtue. Happy the Christian whose natural tendencies to good, are insensibly made into supernatural habits of virtue.

It is thus that it comes to pass that one is made a true servant of God. He grows to be as avaricious of his time as a miser of his gold, because his time is literally opportunity for good, all of his time. What seems reasonable recreation to another, to him seems prodigal waste of a most precious commodity; or rather his recreations are joyful only because they are the familiar means of making others happy. He carefully saves the pennies, that is the little passing moments of the day. He penuriously devotes them to occupations useful to his neighbor, or sanctifying to his own soul, whether in the quiet recollection of a religious mind, or communing with greater souls in spiritual reading.

McCLURE'S, ARCHER, AND FERRER.

BY ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.

II.



HERE is a continuation of the history of the trial and condemnation of Ferrer in the December number of *McClure's*, thereby concluding Mr. Archer's article upon the subject. Had that portion of the article been seen by me at the time I penned the remarks in the last number of this magazine I would have pointed out several other instances of seeming bias, unfairness, and lack of information upon the part of the author. As it is, one must confess that the article as a whole bears out nearly all that was said by Catholics regarding the death of Ferrer or any part which the Church or the religious orders might have taken to effect the result. In his second article Mr. Archer, by his omission of any statement of the kind, seems to acquit them, as he concentrates all his criticism upon the Spanish government and military officers. There is no wish on the part of any Catholic to champion the civil or military administration in Spain; its faults and shortcomings may be manifold, but when the Church and her religious orders are made the authors and instigators of the prosecution of Ferrer, and are charged directly with putting him to death without even the form of a trial, it is, indeed, time to protest vigorously and to examine the case in all its bearings.

Certainly Mr. Archer's article shows clearly, even from the testimony of one who has mixed closely with Ferrerites and kept aloof from his opponents, that such expressions as were used by Mr. Perceval Gibbons in his article on Ferrer in *McClure's* of one year ago are untrue. There is certainly no basis for the latter's statement that, after the Madrid episode, "the government and the orders had lost the first round of the fight, but they had gained experience, which served them well when Ferrer again fell into their hands. This time (Barcelona trial) they improved even on a special court and no jury; they abolished witnesses and limited the discretion of the man they themselves nominated to conduct the defense," or the other statement of Gibbons, in concluding the description of the trial

of Ferrer: "The government and *the orders* had won the second round of the game. *The dice were loaded, it is true; the game was not honest*"; to say nothing of the dozens of innuendos scattered throughout the earlier article. For this much we must be thankful to Mr. Archer; he has amply proved that there was a trial and that there were witnesses, and he does not lay the blame and execration on the orders and the Church.

But Mr. Archer, as was pointed out in the December number of this magazine, does not take the trouble to ascertain all the facts, or divest himself of his prejudices, even where he might easily have done so. This causes him to overlook the obvious and easily ascertainable, and very justly casts discredit upon the efficiency and impartiality of his work. A few instances of this kind in his concluding article may be pointed out.

For instance, he drags in *La Ley de Jurisdicciones*, which has little or nothing to do with the case. It certainly did not apply to Ferrer and the Barcelona riots, although by its terms it might well have done so. It is a law defining the jurisdiction of military tribunals for offenses committed (a) directly against the army or navy, as for example by soldiers on duty or in uniform; or (b) where it may be doubtful as to the nature of the offense, which essentially may be an offense by civil law but committed where the army or navy are already in control. But it is a law applying directly to acts committed in peaceful times. We have almost analogous provisions in regard to Federal and State jurisdictions, and an offense committed in the corridor of a United States court house or post-office, or the boundary line thereof, immediately divests the State courts of jurisdiction and turns the prisoner over to the United States courts. It must be remembered that Barcelona was under martial law from July 26, 1909, until near January, 1910; the civil powers were superseded, and the whole city was under the control of the military commander. The writer was present in Barcelona when General Valeriano Weyler succeeded that commander, Don Luis de Santiago Manescau, who had issued the July proclamation which suspended all civil authority and declared the city in state of war and subject to the provisions of the Military Code. Articles 3 and 4 of his proclamation read:

Article 3. Jurisdiction of offenses affecting public order in any political or social sense comes under my authority; and the authors (*autores*, Mr. Archer's favorite word) of them can be tried by summary court-martial.

Article 4. Persons publishing notices or directions in any form whatsoever tending to disobedience of military orders will be considered as guilty of sedition; as well as those who make attempts against freedom of labor, or cause impediment or destruction of railroads, street car lines, telegraph or telephone lines, or any other conductor of electricity, or water mains or gas pipes.

Mr. Archer does not tell us of these things; yet he might easily have inquired about them. They were the reason why Ferrer was tried by court-martial, and extra indulgence was given to him, since he might have been tried summarily instead of having a formal trial of twenty-eight days, the testimony of which filled 1,200 written pages, not one of which Mr. Archer seems to have examined, contenting himself solely with the *résumé* in the "Juicio Ordinario" (which he calls the "Process"), nor does he seem to have examined the fifty packets or files of exhibits likewise adduced in the case. It is very evident, therefore, [that the *Ley de Jurisdicciones* is simply lugged in to make coloring matter.

Again in eliciting sympathy for Soledad Villafranca, the mistress of Ferrer, and blaming the authorities for not taking her, and her friends' evidence, he says:

Meanwhile Soledad Villafranca was eating her heart out at Teruel, in total ignorance of what was passing at Barcelona. She and some of her comrades in exile were the persons who could best speak as to Ferrer's employment of his time during the week of revolt; and they naturally expected, day after day, to be called upon for their evidence. This expectation was encouraged (unofficially, of course, and very likely in good faith) by their jailers. A member of the Palace police . . . bade her wait patiently and the summons would come in due time.

Mr. Archer doesn't tell us that the provisions of the Spanish military code forbid the examination of the prisoner's family and relatives as witnesses against him by the prosecution. He doesn't tell us either that that Code provides (Article 479) that the prisoner shall be present at the examinations of witnesses, even though he be held *incomunicado*, nor that (Articles 362 and 365) he can reply in writing or orally at every moment of the trial (*sumario*) to any accusation made by any official, and that (Article 465) he may give his declarations or testimony as many times as he likes; although Mr.

Archer does admit that, according to Article 458, the accused may testify "without being required to take an oath," thus relieving a prisoner from the charge of perjury if his testimony be false. This last privilege Mr. Archer curiously turns into an excuse for Ferrer's obvious falsehood as to having been at the *Casa del Pueblo* and having there met with Ardid. The *sumario* may be extended (Article 548) for further testimony, the ratification of witnesses, and the summons of further witnesses may be requested by the accused in cases of "common offenses," or for the "*further taking of proof which he thinks would protect his rights*" (Article 548). Mr. Archer speaks of the "common offenses," but kindly omits the latter provisions. To say that the prosecution was bound to summon witnesses for the defense, where the accused and his counsel failed to call them, or to request them to be called, when testimony was being taken, is somewhat of a novelty.

The Auditor pointed this out in his *dictamen* or opinion rendered in the case ("Process," p. 59):

If, as the defense asserts, the affidavits of Soledad Villafraña and the other associates of the accused, now residing at Teruel, could have exculpated Ferrer Guardia, they had time to make such affidavits in the twenty-eight days during which the *sumario* lasted, and besides the accused might have summoned them in his investigations; but they would have been required to submit to examination in the same manner in which all such persons were interrogated who had been cited in them. But not having requested any such testimony until after the case had been taken up in *plenario*, it was not possible to accede to his petition on account of the prohibition of paragraph 5 of Article 552 of our Code.

In other words, the defense did not answer orally or in writing to the accusations and proofs adduced, did not offer witnesses in his behalf during twenty-eight days, because, as the Auditor points out, they would have been examined, perhaps so as to incriminate themselves, him, or others. But they waited until the other witnesses were dismissed or dispersed and then made an offer themselves to testify—it does not appear that the accused ever called for them orally or in writing. Mr. Archer gives us to understand that the court-martial should have halted its procedure, which had got past the point of taking testimony, and of its own motion called witnesses in defense of Ferrer.

It must be remembered that Ferrer was a man of some education—he is lauded as being a man of learning and foresight by his partisans—that he wrote numerous letters, and that even in prison he was permitted to write his own account of the matter, which was sent to Charles Malato on October 1, 1909, as Mr. Archer shows in a foot-note in the November number of *McClure's*. Hence he could easily have written his defense for the court, detailing exactly where he was during every day of the riots, yet he did nothing of the kind. Mr. Archer makes much of the foul dungeon or cell in which he says Ferrer was confined in the fortress of Montjuich. Yet my friend Don Casimiro Comas, a lawyer of Barcelona, says Ferrer was confined in the Model Prison (*Carcel Celular*) of Barcelona (which apparently is as much up-to-date as the Tombs Prison of New York), where his trial also took place until he was sentenced. Even Mr. Archer in the November *McClure's* gives the date of his letter to Malato as the “Carcel Celular, October 1, 1909.” But these facts are kept in the background in his article.

Later on he proceeds to review *in extenso* the evidence in the case, carefully separating it into separate portions, thus breaking the connection between events. One hardly knows just what to make of his analysis, for it is difficult to know whether he is reviewing the trial of Ferrer or reviewing the methods of Spanish judicial procedure. If Ferrer had been tried by an ordinary Spanish criminal court, with a jury, the method of procedure and the taking of evidence would have been the same. Of course, in no event could Ferrer have been tried by the usual processes of English or American law. He would have had to be tried according to Spanish law and procedure, and hence all criticism of the method or procedure is entirely beside the point. It is like “going out and swearing at the court.”

For instance, he speaks of “unsupported opinion and hearsay.” That is allowable under the Spanish rules of evidence, and that kind of evidence would have been received in the ordinary criminal trials in Spain. We have, in America and England, the rules of evidence so refined that nothing but direct evidence—with certain exceptions—is received; and hearsay and opinion evidence (other than certain experts) is completely barred. But upon the continent of Europe, under the Roman law, it is not so; there they say that the same methods

that a man takes in the ordinary affairs of life to establish a fact, whether by hearsay testimony or not, should be followed to establish a fact in court. They point out that the business and reputation of every man in the world would go by the board, were direct evidence alone required in the affairs of everyday life. I am not arguing the point, I am only stating the practice. This practice Mr. Archer seems entirely to overlook, and desires thereby to score a point, by judging a Spanish trial by comparison with the standards set up by the English common law.

When, however, the evidence is *direct evidence*, Mr. Archer undertakes to step, in imagination, upon the bench of the trial judges at the court-martial, sift the evidence and decide that it is not against Ferrer. Even our appellate courts here do not do that, at least not in theory of law. They always say that the trier of fact, whether jury, referee, or judge, saw the witnesses, were nearer to the facts, and knew more about them than persons who see them in print long afterward. Hence we can very well assume that the seven judges of the Ferrer court-martial knew better what weight to give to the direct evidence then, than Mr. Archer can after the lapse of nearly a year.

This will be more apparent when we come to take up the specific case of the testimony of Don Francisco de Paula Coll-deforns, who testified that between 7:30 and 8:30 in the evening of July 27, 1909, he saw a man, whom he recognized from photographs as Ferrer, "captaining a group" near the Lyceum Theatre on the Rambla in Barcelona. I have had the very spot pointed out to me by a cabman. One may very well recognize Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft, from having seen their photographs, although he had never laid eyes on them before. We must remember that Ferrer had not long before been implicated in the bomb explosion in Madrid, when the attempt was made on the lives of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria, and his portrait was published dozens of times in all the Spanish and French illustrated papers, and he was as well known by portraiture as any political or aviation celebrity is here. Hence it was not such an unusual thing for a newspaper-man to be able to recognize him from a photograph.

Mr. Archer makes much of the fact that the recognition took place between 7:30 and 8:30 according to the testimony, and reasons that it was too dark to see any man's features then. Now the sun went down in Barcelona about 7:20 during

the week of July 26, and twilight lasted until nearly 9 o'clock at that period of the year. Barcelona is situated somewheres near the latitude of Providence or Boston; and one can test the point any time between July 26 and 31 of the year.

Again Mr. Archer, in reviewing this evidence says that Mongat, where "Mas Germinal" is situated, is "eleven dusty miles" from Barcelona. It is only *eleven kilometres*, so Mr. Archer's pen must have slipped unwittingly, as that would be but about six miles from the Rambla or Plaza de Colon, in the very heart of Barcelona. He also says that, "the authorities had carefully refused to admit the evidence of Ferrer's family, who (now, in 1910) assert that he never quitted Mas Germinal that day." Yet on the very morning of the 27th he took Francisco Domenech, the barber, to breakfast at Badalona, which is a village two miles or more from Mongat on the way to Barcelona. To walk all the way from Mongat to Barcelona requires only from two to two and a half hours. Hence it may very well be that Ferrer, now that things were becoming lively in Barcelona, stayed for a large portion of the day—the heated portion, it will be perceived—and in the afternoon went into Barcelona. His "family" could easily swear he was at home that day, and Señor Colldeforns likewise see him "captaining a group" on the Rambla in the city. Ferrer, with his experience in the Morral bomb case, and in previous cases, would naturally be strong on making out an alibi.

And just here Mr. Archer has put in a piece of innuendo. There is nothing in this second article which directly asserts any connection between the Church or the orders and Ferrer's trial. But he found it necessary to put a head-line, "The Catholic Journalist," and to repeat the phrase two or three times in that part of the article. It supplies an apparent missing link, because it connects the Catholic Church in some indefinite way with the prosecution. Well, the army officers were Catholics, the court officials were Catholics, all the witnesses were Catholics where they were not the anarchist and atheist companions of Ferrer. Why single out the journalist who saw Ferrer? It seems as if it were done with the motive of accenting the Church as a prosecuting witness.

As a matter of fact *El Siglo Futuro* is not a church paper. It is the Carlist paper, and merely incidentally, as part and parcel of its politics of Throne and Church, puts forward Catholicism. Of course the newspaper man was "a Catholic

journalist," but to have called him a Carlist would have left out much of the peculiar attitude of Mr. Archer.

Then he insinuates that the authorities put Ferrer in such a woe-begone garb in the *rueda*, or group of prisoners, that his recognition by Señor Coldeforns was a foregone conclusion. In other words, he charges deception on the part of the court, without a single fact to support it. The law of recognizing and identifying the accused is plain (Articles 422 and 424):

The *rueda* must be constituted of at least *six persons of similar appearance* to the person who is to be identified.

As Ferrer was completely shaven when captured, and if he were allowed no toilet accessories while in prison, as Mr. Archer declares, he must have been covered with a gray, stubbly beard, which would necessarily make his identification amid six others similar to him very difficult to Señor Coldeforns.

So much for the analysis and reasoning indulged in by Mr. Archer. When his whole article is gone over in this manner, the fact stands out pre-eminently that there was evidence against Ferrer which even Mr. Archer cannot put out of the way. Space forbids a complete analysis of the entire article, and a discussion of Mr. Archer's statement that "the documentary proofs consisted of two papers." In fact, there were 50 files or dockets of them offered in evidence, consisting of correspondence, circulars, reports, and memoranda of all kinds.

Yet even with Mr. Archer's special pleading—for he does not seem to have endeavored to interview Señor Coldeforns, or to analyze the dockets of the documentary evidence, or even look over the original evidence testified and sworn to by the witnesses—he concludes that: "I am not at all sure that, had Ferrer been fairly tried under reasonable rules of evidence (*query*, under English common law evidence), he would have got off scot-free."

This is certainly a vindication from the rampant assertions that were made that the Catholic Church had "railroaded" him to death. Judicial errors may be made in any country; but it is quite another thing to say that a person was done to death without trial and without witnesses. We Catholics only ask that in these matters the same yardstick be used to measure events in Spain as would be used to measure events in New York or Oklahoma.

New Books.

THE FORM OF PERFECT LIVING. By Richard Rolle. Rendered into modern English by Geraldine Hodgson. London: Duckworth & Co.

THE MOUNT OF VISION: A Book of English Mystic Verse. Selected by Adeline Cashmore, with an Introduction by Alice Meynell. London: Chapman & Co.

"God loves a clear mind about God and God's deeds." So wrote Richard Rolle in the earlier half of the fourteenth century. Richard Rolle was one of those pure in heart to whom our Lord gave "a clear mind about God and God's deeds." We find in his treatises great clearness of thought combined with that tender simplicity of feeling which has always seemed so characteristic of English mystical writers. Four of these treatises are given in Miss Hodgson's book, the two main ones being *The Form of Perfect Living* (for those in religion) and *Our Daily Work* (for those in the world).

Love of our Lord, meditation on His words and deeds, imitation of His thought and character—these are the notes so constantly touched but always varied with beautiful melodies which never grow hard, wearisome, or complex. In the little treatise on charity, for instance, we are told to love our enemies and sinful men, since these are our fellow-Christians. "Look and bethink thee how Christ loved Judas, who was both His bodily enemy and a sinful caitiff; how goodly Christ was to him; how benign; how courteous; how humble to him whom He knew to be damnable; and nevertheless, He chose him for His Apostle, and sent him to preach with the other Apostles; He gave him power to work miracles; He showed to him the same good cheer in word and deed; also with His Precious Body; and preached to him as He did to the other Apostles. . . . And, above all, when Judas took Him, He kissed him and called him His friend. All this charity Christ showed to Judas, whom He knew to be damnable. In no manner of feigning or faltering, but in soothfulness of good love and clean charity. For though it were truth that Judas was unworthy to have any gift of God, or any sign of love, because of his wickedness; nevertheless it

was worthy and reasonable that our Lord should appear as He is" (p. 187).

It is a far cry from the mind and heart of fourteenth-century England to the modern mind and heart. The mysticism of Richard Rolle, of Mother Julian of Norwich, or of Walter Hilton is in many ways different from that of our later days: one cannot resist the conviction that it has come down to us from heights of spiritual experience at once more real, difficult, rare, and practical. Mrs. Meynell, in her introduction to *The Mount of Vision*, lays timely stress on this very noticeable fact. "It is ominous," she writes, "to hear the name of mysticism so easily used, given, and taken, without a thought of the cost." She complains of a recent novel in which "the motive and the whole subject was mysticism. Visions were easy to come by; and revelations, and such extreme things as 'the unitive life'—things for which the saints thought fifty years of self-conquest and self-abandonment a paltry price—were discussed as incidents of well-read aspiration. There was no mention of the first step, there was much chatter of the last. No one in the band of confident people engaged in this story in artistic work for a celestial end seemed to have entered upon the indispensable beginnings, to have overcome anything within, to have shut his mouth upon a hasty word, to have dismissed a worldly thought, to have compelled his heart to a difficult act of pardon, to have foregone beloved sleep, cherished food, conversation, sharp thoughts, or darling pride. The saints, on the other hand, gave themselves to that spade-work before permitting themselves so much as one credible dream" (p. x.).

All this is well and truly said, but it should not discourage us. What we lay folk need now is not high and difficult treatises on mysticism, but books that will inspire and spiritualize the dullness of our common lives. *The Mount of Vision* is a book of this kind. All of us are only too apt to indulge in dreams of merely material business, and out of such dreams to make the stuff of our daily and habitual conduct. We need visions of a less material nature, visions that will cool our selfish lust for things of the passing hour, or, at any rate, teach us in some vivid and convincing way to set things in all their littleness over against the more permanent and personal realities of human life.

Men have found many and various witnesses to the abiding nature of spiritual reality according to their different times and temperaments. Now they have been afraid to enjoy natural beauty lest it should tempt them to disloyal neglect of their only Love. St. Bernard would not lift his eyes to the beauties of Lake Geneva. "No ascent of a mountain for the sake of the view from the top seems recorded between Hadrian's ascent of Etna and Petrarch's of Mount Ventoux; and Petrarch's qualm of conscience when he had done it is significant." St. Bernard left nature for God, but St. Francis came back to nature through God. It may be just as possible, because just as hard, to leave business for God and to come back to it, afterwards, *through Him*.

What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up and bathe the world in light! . . .
. . . Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could be read
Unutterable love. . . .
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God, . . .
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
.
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love! (p. 72).

But there are other ways and moods of inspiration. Crasshaw's for instance, in his wonderful address to St. Teresa:

Oh thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all the dour of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large drafts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirst of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled Bowles of fierce desire
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting Soul, and seal'd thee His;

By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of my self in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die (p. 30).

The note of Richard Crashaw is the note of Richard Rolle, and of all really Catholic inspiration, devotion of the most passionate and personal kind to our Lord Himself:

I sing the Name which none can say
But toucht with an interior ray (p. 32).

We must not think wrongly of God, He is both far and near, and yet He is neither, for spiritual distances, as St. Augustine tells us, are not measured by space but by affection:

. . . God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within; our spirit is
The home He holds most dear

To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue (p. 69).

But, after all, it is the angel of the child, and not of the seer, who ever beholds the face of the Father in Heaven. Perhaps the most beautiful, the most simple, and the most profoundly mystical poem in the world is that little one of Father Tabb's called "Out Of Bounds."

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.

Oh comrades, let us one and all
Join in to give Him back His ball!

HEROIC SPAIN. By E. Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50.

We are so accustomed to narrow prejudice, if not actual animosity, in contemporary works on Spain, that it is with a distinct feeling of satisfaction we find that country viewed from a sympathetic and Catholic standpoint.

We have here a writer fitted to understand the country and form a correct estimate of it; one who speaks its language, is familiar with its history and literature, shares its faith, and who went leisurely through the by-ways as well as the frequented routes.

The result is a favorable appreciation of the national character, and the impression made recalls an equally favorable opinion expressed more than a generation ago by a distinguished Maryland author and jurist, Teakle Wallis, whose long residence in Spain made him say that the middle and lower classes were the finest in Europe.

Miss O'Reilly was a witness to the edifying faith, the dignity and purity of life of the people in the rural portions, and, indeed, throughout all of Northern Spain. She thinks, however, that a shadow is cast on the fair picture by the popular devotions to images and processions which take place, not only in country parishes, but even in cities like Seville, and have a tendency to withdraw the mind and heart from the complete devotion due to the great central points of religion and worship.

Of course in a book dealing historically with Spain, the perennial subject of the Inquisition has to be treated, and we are indebted to the author for an excellent chapter which we wish might be read by all non-Catholics.

The digressions scattered throughout the book are, in our opinion, a serious defect, and are out of keeping with the general scope of the work. A fair degree of familiarity with modern Spanish novels in the original, forces us to regard Miss O'Reilly's opinion of them, given at some length, as too favorable, and apt to be misleading as to the value of their moral tone and influence.

The book is cumbersome in form, and we hope that in a second edition, which it merits, it will be made lighter and handier. But these few faults are easily outweighed by its

merits, and Catholics should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity to read an agreeable book in which justice is done to a much maligned Catholic country.

MARY ALOYSIA HARDEY, RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART.

With an introduction by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.
New York: America Press. \$2.

Few American women of the nineteenth century were as well known and loved as Mother Aloysia Hardey, who founded the convent of Manhattanville and nearly all the houses of the Sacred Heart in the eastern states. Her biography, now published for the first time, is interesting, not only as a life of a remarkable woman, but also as a brief history of the community to which she belonged, and, indeed, a review in part of the history of the Catholic Church in the United States during the period of its greatest expansion. Descended from the oldest Maryland Catholic families, Mother Hardey was born in 1809 and died in 1886. At an early age she showed unusual strength of character, and on finishing her studies, at the age of sixteen, she entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Grand Coteau, Louisiana. So well did she respond to the religious training given there, that she accomplished in a few years the spiritual task over which others spend a lifetime, and when she was only twenty-three the saintly Mother Duchesne could write of her in terms of the highest praise.

In that same year she was appointed Superior of the convent of St. Michaels, La. When Archbishop Hughes secured the promise of a convent of the Sacred Heart in New York, Mother Hardey was called from Louisiana to aid Mother Gallitzin in making the foundation. The struggles of the community and their many trials before they succeeded in establishing the school at Manhattanville is a story that must be read in detail to be appreciated.

Mother Hardey's duties as Superior in an educational order brought her in touch with all ranks and classes of society. Her deeply sympathetic nature, her unalterable serenity, wonderful tact, foresight, and business capacity won for her respect and admiration. Archbishop Spalding said of her: "Madame Hardey is a woman created by God for the accomplishment of a great work and there will never be another like her." A Detroit lawyer, whom she consulted when her convent was founded

in that city, said: "I would rather contend with ten lawyers than with one Madame Hardey. She is the cleverest woman I ever met."

They who, either as religious or pupils, were brought under her influence tender unanimous praise to her for her sanctity, her kindness, and her wise, strong counsels. Perhaps the greatest evidence of her worth is the fact that she is still a living, uplifting influence in the lives of many. If the author, whose name is not given, had made a more judicious use of the superabundant material at her disposal, the character of her subject would have stood out more clearly, but this fault will be pardoned by those who are interested in details about the other persons mentioned in the book.

THE COST OF A CROWN: A STORY OF DOUAY AND DURHAM.

A Sacred Drama in Three Acts. By Robert Hugh Benson. London: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

This, the second published play from the pen of Father Benson, was written at the request of the late Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle for the centennial celebrations of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. It is a dramatized epitome of Venerable John Bost's life. Father Benson hedged himself around with many difficulties when he selected to follow historical details so closely as to make up his third act with dialogue taken verbatim from the recorded report of the martyr's trial. One inevitable result coming from this is the rather tame ending to the play. There can be no doubt that the second act is by far the best; the second scene in it being particularly good. But both the first and third acts drag just a little.

The narrative throughout is simple; plot there is none. John Bost is seen in the first act as a student at Rheims; in the second act as a priest in England, where he managed to offer Mass and preach for thirteen years, and still escape the clutches of the law. Eglesfield, a spy, now comes on the scene, and after confessing and receiving Holy Communion from Father Bost betrays him to the authorities immediately after Mass has ended. The third act is merely the passing of the death sentence on the priest. Each act is preceded by a few verses sung before the curtain rises, and followed by a tableau accompanied by a sacred song. This arrangement im-

presses on the audience the fact that they are witnessing a sacred drama, as Father Benson calls the work.

There are no female characters. And the play, although demanding a goodly number of performers, presents no difficulties for production by any seminary or high school. A slight modification would make the Prologue suitable for reproduction.

Some illustrations have been added to the text, but we have not been impressed by them.

THE LIVES OF THE POPE IN THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES.

By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. Vol. IV.—891-999. Vol. V.—999-1048. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3 per volume.

Our readers have been long familiar with the plan and general character of Father Mann's work on the history of the Popes. Volumes IV. and V., which have now appeared, bring the story down as far as the middle of the eleventh century. "The Popes in the Days of Feudal Anarchy" is the title of these two volumes, for they cover that dramatic period which for many reasons enjoys so terrible a pre-eminence in the annals of blood and scandal.

In a certain sense, therefore, these are the most important contributions that Father Mann has to make to the history of the popes. Every "school-boy" is familiar with curdling tales and damning generalizations that are commonly drawn from the records of the iron age of the papacy. The trial of dead Formosus, the loves and ambitions of the House of Theophylact, the murders and simonies, the intrigues and adulteries and rebellions, the three-sided quarrels of Greek and Saracen and Roman, the civil strife and fratricides; the contest of German and Provençal and North Italian and Tusculan patrician for the same fair spoil, the treachery, the lust, the savage cruelty reigning in high and sacred places—these make a long chapter of ecclesiastical annals never to be forgotten while there lives a controversialist to gloat over chronicles of sin and shame. Because of our indifference we too often abandon to their fate these victims of traditional condemnation. We leave them to be sentenced by unjust judges, without even the pretence of a trial or hearing. We surely ought carefully to consider the other side: to hear whatever is alleged in their defense and to examine how far the disqualification of prejudice may be urged

against their accusers. Old Liutprand of Cremona, for example, would get far less credence for his tales of scandal if we had ready on the tip of pen or tongue a critical estimate of his reliability.

Father Mann's work is not monumental and not final; but it is careful and conscientious, and it possesses splendid utility. It says the best that can be said of the darkest figures in the darkest scenes of church history, and it will be henceforward an indispensable aid to the case for the defense, when the tenth and eleventh century popes are summoned to the bar of history.

KNIGHTHOOD IN GERM AND FLOWER. By Professor John Harrington Cox. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Twenty-five years ago our children were regaled with the colorless pietism of "Elsie Book" literature; to-day they are familiar with Arthur, and Siegfried, and Bayard—and all the nature lore of wood and field is theirs for the asking. This changed aspect of juvenile reading-matter, fruit of much large wisdom and much patient scholarship, is one of the hopeful signs of the times. The book before us is a worthy addition to the new order. It brings together two representative tales: the great Anglo-Saxon epic of Beowulf, and the fascinating medieval romance of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. The volume, which will delight hero-worshipping childhood in all ways (save, perhaps, in its title!) deserves a warm and wide recognition.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. By Mary Agatha Gray. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

This book is exactly what it professes to be—"a story of humble life by the sea." It chooses as its scene a little Catholic fishing village on the east coast of England, and smugglers' caves, always exciting and mysterious since publishers lost their night's sleep to finish *Guy Mannering*, form its darkly effective background. The style is not above criticism, and the author makes reckless use of the historical present. The story is readable and very human.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ELEANOR CUYLER. By Kingsland Crosby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20 net.

In the glaring sunlight of a July day, and near one of the

busiest corners on Broadway, the daughter of a great financial magnate disappears mysteriously, and the story of the ensuing search is told by Mr. Kingsland Crosby in *The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler*. The strangest point in the case is how the author ever contrived to spread over three hundred and forty pages the material which should have made one good magazine short story, with the careful hyphen of Mr. Brander Matthews. Are we returning to the days of seven-volumed *Clarissa Harlowe*?

STORY TELLING—WHAT TO TELL AND HOW TO TELL IT.

By Edna Lyman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 75 cents.

This is a book that will give much useful information concerning the value of reading or telling tales to children and of many books from which suitable tales may be taken. Its chapter on "The Responsibility of Society for What Children Read" is particularly thoughtful and praiseworthy. Yet with regard to this book, as with so many others that seek to direct us in the things of the mind, we must say that if, according to the author, reading should acquaint us with lofty truths and high ideals, then the book falls short, very short, of what we would look for in such a volume. Children should not be wearied with a burden of religious and moral instruction, and a story is a story; but there are great short stories that will give children substantial truth and abiding ideals, that will, in their own charming way, instruct while they entertain, and works of this sort are hardly included in the author's list.

THE MIDDLE AGE. By David Schaff. Vol. V. Part II. of *History of the Christian Church*, by Philip Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.25.

The book before us terminates a series of seven volumes on the history of the Christian Church, projected—and, except for the Middle Age, completed—by Dr. Philip Schaff. Dr. David Schaff, Professor of Church History in the Western Theological Seminary, has, we understand, devoted a considerable number of years to the preparation of this Fifth Volume. Divided in two sections, the second of which now appears, it contains much more than a thousand pages of text.

Covering so important a period of church history as the

fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, this volume calls for the very highest qualifications on the part of its author. Into a territory filled with such fierce and frequent disputes, no writer should enter unless equipped with scholarship so profound, impartiality so thorough, and accuracy so minute that readers will be enriched out of his fullness of knowledge and enlightened by his judicial discrimination. To this enviable distinction Dr. Schaff had not attained; and so this is a book he should not have attempted to write.

To adduce all the evidence for this verdict is not within our province. By way of illustration merely, we draw attention to the striking contrast between the ideal historian and the man who, without a reference, represents Thomas Aquinas as teaching that the souls in purgatory "belong to the jurisdiction of the Church on earth" (p. 758); who avers that in the sixteenth century "the popular mind did not stop to make the fine distinction between guilt and its punishment, and, if it had, would have been quite satisfied to be made free from the sufferings entailed by sin" (p. 759); who ventures the statement that John Gerson knew nothing of "the rights of conscience" (p. 217); who says the *Unam Sanctam* "pronounces all offering resistance to the pope's authority as Manicheans" (p. 20. The quoted text of the Bull shows quite another meaning); and who, in the endeavor to make a point against Boniface VIII., transforms the phrase *de necessitate salutis* into "an essential of salvation" (p. 28).

To the reader who looks into the pages referred to above, Dr. Schaff's unfitness to write scientific history will be apparent. That painstaking methods of work and scrupulous accuracy are not characteristic of him will be further evident from a scrutiny of his bibliographies, those, for example, which preface Chapters I. and III. If it were not too small a straw, one might more easily have gathered the same impression from the frequency with which Latin words are mishandled or misspelled (*e.g.*, p. 12 and p. 29).

THE SCOURGE. A Novel of the New South. By Warrington Dawson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Warrington Dawson, in this novel, pictures the devitalizing effect of a tradition incapable of development, self-recuperation, and adaptability to circumstance. This has exposed

the scarred South to "the scourge of money-seekers, who knew how to bleed but not how to staunch." In vain the reader seeks a ray of light to illumine the gloom—as Mr. Chesterton might say, Mr. Dawson draws with charcoal on a black-board. One might overlook the pedantry which places a little known Correggio in a remote Virginia town, had Mr. Dawson not impugned the culture of his readers by the blunder of attributing knowledge of the painting to a woman who died in the painter's infancy.

MARY MAGDALENE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20.

The prime difficulty in connection with this play is the acceptance of the liberties taken with biblical history. Mary Magdalene is represented as the woman taken before our Lord for Him to decide whether she should be stoned for her sin; Lazarus is the brother-in-law of Simon the Leper, Martha being married to the latter; the Sermon on the Mount is delivered in Simon the Leper's garden, in Bethania; and lastly—a supreme difficulty—the release or death of our Lord depends on the virtue or sin of Mary Magdalene, because of Christ being held under arrest by her Roman lover. If these misrepresentations be charitably forgotten, and we look at the drama itself, we find that it is one of great power.

In the first act, laid in the garden of an old Roman residing in Bethania, Mary Magdalene appears as an imperious, passionate woman; then the shouting of a multitude announces that Christ ("a sort of unwashed brigand," as Mary terms Him) is about to speak. From the adjoining garden of Simon come the words of the Sermon, and Mary suddenly determines to go down and look at the preacher. But at sight of her the populace cry out, and drive her away, and follow her with stones to kill her. A Voice is heard coming from the distance: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!"

The remaining history of the great penitent is hidden until the third scene of the third act, when Verus, her Roman lover, makes to her an offer which gives her the alternative of returning to her former life, or of allowing Christ to die a malefactor's death. This scene is worked out admirably; the language being sublime in places. Verus looks upon Mary's love

of Christ with the eyes and understanding of a pagan. She tries to make him understand that such love is unlike to any earthly love, but he fails to comprehend the difference. Then she turns to prayer, and the words Maeterlinck puts into her mouth are worth quoting:

"My God! My God! . . . I am nothing, I am defiled with every defilement: what matters this one which brings Thee life? . . . But am I in question? Is it not Thou alone Whom I defile to-day in defiling Thy salvation, Thou from whence the source of all purity and of every happiness and of every life will spring? . . . I no longer know where to thrust back my soul! . . . Nothing remains to me if I lose it; nothing remains to us if I save it! . . ." Her indecision ceases, her declaration comes decisively, when she cries to Verus: "I will be your slave, I will live at your feet, serve you on my knees for the rest of my days; but give me His life without destroying in my soul and throughout the earth that which is the very life of our new life!" There is no alternative; Verus is firm. But she also remains firm, and the curtain drops as Christ passes under the windows on His way to Pilate.

The play is a splendid piece of writing, but we very much fear that the liberties incorporated into it will militate against its success. One special feature to be commended is the reverent treatment of our Lord, Who never appears, but Whose voice is heard from afar. Neither is there a breath of the slightest indelicacy throughout, particular care being evidently taken over the choice of words in the scene between Mary and Verus. The ingratitude of those whom Christ benefited is well presented in the last act, where all desert Him.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND AFRICAN CHURCH DIVISIONS. By the Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, B.D. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

Though the author's aim was, no doubt, to present an account of St. Augustine's efforts to restore peace and unity to the African Church, this little volume is practically a history of Donatism. Fully one-third is given over to the early history and struggles of the Donatists, those puritanical schismatics who kept the Church in Roman Africa in constant turmoil during the entire period between two great persecutions at the

hands of two different sets of enemies, Roman and Vandal. Because of the variety of interests which were involved, the fierce passions which were aroused, and the greatness of some of the combatants, the subject offers much that is alluring to the literary historian; but the picturesque, in fact at times the really important side of the controversy seems to have escaped Mr. Simpson. The style is colorless and the narrative never rises above a dry presentation of bare fact. Even from this latter point of view the work is far from being satisfactory, as to some facts and incidents due prominence is not given. Thus, while the author is careful to state how Constantine decided to refrain from force in his dealings with the Donatists, not sufficient stress is laid on the futile efforts which he had already made, and which no doubt showed him the hopelessness of such a course.

Some few chapters are devoted to a summary of the Teaching of St. Augustine on the Church and on Toleration. The former is eminently inadequate and unsatisfactory. In the latter the author points out how St. Augustine, under the stress of conflict, changed his mind regarding coercive measures in matters of faith. But even though Augustine, as a result of his experience in the Donatist quarrel, did change his opinions regarding the propriety of using compulsion to bring about conversion, it is hardly just to say of him that: "he sounded the first notes of that long strain of intolerance of which the world has by no means heard the last even yet." To the principles regarding Toleration, as laid down by Augustine and as expounded by Bossuet, the author in his last chapter traces "the increase of zeal for the conversion of the Huguenots." This stepping-stone brings him to the present. He says: "It must be remembered that the method of coercion still forms part of the Roman Catholic principles."

The work contains nothing new. Frequently references are made merely to the author without mention of his works, which is a very unsatisfactory proceeding in an historical volume.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By Robert Herrick. New York: Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Strong food, indeed, and fitted only for strong minds is Robert Herrick's latest attack upon modern society. *A Life*

for a Life is deficient in plot, and, except for the hero, the characters are mere types, not individuals. And yet it is, in some respects, a great work, for it teaches well a great and needed lesson. Hugh Grant, a country lad who has gone to the city seeking opportunity, pauses upon the threshold of wealth, power, and the possession of the woman he loves, because he realizes the wickedness of the modern industrial system. Judged by the standards of "the men who do things," his life was a failure. Yet in those latter days, when the fiery grasp of cancer was burning into his vitals, he achieved what they had vainly sought—peace, that peace which the world cannot give. He reached the only knowledge worth having in this world, that science of the saints which the Church has so lovingly cherished. "Not in joy, not in the heart's desires," he realized, "lies life!" "Life lies chiefly within. . . . And as he lay there, at last calm and serene, he saw that the devious steps of his feet had led but to one great purpose—to fit him to die."

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, ACCORDING TO THE DOCTRINE AND SPIRIT OF ST. ALPHONSUS MARY DE LIGUORI. By Rev. Louis Brouchain, C.S.S.R. Translated and Edited by Rev. Ferreol Girardy, C.S.S.R. Two vols. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.

If one desires a manual of meditations full in matter and stimulating in spirit, he is likely to be content with a recent translation of the late Father Brouchain's French work.

It seems a large one, but on examination it is found to be so only because it is a complete devotional summary of our Redeemer's message to men: "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. v. 48). The whole life of man, as the Gospel would make it, is here reasoned out and fitted to the Church's round of praise and worship. The style is in most part sententious, and when it is more flowing, it is not verbose. Scripture references are abundant, and a doctrinal thread is plainly traced everywhere. This makes it a useful work for preparing instructions, whether public or private.

The devotionalism while fervent, is yet what may be called safe and sane without any risk of being jejune: the series of excellent meditations for the first Fridays of the whole year bearing abundant witness to this.

The author spent several years as a devoted Redemptorist missionary in the latter half of the last century, and then for the rest of his career was engaged in the higher offices of spiritual direction, such as novice master and confessor of religious communities. The fruit of a life thus spent, written leisurely and with patient revision, is found in these two volumes. Their popularity is shown by the constant succession of new editions in the original tongue.

The publishers have given us plain and sightly print and durable binding.

THE DEVIL'S PARABLES; AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Hannon. London: R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

This volume is made up of a dozen essays. They form a decidedly palatable mixture of the literary, the practical, and the philosophical, leavened by a good-sized pinch of sound theology, and spiced by a witty sarcasm that Dean Swift himself might envy. The author begins with the much-discussed purpose-novels, to which he gives the effective name, "Devil's Parables," and which he condemns in a straight line from Rabelais to the Modernists. Alas for the circulating libraries and the women's New Thought Clubs, if Mr. Hannon had his way! Elsewhere, but in the same line of thought, he thrusts mercilessly at the modern literature of vague, pseudo-religious meanerings, and quotes a comic opera bit to them:

"You must lie upon the daisies,
And discourse in novel phrases
Of your complicated state of mind.
The meaning doesn't matter,
If it's only idle chatter
Of a transcendental kind.
And every one will say,
As you walk your mystic way:

'If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for *me*,
Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young
man must be!'

The other essays in the volume are happily diversified. The subject of "gifts" is handed prettily and suggestively; a

fairly original point of view is offered regarding "The Coming Race"; and there is a very graceful essay on "Child-Poetry."

It must be admitted that Mr. Hannon is a bit inclined to be didactic. Lay sermons masquerade easily as essays. He redeems himself, however, by flashes of Celtic wit, and we only wish he would let it flash oftener. He does not seem to realize that he is frequently at his best when at his lightest.

Of the art of quoting Mr. Hannon is past master. He does not use quotations as controversial bullets, nor does he drag them in for display. They enter gracefully, and among his own thoughts we greet them as old friends in a new assembly. And Mr. Hannon need never be afraid—as at times he seems to be—to give full, generous credit to the non-Catholics who have happily voiced God's truth. His thought is always intensely, energetically Catholic; that he quotes from those outside the Church cannot mar it in the least. Such testimony proves that they who have not its fullness must at times recognize the light.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. VIII. Infam.-Lapp.
Vol. IX. Lapr.-Mass. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

The eighth volume of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, ranging alphabetically from "Infamy" to "Lapparent," and the ninth from "Laprade" to "Mass Liturgical," clearly illustrate the editors' aim "to give its readers full and authoritative information on the entire cycle of Catholic interests, action, and doctrine." In these volumes, it seems, nearly every department that falls within the scope of the encyclopedia is fully and varicously represented, Scriptural and historical articles being especially conspicuous. Two well-written, general articles on Scripture are "Biblical Introduction," by Francis E. Gigot, and "Inspiration of the Bible," by Alfred Durand, S.J. These are followed by many special articles on various Scriptural subjects. Deserving of special mention are the articles on "Isaias," by Charles L. Souvay, C.M., and "Gospel of St. John," by Leopold Fonck, S.J., which, while conservative in tone, measure up to the best standards of modern scholarship.

A feature of the eighth volume is the series of articles on "Ireland" and the "Irish." E. A. d'Alton deals with the history of the country, and Douglas Hyde with its literature,

while other able writers tell us the story of the Irish in the United States, Australia, Canada, Great Britain, South Africa, and South America. Luigi Tacchi Venturi contributes a lengthy and competent article on "Italy"; "Italian Literature" is expertly handled by Edmund Gardner, and John de Ville gives an interesting account of the "Italians in the United States." "Japan" is fully treated in an article by Justin Balette, of Tokyo, with a section on "Christianity in Japan," by François Ligneul, also of Tokyo. The history of "Jerusalem" receives exhaustive treatment at the hands of Barnabas Meistermann, O.S.F., Adrian Fortescue, and Louis Bréhier. Joseph Blötzer, in a twelve-page article on the "Inquisition," explains the principles of that institution, and sets forth the historical facts connected with it, acknowledging abuses wherever they existed and condemning the many exaggerations prompted by anti-Catholic sentiment.

By far the most important article of the ninth volume is that on "Martin Luther," by Dr. Henry G. Ganss, than whom no better authority could be obtained. The author, however, does not force his own views upon the reader; he collects his data from the works of impartial writers, mainly non-Catholics, and leaves the reader to his own conclusions. The article on "The Gospel of St. Luke," by Professor Cornelius Aherne, is one of the best Scriptural articles which has so far appeared in the *Encyclopedia*. Dr. Joseph MacRory treats the Gospel of St. Mark in his usual, lucid style, and gives, in the preceding article, an interesting and informing account of the Evangelist's life.

The foregoing, chosen from articles on Scriptural and historical subjects, are only fair specimens of what may be found in every department of ecclesiastical science.

Again the illustrations call for special comment, especially the colored plate reproductions of Raphael's "Julius II." and Ghirlandajo's "Adoration of the Shepherds," and the full page entitled "The Head of Christ in Art," showing twenty different representations of the head of Christ.

THE WHISTLER BOOK. By Sadakichi Hartmann. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.50.

A new work on Whistler gives us the important details of his life, a brief sketch of the outstanding features of his char-

acter, and a careful study of his work. Rightly and happily it is the work and not the man to which attention is chiefly directed. The writer interprets the artist for us; tells us what he aimed at; points out differences between him and his fellow-artists; brings out clearly the peculiarities and excellences of his style—and thus enables us to be intelligent if not enthusiastic students of his genius. While admiration is the predominant note of the present study, it is tempered by an occasional and thoughtful criticism. There is an excellent bibliography, including magazine articles concerning the artist, and a list of his paintings and sketches. The value of the book is greatly increased by its numerous fine illustrations of Whistler's work.

VOICES FROM ERIN, by Denis A. McCarthy, is a new and enlarged edition of Mr. McCarthy's verses. It is good to find so much grace, simplicity, and sincerity as, for instance, in the Christmas lyrics of this popular songster. He will charm and cheer many hearts by his spirited yet unassuming verses. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.

ST. TERESA OF SPAIN is written by Helen Hester Collivill, who is a non-Catholic; but her book is reverent and its author evidently admires phases of sanctity which she confesses herself utterly unable to understand. Hence she has often contented herself with picturing the extraordinary and beautiful incidents in the life of the saint without attempting to explain. Her work will present to many a non-Catholic, in an attractive way, the great Teresa; and perhaps the same non-Catholic will later turn to Teresa's own accounts of her inner life and of her toilsome, fascinating work of Foundations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

CONSIDERING the amount of worthless stuff that is offered to-day for the so-called instruction and guidance of young boys and girls, one cannot but commend *Mother and Daughter*, by Mrs. Burton Chance. This small book is evidently written with a sincere heart. It has a wholesome tone throughout, and makes an earnest appeal to young girls to build up their characters; look seriously upon life; cultivate spiritual ideals; and not waste their days in dress, in idleness, and in selfishness. In its measure it is good and praiseworthy. Yet when

looked at according to that measure which alone can satisfactorily build up human character to humanity's highest ideals, we must say that it falls short. The positive teachings of Jesus Christ, a *supernatural* life with Him through His Sacraments—these are absolutely necessary if one is to understand and reach out for the Christian inheritance, which is essentially not of this world but of another. The young may understand these things as well as the old. In truth, as Mrs. Chance so wisely puts it, unless they understand them when young, they will never understand them at all. But there is much in Mrs. Chance's book well worthy of praise; and that praise we gladly extend. New York: The Century Company. \$1.

THIS treatise on the existence of God (*Dieu: Son Existence et sa Nature*, par l'Abbé Broussolle. Paris: 1911), is one of a series of volumes on religious instruction. The author insists in two places (pp. 15, 83) that he does not intend it for unbelievers. This is well. For we have not any hesitation in saying that to such persons it would do more harm than good. Not that l'Abbé Broussolle is unorthodox. But he fails in a great essential for making theology attractive: he lacks method. The plan of the work is good, but the manner in which it is worked out is far from being so. A superabundance of foot-notes is continually drawing the attention away from the text. This would not be objectionable if the notes were of any use, but as two-thirds of them could be cut out and never missed, and the remaining third incorporated into the text with beneficial results, they prove only a source of distraction. On an average page we find about eighty words of text for the lessons, and about three hundred and forty words in foot-notes! After each of the lessons that make up the treatise come *Lectures*, which are decidedly the best portions of the work. Although we have made these strictures we can recommend the book to those who desire to have at hand a treatise to which reference can be made easily. The two Indexes will be helpful for such use.

On the title-page the publisher takes time by the forelock: he dates the book 1911.

THE private life of Talleyrand (*La Vie Privée de Talleyrand*, par Bernard de Lacombe, 1 vol. Paris: Plon Nourrit et Cie), is an intimate study of the illustrious diplomat. M. de

Lacombe's first work on Talleyrand has been justly recognized by the Academy and, thanks to the present copious volume, certain points hitherto obscure are now elucidated in a definite manner. The author unhesitatingly treats, however, the subject of Talleyrand's marriage as a fact, while many other excellent French writers deny it. As regards the edifying death of the author of the Concordat, the eminent historian seems to accept the authorized opinion of the Duchess of Dino and Mgr. Dupanloup, whose papers he has largely utilized. He does not believe that Talleyrand, in his last moments, wished to play the diplomatist with God, and adduces a series of very convincing reasons for his belief.

ONE of a series of six small volumes addressed to pious souls is *La Sainte Vierge*, par l'Abbé P. Ferge. Paris: Pierre Tequi, each containing thirty meditations. Simple in style and practical in method, the work breathes the spirit of St. Francis of Sales, each meditation concluding usually with a direct quotation from the amiable director of souls in form of a spiritual bouquet. The beautiful thoughts of other great saints are happily dispersed throughout, so that the book cannot fail by its unction and solid doctrine to impart an increase of love and devotion towards Mary.

LOUIS XVI., *Etude Historique*, par Marius Sepet. Paris: P. Tequi, is an historic study of the character and government of the last king of ancient France, and is neither a panegyric nor an elegy. The reign of Louis XVI. is a striking epoch of history, and his life one of the most interesting and singular examples of human destiny. This study may be considered independent in itself and sufficient in its sphere, but it is also connected with the preceding works of the author on the Revolution, which it completes and with which it forms a picture not inexact of the fall of ancient France.

AN advanced literary notice that will be of interest to our readers is the announcement from Houghton Mifflin Company that they will publish in the early spring a memoir of the late John La Farge, with a study of his work. The book will be written by Mr. Cortissoz, a prominent art critic and friend of Mr. La Farge. We hope to give our readers an extended notice of the work when it appears.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (12 Nov.): "The Ascent of Mount Wilson," in which Rev. A. L. Cortie, S.J., tells of his trip across the American Continent and of the meeting, at the Mount Wilson Observatory, of the International Union for Co-operation in Solar Research.—"The New Mode in Music." The revolution in the musical world which has been brought about by the invention of the pianola.

(19 Nov.): Queenstown gave Mr. John Redmond an enthusiastic welcome when he landed from his mission to America. He and Mr. T. P. O'Connor had been successful in collecting some \$200,000 for the funds of the Nationalist Party.—An interpretation, by the S. Consistorial Congregation, of the new rule dealing with the reading of newspapers, reviews, etc., in ecclesiastical summaries and houses of study. It is not intended to stop the reading of certain Catholic magazines and those needed by students in their work.—A correspondent writing to the *London Times* urges the necessity of "rest cures for the poor," particularly for those suffering from nervous breakdown.

(26 Nov.): "Bilingual Schools in Ontario," by Francis W. Grey. How the racial difficulties existing between the Irish and French Catholics affect the Catholic school system, and may eventually jeopardize the faith of the children committed to the Church's care.—In France the Law of Separation and its *Associations Cultuelles* are having a discouraging effect on the Protestant Reformed churches. A lack of financial support and the dwindling number of candidates for the ministry are the two chief undesirable results.

(3 Dec.): According to the Lisbon correspondent of the *London Times* one of the next decrees issued by the new Government in Portugal will be that of separation of Church and State.—Recent deaths in the Sacred College have reduced the number of Cardinals to fifty-one.

Expository Times (Nov.): In "The Witness of the Four Gospels to the Doctrine of a Future State," the Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D., contends that the language setting forth that doctrine is highly metaphorical. He urges the "abandonment of the frightful dogma of unending ago-

ny."—The Rev. R. Martin Pope, M.A., contributes an article entitled, "Studies in Pauline Vocabulary."—And the Rev. W. W. Holdsworth writes on "The Life of Faith."

(Dec.): Notes on Sir Oliver Lodge's new book, *Reason and Belief*. He is said to teach a theory of pre-existence, though not transmigration or re-incarnation.—

Rev. Kirsopp Lake reviews Harnack's *Problem of the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians*. Harnack concludes that St. Paul is the author, but that he wrote to different persons than in the First Epistle.

The National Review (Dec.): Episodes of the Month deals at length, and somewhat bitterly, with serious charges against Mr. Redmond and his Home Rule policy.—"Lord Kitchener and Imperial Defence," pictures a wretched state of inefficiency of the British Army and Navy.—"Tariff Reform and the Cotton Trade" is treated by A. B. Law.—Reminiscences of Paris in other days are given under the title "Paris qui Parss."—A Maurice Low writes as usual of American affairs, treating of the recent elections and Mr. Roosevelt's defeat.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Nov.): "Irish Honesty," by M. O'Byrne. The young people of Ireland are urged to preserve, as a national virtue, the heritage of honesty handed down by their forefathers. Some special temptations to dishonesty are set forth.—"Fragment from 'Leabhar Breac'"—an anonymous tract on clerical duties. It is pointed out that a remarkable likeness exists between this list and the list in the rule of St. Benedict, Chapter IV. of *Instrumenta Honorum Operum*.—"Some Irish Ecclesiastics at the Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, Paris, A. D. 1735-1791." The list of names, and the facts connected with them, have been taken from two registers preserved in the National Archives, Paris.

The New Ireland Review (Nov.): Francis W. Bernard gives a thrilling account of "The Captivity of Cervantes," full of local color and the indomitable spirit of this truly great man.—In a subtle and sympathetic analysis of "The Novels of James Lane Allen," Ethel Goddard Davidson pays tribute to his "garnered wisdom and reflection," deep insight into the human heart, and exquisite word-painting. In his women he excels: "unique in excel-

lence"; "unique in faultiness"; "they are, every one, women"; and by "high ethical and spiritual considerations" Mr. Allen rises above the weaker writers' treatment of the primal facts of sex, birth, mating, and death. The critic protests, however, against a morbid tendency in Mr. Allen's later work, lest it divert his crystal waters into the stream of modern "turgid fiction."—Two articles of national interest present, respectively, a basis for the further "Industrial Revival" of Ireland, and a plea for an Irish School of Art, born of national inspiration.—Enri M. S. O'Hanluain, in a concise exposition of the history of "Constitutional Agitation in Ireland," claims the "Language Movement" will secure educational freedom as the crowning sequence to the religious and economic freedom already attained.—Rev. E. Boyd Barrett examines the claims of "Thought-Reading and Telepathy" to be ranked as a science, from the viewpoint of Metaphysics, Physiology, and Experimental Psychology. While admitting its claim to likelihood, he demands more facts and formulated hypotheses capable of verification.

Le Correspondant (15 Nov): "Tolstoy," by Eugene Tavernier, gives a *résumé* of the life and writings of Count Leo Tolstoy.—"Buenos Ayres in 1910," by Henri Cordier, sums up the history of the one hundred years of Argentine as a republic, with a description of the capital as a model twentieth-century city.—"The Causes of General Discontent," by Henry Moysset, is the third article on the subject.—"The Public Spirit in Germany," by the same writer, in which he discusses the prevailing conditions in the social, industrial, and political world in Germany of to-day.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): "From St. Bonaventure to Duns Scotus." R. Desbuts begins a series of three articles upon the methods employed by St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus respectively, in proving the existence of God.—H. Velassère, on "Moral and Sociology," concludes the latter science to be "a precious auxiliary" of the former, indicating at once the limitations of, and new obligations involved in, the moral code.—In "The Psychology of W. James," L. Laberthonnière says he knows

not how to reconcile with his own experience James' theories of knowledge and belief.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Nov.): Writing of the "History of Religions," P. Dhorme, O.P., treats of "The Semites" (exclusive of the Hebrews and Arabians).—S. Cl. Fillion, in "The Fight for the Existence of Christ," criticises the theories of M. Arthur Drews and other German Liberals, which state that not only Christian dogma, but even the historical basis of Christianity rests upon the fortuitous combination of Pagan and Jewish Myths.—J. Rivière reviews the following recent works: *On the Stability and Progress of Dogma*, by Father Alexis M. Lepicier, O.S.M.; *The Origin and Development of the Government and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries*, by A. Harnack; *Syrian Monophysitism*, by Joseph Lebon. M. Harnack's conclusions show a remarkable approximation to those of modern Catholic scholars. The results of M. Lebon's researches seem to indicate that the current ideas of Monophysitism exaggerate its heretical character, which was really a mere question of words.

(1 Dec.): A. Sicard writes of the "Revolutionary Ideal of Charity." He shows the change during the French Revolution in the idea of care for the poor, from the old idea that they were to be relieved by the charity of others, to the idea that the State owed them subsistence as a debt of justice; the consequence of the change was a spoliation of all the ancient patrimony of charity.—A. Delplanque discusses a recent critical edition of the *Correspondence of Bossuet*, published by MM. Ch. Urbain and E. Levesque in their collection of the Great Writers of France.—E. Vacandard reviews the following recent works: *The Church and the World in Idea and in History*, a volume of "Bampton Lectures," by Walter Hochouse; *Magic and Witchcraft in France*, by De Cauzona; *The Church and Witchcraft*, by E. Nourry; *General History of the Church, the Renaissance, and the Reformation*, by Fernand Mourret.—"The Statue of Jules Ferry" is an extract from an article by A. de Mun in the *Gaulois*.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique, (1 Nov.): "The Supreme Conversion of Pascal," considers his relation to Jansenism

and the Papacy. The discovery of the *Memoirs* of P. Buerrier, has suggested a new question: Did Pascal recant two years before his death? H. Petitot, the writer of the present article, thinks it probable that he did not. —“The Agreement of Faith and Reason on the Most Holy Trinity,” by L. Labauch. The agreement is based upon the following principles: The authority upon which faith rests; that this mystery is not contrary to the principle of reason, nor of truths rightly acquired; that by analogous reasoning we can make the mystery clearer.

Revue Bénédictine (Oct.): D. J. Chapman criticises Professor Hugo Koch's views on St. Cyprian. The latter, following the Anglican tradition, is said to insist on the saint's opposition to St. Stephen, to the neglect of his main doctrine, the unity of the Church. His mistaken independence, thinks Dom Chapman, was not the expression of a carefully weighed theory, but the error of a practical man on a point which he thought to be not of faith. —D. U. Berlière describes the futile efforts made after the Council of Trent to unite into one congregation the four Benedictine abbeys of the diocese of Liège. The purpose was to preserve them from the excessive power of the abbots and to prevent relaxed discipline. The bishops, however, opposed the idea of congregations and some monks feared the reformed rule.

La Scuola Cattolica (Nov.): “Juvenile Delinquency.” A. Augusto uses the term “army” to express the number of youthful delinquents in Italy at the present day. The remedies he proposes are: the inculcation of a greater religious sentiment in the individual, the family, and society; the infliction of severe punishments on parents who wilfully neglect the education of their children; the limitation of the liberty of the press; etc. —A. San Felice translates two Assyro-Babylonian prayers, one to Marduk, the other to Gibil, the god of fire; these are properly liturgical prayers.

La Civiltà Cattolica (5 Nov.): “Religion and Public Morals.” Having in mind the fact that the Italian authorities are aiming at the exclusion of every vestige of religion from the schools, the writer insists upon the necessity of religious instruction as the basis of morality. —“The Chronology of the New Testament,” by L. Murillo,

S.J., of the Biblical Institute. The relations of the chronology of the Gospels with universal history, and the extent of our Lord's life, and especially of His public life, are the main topics of this paper.—“*The Giornale d'Italia* on the Jesuits.” The assertion of this periodical, that “the Jesuits are more powerful than ever: they are the rulers of the Catholic Church; they are the very Church itself,” is indignantly denied as “unworthy of a religious order, whose glory is to obey and not to rule.”—“The Churches of the Ancient Jesuits in Germany,” is a review of a work by J. Braun, S.J. (19 Nov.): “The Portuguese Revolution.” The new Republican government of Portugal is characterized as tyrannous.—“Strikes and Right Reason.” “When strikes are contrary to right reason, they should be denounced; but when conformable to it, they ought not to be condemned.” This is the theme of the article.

La Ciencia Tomista (Nov.-Dec.): Father Alberto Colunga, O.P., writes on “The Senses of Scripture and the Laws of Hermeneutics.” Historical, allegorical, tropological, and anagogical senses are distinguished. Special attention is given to the former, which is defined as “the meaning corresponding to the letter of the text.”

España y América (1 Nov.): Gives the Latin and Spanish text of the Encyclical on Modernism.—P. E. Negrete, writing on “Modernistic Literature,” quotes certain passages from a letter of the Pope to Gaspar Decurtin, of the University of Fribourg, pointing out the dangerous influence of the modern novel.—“China and the Russo-Japanese Treaty,” by P. G. Castrillo. The author thinks that China is doomed to dismemberment.

(15 Nov.): P. T. Belloso describes “The National Exposition of Fine Arts” in Madrid. The work of López Mezquita, Muñoz Degrain, Bermejo, and others is mentioned.—P. H. Monjas writes on the present relations between “Spain and Chile.” He attributes the good feeling now existing largely to the religious orders.—“The Law of the ‘Padlock,’” according to P. A. Blanco, was cleverly engineered through the Senate by Canalejas, and does not really express the wishes of the Spanish people. This law prohibits for two years the formation of religious orders in Spain without governmental permission.

Recent Events.

Germany.

The speeches of the Emperor are almost the only thing to which reference need be made. At a private visit made to the Benedictine Abbey of Beuron, his Imperial Majesty declared that from the beginning of his reign it had been a particular pleasure to support the Benedictines in their efforts. His reason for so doing was that wherever they had been at work they had not only striven to maintain and strengthen religion but had also distinguished themselves in the province of Church music, of art, and of science. He called upon them to support him in his efforts to maintain religion for the people. "This is all the more important," his Majesty declared, "since the twentieth century has let loose ideas, the struggle against which can only successfully be carried through with the help of religion and the support of heaven. This is my firm conviction. The crown that I wear can warrant earthly success only if it founds itself in the Word and Person of the Lord. . . . The governments of Christian Princes can only be carried on in the sense of the Lord's teaching. . . . They must help to strengthen the religious sense which is inborn in the Germanic race, and to increase the reverence for Altar and Throne, for these belong one to the other and may not be separated."

On a subsequent occasion he made a declaration which, so at least outsiders will think, was even more surprising. Speaking to the naval cadets, he said that the nation that had the smallest consumption of alcohol would be pre-eminent in arms. He urged them to avoid its use and ensigns were recommended to become 'total abstainers and to become members of the Order of Good Templars. Religion must be the basis of life. It is spiritual forces that win the victory, and not the least of these is the strength of souls, which springs from belief in God.

These speeches, especially the one delivered at Königsburg, to which reference was made last month, and the Beuron speech called forth a good deal of criticism, and formed the subject of one of the earliest debates after the opening of the Reichstag. The result was a discomfiture of the Emperor's critics. His Majesty seems to have recovered the regard

which the rash utterances of a few years imperilled, and has resumed that position of independence of which his promise to Prince Bülow had deprived him.

But expenses are growing greater and fresh taxation is unavoidable. The men in the army are to be increased, and a further addition is to be made to the navy. The annual deficit requires the usual loan. The march of Europe towards bankruptcy goes on apace.

France. The re-arranged Cabinet of M. Briand was assailed a day or two

after its formation, and when the question of confidence came to the vote the numbers who supported it were so few in comparison with those who had approved the former Cabinet that a call was made for its resignation. This, however, was merely a political cry of hatred, for the supporters are numerous enough, so long as they hold together, to assure the carrying out of M. Briand's programme. On October 30 the majorities in favor of M. Briand ranged from 146 to 294, while on the 10th of November the majority fell to 87. Extremes met in opposition, the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left. Although it cannot be said that in this case *in medio stat virtus*, yet it approximately applies. For M. Briand has adopted the policy of *l'apaisement*, which consists in the abandonment of the petty persecution which for so long a time was practised, and which consisted in the private denunciation of persons suspected of Clericalism or Royalism in the Civil Service and the Army and Navy. This abandonment has not pleased Socialists, nor a considerable number of the Socialist Radicals. On the other hand, M. Briand will accept no support from the opponents of the established secular schools with which the State, he affirms, is identified. And so a part of his programme and of that of the new Ministry is to enact measures necessary for protecting the *école laïque*, and to develop instruction in the directions which the future of democracy demands.

Electoral, administrative, and judicial reforms are promised. The long-talked-of income tax bill, slumbering in the Senate, is to be passed into law. The first and chief measures of the new government, however, are those which the recent strike has shown to be necessary. The rights of labor are declared

to be inviolable, but violence is to be repressed. The right to strike in the case of private industries is to be limited by an enforced reference to arbitration, while in the public services, such as railways, strikes are to be made illegal under all circumstances, although means for settling the claims of the *employees* on those roads are to be provided. *Sabotage* of every kind is to be punished and the incitement to it. The carrying of these proposals into law will take a good deal of time and involve long discussion.

That the Republicans do not greatly love one another is made evident by the proceedings of the Rochette Commission. M. Rochette was a gentleman who had for many years been swindling the unwary members of the community. This had been well known, but it had been found impracticable to bring him to justice in the way in which French law required. M. Clemenceau's government found a means of putting an end to M. Rochette's career, and he is now in prison suffering for his misdeeds. The way in which M. Clemenceau acted did not please M. Jaurès and his brother Socialists, and they were able to persuade the Chamber to appoint a Commission of Inquiry. This Commission has afforded to France and the world the spectacle of the examination of the highest officers of State almost as if they were criminals. While these proceedings indicate how much importance is attached to the observance of the law, they seem calculated to bring the men who have served their country into discredit and disregard.

Russia.

The recent death of Count Tolstoy reveals to the outside world how small is the hold which the Orthodox Church has upon the people, and of how inefficient is the influence exerted by the State in support of religion, and this in a country in which Church and State are most closely united. Notwithstanding the excommunication which had been placed upon him, an excommunication from which he refused, a few hours before his death, to seek a release, and notwithstanding the consequent refusal of religious burial, on hearing the news of his death in the capital theatrical performances and lectures were in some cases suspended, and audiences stood up in sign of mourning, a subscription for a national memorial was at once inaugurated, while in the provinces the

newspapers appeared with black borders. The churches were the only places in which no notice was taken of an event which moved to its depths the vast majority of the inhabitants of the Empire. Not only the *Duma* but the Upper House adjourned as a mark of respect; the Tsar himself gave expression of his sorrow at the death of the great writer, the Premier paid a public tribute to the author of immortal productions of genius, while an immense assembly, made up chiefly of peasants, was present at the funeral, at which religious rites were forbidden. Throughout Russia the day was celebrated as a day of mourning, and this although both Church and State did all it officially could to set a ban upon one whom they denounced as "the rejected of God, the accursed mocker of Christ, and the shameless and insensate apostate." All these events indicate that a great cleavage exists between the governors and the governed, even in autocratic Russia.

Austria-Hungary.

Although self-government is not enjoyed to a very large extent by the inhabitants of the Dual Monarchy, yet they are not completely debarred from exercising control over their rulers. An account has to be given from time to time of the way in which the nation's affairs have been managed; and although no formal penalty is attached to misdoing, yet there is a loss of honor and reputation which is felt keenly even by the most self-centred autocrats. The delegations of Austria and of Hungary have, after an interval of two years, been holding their sessions in order to receive from the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, of the Army and Navy, and of Finance, reports of their conduct. Doubtless a certain trepidation was felt, especially by Count Aehrenthal, who in the interval has been responsible for bringing the country to the verge of war and for imposing upon a people, already over-weighted with taxation, a large additional burden. The military preparations rendered necessary by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina involved the expenditure of no less a sum than fifty millions of dollars, while for the assistance given to Austria during the crisis Germany, which never renders a service for nothing, has compelled her ally to enter upon the building of Dreadnoughts. The expenditure for those will be so great that the authorities have not ventured openly to lay

their demands before the representatives of the people, but have allowed a private firm of ship-builders to undertake the work of building two battle-ships, nominally at their own risk, but trusting to patriotic feeling to take over and pay for the vessels when built.

It is even said that Jewish bankers have incurred responsibility for payment, and the head of the firm has been honored in consequence by a visit from the Heir to the Throne. For a Court that would not receive from this country an Ambassador because his wife was a Jewess, it is something of a humiliation to be thus dependent upon so ill-treated a race. The two Dreadnoughts being built in this underhand way do not by any means satisfy the demands of the naval authorities. At least two more are to be laid down in the present year, with an undefined programme for the future.

Strange to say, the reason alleged for this immense increase is the relative weakness of the Austrian Navy in comparison with that of Italy, although Italy is a member of the Triple Alliance, and therefore an ally of Austria; and the Triple Alliance, it is constantly being asseverated, is as firm and strong as ever. But in military circles in Vienna, Italy is looked upon as the potential enemy, and in the columns of an influential paper an earnest appeal has recently been made to be ready for war with Italy on the ground of the offensive activity of that country.

A spokesman of the Slavs in the delegations—and however great may be the contempt of the German Austrian for these races they cannot be altogether neglected, forming as they do 60 per cent of the population—expressed the dissatisfaction of many of them at the loss of reputation entailed by the wanton violation of an international treaty at the moment when the tendency of civilized nations is towards arbitration and the development of international law. Count Aehrenthal vindicated himself by an appeal to his conscience, alleging that there had been no violation of any point of law. But in his opinion the chief thing was the end not the means. "We have success on our side"—these were the facts that spoke for his policy.

The morality of Count Aehrenthal's policy was called in question on another matter by one of the representatives of the Czechs. This was with reference to the famous Friedjung

forgeries, made in order to convict of forgery certain Servian subjects of the Dual monarchy. A Czech representative affirmed that they had been made at the Austro-Hungarian Legation at Belgrade and implied that Count Aehrenthal could not very well have been, or at least still be, ignorant of the fact. The reply made by Count Aehrenthal was so weak that no one was surprised when it was rumored that he had tendered his resignation. It did not prove to be true, for the Count is not at all thin-skinned. It is not with secular powers alone that he is in disfavor. Intercourse with the Nuncio has been discontinued during a considerable period, and at a meeting held at the Rathhaus, in Vienna, at which the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna and other prelates were present, it was declared that he was one of those Ministers and diplomatists whose knees tremble and bodies quake before those Powers that dispose of cannon and quick-firing guns, but who have no regard for a higher and far mightier Power.

It may, perhaps, be thought that too much attention has been paid to the present Foreign Minister. The fact, however, is that he is the personification of the new policy and activity of Austria-Hungary, which has transformed the Dual Monarchy from being a Conservative Power upon which reliance had been placed, into a power, the policy of which now excites misgiving and distrust. The anxiety increases when it is asserted that Count Aehrenthal is the mouthpiece and representative of the Heir to the Throne, and that in the new reign, which cannot be very far off, the uncontrolled and dominating spirit of the government will be of like character to that of the Count. This, however, is matter rather of guesswork than of knowledge.

The work of that form of Socialism which consists in the ownership by the State of what the individual has hitherto possessed is being realized in Austria, not by arguments and discussion, but by action, indirect, indeed, but effectual. Taxation for necessary expenditure absorbs as much as 50 per cent of the income of many. While in Vienna there has been carried out a very extensive municipalization of industries, for the City owns and manages not only the tramways, slaughterhouses, markets, and the furnishing of electric light and power, but also such businesses as the breweries, and funerals, and cemeteries. There is, too, a strong Christian Socialist move-

ment; its members, indeed, form the largest party in the Austrian Reichsrath. As has already been mentioned the authorities of the Church sanction by their presence meetings that are held under its auspices.

That a way is being found in which the aspirations for social improvement are reconciled with the Catholic principles of justice is a fact worthy of note, and attention may be called to a work recently published called *Une Capitale Chrétienne Sociale: Vienna*, par E. Boeglin, in which a full account of the work in Vienna is given. A somewhat pathetic event shows that in the Hungarian capital, Budapest, equal progress has not been made. Three hundred Hungarian workmen, evicted on account of the deplorable housing conditions that exist, and forced to spend the night in the open, sent a telegram to the British Premier asking him to furnish them with house and home: to act in their behalf in the same spirit in which he had acted when he sent a battle-ship to rescue the King of Portugal when he lost his house and home.

Turkey.

The situation in Turkey has somewhat improved, although it cannot be considered perfectly satisfactory.

The Cabinet, while nominally in control, is still in reality ruled by the Committee of Union and Progress, which acts behind the scenes, and therefore in an underhand and irresponsible manner totally at variance with all the principles of constitutional government. This Committee, however, is itself divided into Extreme and Moderate Parties, and within the last few weeks the influence of the Moderate Party has become greater. It was full time, for the proceedings of the Turks in Macedonia were of so barbarous a character, in the way in which they carried out the anti-brigandage law, that bands for self-defense were again being formed, and it seemed likely that a period of murderous outrages would be renewed, such as characterized for so long the Hamidian régime. This danger, however, seems to have been averted. The fact that martial law, under which the capital has been placed ever since April, 1909, is to be brought to an end within a few months, and that Passports are to be abolished, seems to show that something of the spirit and not the mere letter of a constitution has begun to animate its rulers.

A more moderate course of action towards Greece has been adopted. There was a time when it seemed that Turkey was bent upon making war, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the Greeks. A more conciliatory course was taken owing, it is believed, to the good offices of Austria. Cretan ardor for annexation to Greece cannot be restrained by the efforts of the four protecting Powers, combined with those of Greece itself and Turkey. The Assembly at its recent meeting took the oath of allegiance to King George. Turkey sent her protest to the Powers, who answered promptly, saying that it was not worth while to pay any attention to such foolish proceedings. Towards Persia Turkey has been for some time adopting a somewhat aggressive course, pushing forward her troops towards the East to take possession of what the Persians say is Persian territory. The advances of money which, after so much trouble, have been secured from Germany and Austria, after having been refused by France, may perhaps exercise a moderating effect upon Turkish counsels. But Great Britain and France cannot help a feeling of chagrin that their influence at Constantinople has become so much less than it was at the establishment of the new régime.

Greece.

The recent Elections in Greece by which the policy of M. Venezelos has been endorsed gives reason to hope that a settlement is impending of the many questions by which Greece has for so long been agitated. At one time the prospect was very dark. The members of the Assembly which had been elected for a revision of the Constitution were divided as to the very objects for which they were to work. Some were in favor of making themselves into a Constituent Assembly, and of proceeding thereupon to a fundamental reconstruction of the Constitution. Others, looking upon this as a breach of the conditions under which they had been elected, refused to concur.

To this fundamental difference as to their functions, personal jealousy added another. With general concurrence M. Venezelos had been called from Crete to become the Premier, in order to supersede the politicians whose work had resulted in ruin and had led to revolution. In Crete he had given

proofs of statesmanship, moderation, resource, firmness of purpose, and personal integrity. He had come to Greece untrammelled by party ties or compromising engagements. But almost immediately after his appointment as Premier the old politicians showed themselves at their worst, and refused, by abstention, to give to him a vote of confidence. M. Venezelos at once tendered his resignation, which the King refused to accept, and within a day or two afterwards the Revisionist Assembly was dissolved. The old party leaders denounced M. Venezelos as a dictator, and even denied the right of the Crown to dissolve the Revisionary Assembly. The opposition leaders proceeded to call a political strike. The elections were to be boycotted and no participation was to be taken in them. This appeal was made by M. Theotoki, M. Rallis, and M. Mavromichalis. But a better understanding of their duty seems to have animated the electors, for this appeal seems to have fallen upon deaf ears, and the new election has ratified the policy of M. Venezelos, upon whom alone, along with the King, rests the hope that something like a settlement will be made.

The programme of M. Venezelos is not confined to the revision of the Constitution, but embraces a reorganization of the methods of taxation, the present system pressing unduly on the poor. Indirect taxation is to be reduced and the income tax and succession duties adopted. An Agrarian question exists in Thessaly and in a somewhat acute form, for some of the landlords are Turks, whose rights are secured by Treaty, and the occupying tenants are calling eagerly for expropriation. Previous governments have treated this question with criminal negligence. M. Venezelos has promised to do all in his power to better conditions, but, as he felt unable to compel the expropriation of the landlords, his efforts were so little appreciated that an attempt was made to derail the train which was carrying him back to Athens.

The internal situation was aggravated by the attitude taken by Turkey. Indeed it seemed at one time that war was only a question of hours, Turkish troops were assembled on the frontier, and the press of Constantinople was heaping insults on Greece. The danger, however, seems to have been averted.

THE YEAR 1910—A RETROSPECT.

FRANCE.

The end of the year leaves M. Briand Premier as its beginning found him, but with a reconstituted Cabinet, and one in which he is, with the exception of M. Pichon, the only man of any great distinction. The characteristic feature of the year has been the outbreak of a strike which threatened to paralyze the commerce and industry of the nation and to leave it defenseless in case of foreign attack, of which almost every nation on the continent lives in constant dread. The first work of the new Cabinet is to pass measures to secure the country from the recurrence of such a danger, and when this has been done to proceed to the judicial, electoral, and administrative reforms which have been so long promised. The discontent of a more or less large number of workingmen with the conditions under which they labor is the great cause for anxiety as to the immediate future, and efforts are to be made, not merely to repress violent proceedings on their part, but also to remove all just cause for discontent. The bitterness of the workingmen, and their willingness to proceed to any extreme in order to secure their ends, are the chief things to dread for the new year, and manifest clearly how little the secular education which is now given by the State secures stability and peace.

The foreign relations of France remain almost unchanged. The alliance with Russia and the *entente* with Great Britain are as firm as ever. With Germany there has been no friction, the agreement concerning Morocco having been carried out by both parties both in the letter and the spirit. A certain coolness, however, exists between Austria-Hungary and France, due to the fact that the loan which Hungary wished raised in France could not be negotiated, the French not being willing to find funds which might be used against them, owing to the closeness of the alliance which now exists between Germany and the Dual Monarchy. Something of the same kind of estrangement has taken place between France and Turkey, and for the same reason, that France would not lend money to Turkey except upon conditions which Turkey thought too derogatory to its dignity.

GERMANY.

The end of the year finds the German Reichstag approaching the conclusion of its labors, and the spring of the new year will witness the election of a new house. A few changes of Ministers have taken place, but the same Chancellor still remains at the head of affairs, although he has failed to pass into law his Bill for the reform of the Prussian Franchise. The controlling influence in the Reichstag is the co-operation of the Conservatives and the Centre. In the country the Social Democrats are gaining in strength whenever by-elections take place. The Emperor has come to the front again—the idea which was entertained some two years ago, of confining his Majesty within strictly constitutional limits, having to all appearances been abandoned. The army as well as the navy is to be increased, and consequently the annual taxation and the permanent debt. There is no reason to think that any change has taken place in German plans to become a great sea-power. With Austria-Hungary the bonds have become closer, while over Turkey German influence has become greater, and is being extended, indeed, even to Persia. It cannot be said with certainty what are the relations with Russia, whether they are more or less cordial. What took place at the recent interview at Potsdam between the Kaiser and the Tsar remains shrouded in obscurity.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The chief event in the Dual Monarchy calling for mention is the defeat of the Independence Party at the Hungarian elections and the advent to power of the supporters of the dual system, as established in 1867. This is altogether pleasing to the aged Emperor-King, and has removed one of his chief anxieties. His German subjects rejoice in the close union with the German Empire which now exists, but to the Slavs, who form the majority of the Empire, this same union is a matter of supreme apprehension and dread. As with all the European powers, the raising of money is the supreme need of the hour, and this is more difficult in Austria than elsewhere, for the burden of taxation is already overwhelmingly large.

The Friedjung forgeries have given an unsavory taste to politics and have had the effect, along with the other circumstances attendant upon the annexation of the provinces, of causing a feeling of general distrust.

RUSSIA.

In Russia M. Stolypin remains in power, notwithstanding all the efforts which the Reactionaries have made to supplant him. The *Duma* seems to have become a permanent institution, and to be able to exercise some degree of control. The agrarian laws passed under its auspices are said to have had a very salutary effect upon the well-being of peasant life. Its action towards Finland has not been equally beneficent and the end has not yet been seen of the conflict which has begun. Great Britain and Russia have been co-operating fairly well in Persia, although anxiety is felt by some as to what the ultimate outcome may be. The projected railway to unite the Russian system with the Indian system by a road through Persia would, if carried, be a new link in the chain which is bringing the whole world into ever closer union.

ITALY.

The Sonnino Ministry, which, it was hoped, would inaugurate an era of honest purpose at least, if not of complete achievement, lasted no longer than five months, and gave way to a Cabinet, at the head of which was M. Luzzatti, a distinguished financier. Very little has been done to alleviate the economic evils which Rome itself, but especially the South of Italy, have had to suffer for so long a time. In Naples, for example, large numbers of the people have no means of getting cheap and wholesome food. Vast numbers are crammed to suffocation in "rookeries," for which they have to pay exorbitant rents. The neglect of their duty, which has characterized the more recent governments of United Italy, has been recently exposed by a member of the Senate in a pamphlet called *La Nostra Politica*. Signor Villari describes the squalid misery and horror of the Neapolitan slums, and accuses the successive governments of perpetuating the evils which they had inherited from the former *regime*, and of being as corrupt themselves as were those whom it was their duty to pun-

ish. In fact inefficiency, if not corruption, seems to be the note of most if not all of the agencies worked by modern Italy. With the exception of Finance, failure is found everywhere, both in State and Municipal authorities. This is especially true of the rulers of Rome, who have aroused by their ineptitude the criticism of the antiquarians and artists of all parts of the world; while the utterances of the Syndic, M. Nathan, have made him the laughing-stock of both continents, even of those who are no friends of the august authority whom he has attacked. The fact that he was elected for a second term, after he had broken every promise which he had made at his first election, because he was able to persuade the electors that his opponents were Clericals, although they were not, shows the character of the people who now live in Rome, and makes it evident that they have as good a government as they deserve.

Italy still remains a member of the Triple Alliance and if the utterances of officials are to be credited she is a contented and devoted member. But there are indications that this is rather what it is wished should be believed than a reliable statement of fact. Large numbers of Italians have no love for Austria, and Austrians know this. The frontier of the two countries is being fortified with all practicable energy.

This very brief survey ought to include a reference to the progress of the advance of constitutional government throughout the world, especially as the largest and the smallest of States have, in the course of the year, either adopted or taken important steps towards its adoption. On the one hand, the Prince of Monaco has conferred a Constitution upon his subjects, and they will no longer be under his absolute rule. Let us hope that they will not continue to tolerate the gambling den which has so long debased their land.

To the millions of China a Constitution was promised in 1905, but it was not to be carried into full effect for ten years. In the meantime steps were to be taken gradually for the realization of an Imperial Parliament. Provincial Assemblies and a National Assembly were to be called. These steps have been taken and the preparatory Assemblies are in working order. The surprising thing is that the desire manifested for

the full Parliament by the National Assembly was so strong, and the determination to have it so intense, that the Regent has been forced to promise that the Imperial Parliament shall be called within three years' time. It was said that the promise of a Parliament when first made was mere "bluff," but the Chinese have shown that they would not suffer this indignity. The financial chaos is the main reason that necessitates this change.

In Russia, Turkey, and Persia the experiments that are being made are being watched with mingled anxiety and hope. Peoples spoiled by long centuries of bad government cannot easily emerge, as they are not fitted for self-government. Their undue submission to autocracy has destroyed character.

Passing to the other end of the scale, it is worth referring to the fact that the governing authority in the Commonwealth of Australia is a Labor Ministry supported by a majority in both the Senate and the Lower House, and secure of power for some five years. In Great Britain itself the mainspring of the agitation against the House of Lords is not the mere desire of a change in the political institutions of the country, the real object is to remove the obstacle which stands in the way (as is thought) of the economic amelioration of the working classes. A further extension of old-age pensions, insurance against disability and sickness, are among the proposals to be carried out in the immediate future, while the good estate of the people at large, and not that of a favored few, is to be the dominant principle of government.

With Our Readers

THE attacks of the incredulous have given Christian Scientists much practice in answering difficult questions, but we think that even the shrewdest of their sophists will find it a task to tell just what happened at Chestnut Hill, Boston, on December 3. The Medical Examiner, who was called in after the event, answers the question bluntly enough, Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy died. The immediate cause of her death was probably pneumonia. It is not enough to answer that the Medical Examiner is a creature who is under "the illusions of mortal mind." After all, the prophetess is dead, and her followers, who, by the way, do not believe in matter, have buried her material remains. The main question to be answered is: Why did she die? If disease is only a fancy of the unenlightened, how did such an absurd notion ever enter into the mind of her who was the lamp of enlightenment for the world? Did that sublime intelligence create the spectre of pneumonia and succumb of fright at this wraith of its own fashioning? If so, in what hope can lesser minds abide that they can withstand the delusions of sickness and of death?

But it has been shown over and over again that argument is of little avail against the type of mind that takes to Christian Science. The death of their founder will be a shock to all, a blow to some. But we need not expect that it will rid the country at once of this freak religion. Not until death has claimed its full toll of the present generation of believers will it have passed into the history of perished errors. The zeal of fanaticism, the habits of years of credulousness, the cohesive power of property, will keep it alive for yet awhile. Its existence will not have been in vain, if its scourges will impress in even small degree on the Protestant mind the dangers of individual religious speculation. Such vagaries would be impossible if the religious consciousness were submissive, as Christ meant it to be, to an authority which is Catholic, that is, universal in time, and place, and experience.

THERE is ever a sweet reasonableness in the service of the saints and, paradoxical as it may seem, though over them hangs the ever present shadow of Calvary, they never lose that sense of gracious humor which lightens earth with something of the pleasant, peaceful joy of heaven. Take its reasonableness from the Christian revelation, and you fall into Manichæism; rob it of all laughter and human joy and you become a slave of Montanism or Puritanism.

So wonderfully does it reach from end to end, ordering all things sweetly, that it bears its own evidence of its divinity. As it

came from God Himself, as it was given from heights to which no man of himself could ever attain, so also in its interpretation, in its guidance for human kind, human history bears testimony to the truth that it needs an interpreter fortified by the divine gift of infallibility.

THE life and death of Lyof N. Tolstoy furnish striking evidence in support of this truth. Tolstoy was a man of evident sincerity; of unique ability; of tremendous power as a writer. His name and his books are known throughout the world, and are admired for their extraordinary artistic power. But Tolstoy was never content to be simply a story writer, never content to limit himself to the field in which he was undeniably well-qualified. From the first he gives evidences of the preacher, the teacher. And this conviction grows upon him until it possesses him entirely and he practically lays claim to a new gospel, or rather to the only true interpretation of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For he says he believes in Christ's teachings, and all that he lays down he claims to draw from those teachings.

He left the literary field. He became obsessed with his "message." He did not hesitate to pronounce dogmatically upon every fundamental question of life and death; upon questions philosophical, social, and religious. When he stepped beyond his province, when he entered that region where he should have listened instead of dictated, he showed himself illogical, inconsistent, self-contradictory—in a word, an absolute failure. As a doctrinaire he has received but little attention from the world. Were it not for the appealing art of his stories, his teachings would not have received even the little consideration that they have won. This is due to the fact that in his teachings he was by no means consistent; and in his life he was self-contradictory and almost ridiculous. At the end men pitied him; they did not, because they could not, admire him. He had robbed the Gospel of salvation of all reasonableness; had made it a mass of contradictions and inanities; he had shown himself absolutely devoid of the saving sense of humor that must savor even our sympathies if they are to be healthy and helpful. Like many would-be leaders in the "reform" of Christianity he took a few of the sayings of Christ, exaggerated them, perverted them to his own undoing, and made himself an unhappy slave of his own morbid, over-scrupulous consciousness. "Renunciation" was the keynote of his teaching, and in this, in itself a negative thing, Tolstoy sought to find life. His doctrine was negative; his practice was negative. Is it any wonder, then, that he should have shown himself more a disciple of the Nirvana of Buddha, than of the personal immortality to which we have been redeemed by Jesus Christ?

Is it any wonder that though he claimed to look up to the teachings of Christ, he should in his egoism and self-sufficiency deny practically the whole of the teachings of Jesus Christ, make himself at one time an opponent of celibacy under any aspect; at another its champion; and then again the apologist for the Mormons; that he should at times make salvation dependent upon this or that unimportant detail, and give himself to the new ethical craze of the hour? He protested as a leader against established religion and established government; showed himself the most dangerous of anarchists; preached freedom from obedience to any human authority; disputed constantly and bitterly with his wife and family. Finally, not knowing what to accept, what not to renounce, he grew disgusted with life even at its best and its fairest, and hurled his diatribes against the world that he found unutterably bad, yet which Christ found worthy enough to love even unto death, and to save unto eternity?

* * *

THE world is God's; yet we must not be of the world. We must take up our cross and follow Him. He that will not bear the cross can never attain. We must discipline the body. It is a Brother Ass, yet it is also the temple of the Holy Spirit. We must use the things of the world, yet as if they were loaned to us. We must love creatures, yet above creatures we must love God. Who will enable us to preserve the delicate balance? Who will guide us in the solution of this paradox? To be a slave of the material is to be lost; to look upon God's handiwork of nature as utterly bad is also to be lost. As a divine Light taught us the secret of life's philosophy, so also a divine Light is needed to illumine man's continuous voyage lest he suffer shipwreck upon the Scylla of the flesh or the Charybdis of Manichæism.

A MOST timely article, which it would do well for the editors of many of our secular and many also of our so-called "religious" journals to read—if they are within the zone of persuasion—appeared in the *Yale Review* of November, 1910. It is written by Luis Garcia Guijarro, and entitled "The Religious Question in Spain." The article is an excellent review of the events that have led up to the measures advocated by the Canalejas government. Speaking of anti-Clericalism the writer says:

Since clericalism does not exist in the political order, since there is in the governmental power nothing which savors of clericalism, those who enter that power with the promise to fight it, eventually either do nothing, because there is nothing to do, or have to give themselves over to a policy of extremely bitter war upon Catholicism, *which policy is the only anti-Clericalism really existing in Spain.*

The Socialist leader says of Canalejas' policy : "Je ne vois que du 'bluff'; beaucoup de bruit et tres peu de besogne."

IN the death of the late Michael Cudahy, of Chicago, the Catholic Church of the United States lost one of its most prominent and worthy laymen. The daily and weekly press gave extended accounts of his public life, of his rise in the mercantile world, and of how, against great odds, by his exceptional ability and insight, he achieved unusual business success.

We wish to add here our word of praise of his strong, sterling, Catholic character. In his private life he was always the sincere, devoted Catholic, and by his example edified others and impressed the worth of Catholic faith and practice upon all who knew him. He was a whole-souled Catholic; not one who believed that his obligation ended simply by an observance of those laws that are obligatory upon all the children of the Church; not one who interpreted in a small way the duty of supporting those great works that enable the Church to do her work; but a man of Catholic character and Catholic sympathy, interested, zealous, self-sacrificing. The work of the Church was his work also, and in overflowing measure the temporal blessings that God had granted him were used to promote that work. He gave abundantly, not only of his means, but also of his personal service. As his sympathy and interest as a friend were deep, strong, and abiding, so did he always possess and manifest a living, active interest in the Church and her welfare. He was a trustee of the Catholic University—an institution which he aided by large sums of money. In his adopted city he built a large Catholic college. He gave freely to the poor; his gifts to different Catholic institutions were many and generous. Because of his life his name will stand as that of a zealous, devoted Catholic; because of his good works it will be placed among the great benefactors of the Church in the United States.

IN a recent address delivered before the Federation of Catholic Societies at their recent Convention in New Orleans, his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, speaking on the question of Capital and Labor, said :

The Church, speaking directly to the poor and laboring classes, says: "Remember that you were created for a better and happier end than for merely earthly possessions and transitory enjoyment."

This happy end is connected with the zealous observance of your duties according to your state in life. Hence, perform fully and faithfully the works which have been freely and according to equity agreed upon; do not injure the property or outrage the person of your master. Abstain from every act of violence and injustice. It is upon these conditions that you will

be able to bear patiently the burden of your transitory life and assure for yourselves the everlasting treasures of heaven.

To the rich and the capitalist, she says: "Do not make of your gold and silver a mammon of iniquity. Pay just wages to your workmen; do no injury to their just savings by violence or fraud; do not expose them to corrupting seductions and scandals; do not impose upon them labor which is beyond their strength, or unsuitable for their age or sex. Succor the poor and the indigent. Be to them all an example of economy and honesty, and show yourself to them rather as a benevolent father than as a stern master. Remember that you all are alike brothers in the same great human family, and, as such, you must love and respect one another. Remember, also, that on the day of judgment a special account will be demanded of you by God Himself, and you shall be judged according to the manner in which you shall have observed these commandments."

I NTERESTING figures in the latest issue of the Bulletin of the New York Department of Labor are the following as to membership in Trade Unions.

United States and Canada, . . .	2,500,000 (estimated)
Germany,	2,447,578
Great Britain and Ireland, . . .	2,347,461
New York State,	407,226

For the first six months of 1910, the mean number of trade-union members reported as unemployed in New York was 19.2 per cent.

S EVERAL very significant events in the history of industrial relations are reported this month. One is the signing of the agreement which terminated the cloak-makers' strike of last summer, in which some 70,000 employees were concerned. The agreement establishes a permanent board of arbitration and a committee of grievances, and—which is noteworthy—sets up a Joint Board of Sanitary Control to establish standards which both manufacturers and Unions must maintain.

A decision rendered by Mr. Justice Goff in the Supreme Court (on an issue raised in the cloak-makers' strike above mentioned) held that a strike for a closed shop, under the given circumstances, constituted an illegal conspiracy to deprive other men of the opportunity to exercise their right to work.

The new New York law on workmen's compensation has undergone its first test and passed the ordeal triumphantly. In the Supreme Court in Erie County, Mr. Justice Pound sustained the constitutionality of the statute against the plea that it deprived the defendants (a Railway Company) of liberty and property without due process of law, denied equal protection of laws, and violated the right of trial by jury.

22 BLOMFIELD ROAD, LONDON, W., 4 November, 1910.

To the Editor of *The Catholic World*:

DEAR REV. SIR: My name being mentioned in Mr. O'Brien's letter, I take upon myself the burden of reply, for with just such a tissue of irrelevancies my father has already dealt in writing to the Ball Publishing Company. I can only repeat that as soon as my father was informed by Mr. O'Brien of the intended publication of Thompson's prose collected from old magazines, he wrote begging Mr. O'Brien to hold his hand. In the face of this request Mr. O'Brien proceeded with his publication, on the ground, he now says, that he had previously mentioned his intention to a lady of Buffalo, my sister-in-law, whom he had casually met in Boston. I need hardly say that her reference, in a letter to me, to the half-formulated ambitions of a stranger, did not seem to put my father under the obligation of tracing this gentleman who, he naturally supposed, would write directly to him, seeking an official sanction. He had my father's address and even sent him a printed essay on Thompson, which my father, after his manner of welcoming American admirers of Thompson, no doubt too generously praised *if* it contained the appreciation of Thompson's prose you have quoted to condemn. No hint was given of the purpose to which the essay was to be put; nor could my father guess that it was intended to preface any such volume as the one Mr. O'Brien still quaintly calls his "authorized" edition.

When Mr. O'Brien did at last communicate his plan to Thompson's literary executor, with what looks like a nicely calculated tardiness, the reply, although despatched immediately, was of no avail. Needless to say, my father's only concern, as Thompson's literary executor, is to make it clear that he gave no countenance to the issue of a volume that is not, in his opinion, fitly representative of Francis Thompson's prose, the more so as a volume of wider range, planned by Thompson himself, is about to be added to the authorized edition of his works. I am, dear Rev. Sir,

Yours sincerely,

EVERARD MEYNELL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Hints for Catechists on Instructing Converts. By Madame Cecilia. 75 cents net. *Our Lord's Last Will and Testament.* Thoughts on Foreign Missions. 55 cents net. *Feasts for the Faithful.* Translated from the Catechismo Maggiore by special permission of the Holy Sec. 30 cents net. *From Geneva to Rome via Canterbury.* By Viator. 45 cents net.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

The Fall of the Arctic Seas. By Deltus M. Edwards. \$2.50 net. *Jean Christophe, Dawn, Morning, Youth, Revolt.* By Romain Rolland. \$1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Romantic California. By Ernest Peixotto. \$2.50 net. *The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton.* By Allan McLane Hamilton. \$3.50 net.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & Co., New York:

State Socialism in New Zealand. By James Edward le Rossignol and William Downie Stewart. \$1.50 net.

SENTINEL PRESS, New York:

Calendar of the Blessed Sacrament for 1911. 25 cents.

M. H. WILTZUIS COMPANY, New York and Milwaukee:

Andros of Ephesus. A Tale of Early Christianity. By the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.25. *War on the White Plague.* By Rev. John Tschall. Paper, 60 cents net; cloth, \$1 net.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Home Life in Spain. By S. L. Bensusan. \$1.75 net. *Siena and Southern Tuscany.* By Edward Hutton. \$2 net. *The Life of Robert Browning.* By W. Hall Griffin. \$3.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:

A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Vols. I. and II. \$6 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Shelburne Essays. \$1.25 net.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast. By S. T. Woods. \$1.20 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Chippewa Music. By Frances Deansmore. *Antiquities of Central and Southeastern Missouri.* By Gerard Fawke.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:

Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. The Earthquake and the American Relief Work. By Maud Howe. \$3 net. *Heroes of California.* By George Wharton James. \$2 net.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:

Royal Palaces and Parks of France. By Frances Miltown. \$3. *Mary Ware in Texas.* By Annie Fellows Johnston. \$1.50. *Famous Scouts.* Including Trappers, Pioneers, and Soldiers of the Frontier. By Charles H. L. Johnston. \$1.50. *A Texas Blue Bonnet.* By Emilia Elliott. \$1.50.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston:

Florida Trails. By Winthrop Packard. \$3 net. *The Conservation of Water.* By John L. Mathews. \$2 net. *What Eight Million Women Want.* By Rheta Childe Dorr. \$2 net.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, Cambridge, Mass.:

A Guide to Reading in Social Ethics and Allied Subjects. By Teachers in Harvard University.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston:

Education in the United States Since the Civil War. By Charles F. Thwing. \$1.25 net.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago:

The Meaning of Social Science. By Albion W. Small. \$1.62.

SISTERS OF CHARITY, Mt. St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio:

Little Blossoms of Love, Kindness, and Obedience. By Sister Mary Agnes McCann. Vol. I.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, Columbus, Ohio:

Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the Seventh Annual Meeting, Detroit, Mich.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Young Christian Teacher Encouraged. By Brother Constantius. Second edition. \$1.25. *Old Christianity vs. New Paganism.* By Rev. Bernard J. Otten, S. J. 25 cents. *A Life's Ambition.* By M. S. Kelly. 35 cents net. *The Making of Jim O'Neill.* A Story of Seminary Life. By M. J. F. 35 cents net. *The Lectionary: Its Sources and History.* By Jules Bandot. \$1 net.

THE TORCH PRESS, Cedar Rapids, Ia.:

Forest and Town. Poems. By Alexander Nicolas de Menil. \$1.25 net.

AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:

Joseph Haydn: The Story of His Life. By the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C.S.C. \$1.25.

CHAPMAN & HALL, London:

The Mount of Vision. A Book of English Mystic Verse. Selected by Adeline Ashmore. Introduction by Alice Meynell. *The Small People.* A Little Book of Verse About Children for their Elders. Selected by Thomas Burke.

BURNS & OATES, London:

The Order of the Visitation. By Abbot Gasquet. 60 cents net.

HERBERT & DANIEL, London:

Martha Vine. Anonymous. 6s.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, London:

The Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries. By Adolf Harnack. 5s. net.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE., Paris:

Jésus Christ, Sa Vie, Son Temps. Par le Père Hippolyte Leroy, S. J. 3 frs. *L'Eglise et l'Enfant.* Par Jules Grivets, S. J. 0.50. *La Doctrine Morale de l'Évolution.* Par Emile Bumeteau. 1 fr. 25. *Dieu Existe.* Par Henry de Pully. 0.50.

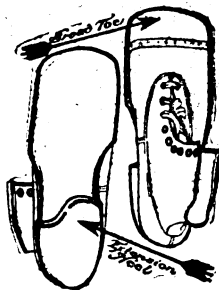
P. LETHIELLEUX ET CIE., Paris:

Exposition de la Morale Catholique. Par E. Janvier. 4 frs.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne, Australia:

The Superior Excellence of the Catholic Religion. By Rev. M. H. McNerney, O.P. One penny. *Roses and Rosaries; and Other Stories.* By Miriam Agatha. One penny.

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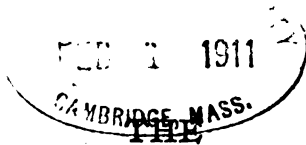
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PRIVATE PROPERTY AS IT IS.

BY WILLIAM KERBY, PH.D.

THE indiscriminate defence that is made of private property against those who so earnestly attack it leads many to undertake to protest too much against any invasion whatsoever of property as we know it. We even find that some who defend the theoretical right of private property persistently ignore the fact that the condition of millions practically refutes the argument proposed. There is something wrong when we argue that every man has a natural right to private property and at the same time, millions are actually hindered from having any except for daily consumption. It is well to distinguish between property in itself, its symbols and the mechanism which is developed in its processes. We should, in arguing for private property, take account of the social supplements to individual property supplied by the state and to that extent weakening the claims for individual ownership. Thus, for instance, if we argue that a man has a right to property in order to educate his children, this does not carry us very far since society supplies the schools practically *gratis* through which children may be educated, even in their religion. Again it is well to take account of the unearned increment in property, for surely a man's title to a piece of land in itself must be stronger than his right to the unearned increment in its value. We must take account also of the furious passion for property which probably leads many of us to fail to discriminate when we speak about it. Property has gone so far away from its

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VOL. XCII.—37

original function, it has taken on so many secondary and lamentable features that it is only with the greatest difficulty that we can speak accurately of it. While nature and nature's God placed certain inherent limitations on ownership, the ingenuity of men has succeeded in setting them aside.

Wheat, corn, meat, fruits are bulky. They are stored with difficulty, and each of them will in time decay. These features originally constituted a natural limitation for ownership, even when the genius of man devised methods of drying and preserving, thus conquering decay and conferring a species of immortality on the objects of human consumption. They may be easily stolen and consumed by others. Thus, a social danger was added to the constitution of things tending to check the passion for ownership. The genius of man overcame these obstacles by inventing imperishable symbols of either natural value such as metals or of legal value such as paper money. At any rate, there is neither decay nor forbidding bulk in money, in small quantities at least. When, then, a money symbol appears, many of the obstacles to ownership are set aside. In this manner men procure a general purchasing power for things rather than things themselves.

Yet on the whole, money is bulky and heavy. It is impersonal, inviting theft. The genius of man advances and devises simpler symbols for money itself. These are all forms of credit known generally as stocks, bonds, mortgages, certificates, etc., etc. They have practically no bulk whatever. They are usually registered in the name of the owner, and thereby legally sanctioned. One who cannot be identified as their owner, cannot ordinarily convert them into money. In this way practically all of the obstacles to the possession of things have been removed and the way has been opened for that passion to develop which has caused to be written the bloodiest pages in the history of the human race. Some who defend private property seem to merge these three stages of private property into an indiscriminate defence. In other words, the institutions in and through which property is organized seem to acquire in the minds of many, a degree of sacredness and permanent natural sanction equal to that of property in its natural form. Those, on the contrary, who attack private property insist with all of the cleverness of instinct and the zeal of conviction on making this distinction

and on carrying it through their entire propaganda. While we conservatives seem to argue in defence of private property as a means to an end, we usually refuse to go into the facts which would determine whether or not it is a satisfactory means to that end. It practically becomes an end in itself in our way of presenting it. The radicals, on the contrary, do take it as a means to an end and declare it unsatisfactory. They then propose their revolution together with what may be called equivalent rights by which the functions of property right are to be provided for.

All of these features and phases of private property bear directly on the controversy to which private property in these days gives occasion. But the most acute phase of that controversy turns on the relative importance of property and of human life in our civilization. Heretofore the idea of property had been constantly widened until every feature of its rights was elaborately protected, while the definition of human life has been held to such narrow proportions that life practically in its essential features has been unprotected in our institutions. Murders have been unpunished in the history of industry, homes have been robbed of their supporters, workers have been robbed of their health, and all of this with impunity, because of the narrow definition of life as the law aims to protect it. The controversies about property may be reduced to an endeavor to widen the definition of human life in such a manner as to meet the dangers to it peculiar to modern industry and social conditions.

In one section of our population there is found too little of private property and in another there is found too much. Those who possess property in what seems to be ideal measure are compelled to live in such fear of losing it and to take such precautions in defence of it, because of the ordinary risks of business, that much of the joy of it is lost. Relatively few in these days, are capable of managing their property intelligently, particularly if we have in mind industrial securities. Those who admit that they have sufficient property probably have too much. Many of those who claim that they have too little of property have sufficient. Some one has well said that being rich consists in the capacity to satisfy the imagination. If this is true, the miser is poor and the tramp is rich. If on the other hand, the poor are those who are striving to become

rich, poverty is much more widespread than statistics show. We are far away from the good definition of Ruskin who claimed that property consists in the good things that a man has honestly got and can skillfully use. The complaints that come regularly from centres of culture that the age is commercialized, that it is money-mad, have undoubtedly much warrant. A detailed study of the methods resorted to in support of religion and charity, which ought to be the dearest interests in any civilization, would furnish a sad enough commentary on the domination of property in the thoughts of men. One would think that Dickens was writing in our own day when he says sarcastically in *Our Mutual Friend*: "As is well known to the wise in their generation, traffic in Shares is the one thing to have to do with in this world. Have no antecedents, no established character, no cultivation, no ideas, no manners; have Shares. Have Shares enough to be on Boards of Direction in capital letters, oscillate on mysterious business between London and Paris, and be great. Where does he come from? Shares. Where is he going to? Shares. What are his tastes? Shares. Has he any principles? Shares. What squeezes him into Parliament? Shares. Perhaps he never of himself achieved success in anything, never originated anything, never produced anything! Sufficient answer to all: Shares. O mighty Shares! To set those blaring images so high, and to cause us smaller vermin, as under the influence of henbane or opium, to cry out night and day: 'Relieve us of our money, scatter it for us, buy us and sell us, ruin us, only we beseech ye take rank among the powers of the earth, and fatten on us!'"

Much in line with this is his remark in *Nicholas Nickleby* "Gold conjures up a mist about a man more destructive of all his old sense and lulling to his feelings than the fumes of alcohol."

In these latter days a philosophy is being developed in the interests of those who have too little property. Another is maintained in the interests of those who have too much. Still another is arising in the interests of those who have sufficient but are compelled to obtain it at too great a sacrifice of time and effort or who desire to share more widely in the doubtful comforts and luxuries of civilization. Reformers pretend to answer the needs of all of the social classes concerned. In order

to understand the controversy, however, it is necessary to make some study of the present constitution of property as it is viewed in current discussions.

I.

For the purpose of this description our population may be divided into three classes: dependents, spenders, and savers. The statistical measurement of the classes is unnecessary as it is point of view rather than quantities that is kept in mind and this exposition has to do with only the last named class.

There are in the United States some millions who are supported by charity, receiving it either intermittently or continuously. For one reason or another all of these dependents are economic failures. That is, they are not self-sufficient. In a social system where the individual is supposed to take care of himself and his family, they who cannot do so are failures. It makes no difference whether these dependents are helpless through their own fault or through the fault of social and industrial institutions. Those who fail through their own fault refute certain arguments in favor of private property. Those who fail through the fault of institutions or conditions over which they have no control, testify to the failure of our institutions to secure just distribution of property. The case is somewhat similar with the criminal class. The criminal poor cast reflections on our property system just as well as the criminal rich, because the ethical restraints in which and through which a system of private property is made safe, have failed to reach both classes. There is no need to push this thought too far. It is suggested largely as a point of view.

We may take up as a second class those who are independent of charity but who consume all that they earn. We may include on the one hand the family in which the father and mother and maybe the children work, the combined income of all being consumed in the support of the family; and, on the other hand, the spendthrifts, whatever their income, provided they spend all that they obtain. In the first case, saving is impossible and in the second it is deliberately not desired. Between these two extremes we find large numbers, of course, who earn comfortable incomes and spend them, being enabled to come into touch with many culture interests and to achieve high and edifying development of character. They consume

their total income, however, and belong to the class in question. We may include also those who are constrained in one way or another to support a style of life a little bit beyond their income and are exposed to the necessity of rigid and even painful economy in private in order to keep up appearances. Here too, all income is spent.

We may combine into the third class all savers; that is all who accumulate, whether much or little. Savings may be invested in buying a home or in bank deposits or in any form of insurance or in loans or securities of any kind. Whenever any portion of income is retired and not consumed we have technically, saving. In this class alone we find the verification of the average argument in defence of private property. Here we find foresight, self-denial, industry, judgment. Through this class capital is accumulated and essential provision made for industrial progress. The range of motives which stimulate this class is, of course, varied. It may be a fear of the future or a deep sense of responsibility; it may be a desire for power or for a higher standard of life to be acquired through present self-denial. The motive is of no particular account at present.

While we find the philosophy of private property thoroughly vindicated in this class of savers, it is unfortunately too well vindicated, for it is against some in this class that complaints are so frequently made. It is some among them who are declared to be money-mad, worldly, hard-hearted. In this class are found those who are accused of ignoring in their seeking of property, the legitimate and needful restraints of conscience, of civil law, of self-respect, of social duty and of elementary humanity. Money seekers and money savers are accused of destroying the very institutions through which their property derives its safety. Newspapers recently quoted a New York Supreme Court Justice who declared in a legal opinion: "The age of patriotism has yielded to the age of commercialism. Uppermost in the human mind to-day is not the stars and stripes but the dollar mark." "At least forty per cent of all the money appropriated for public use is lost in graft. All things could be possible if this frightful leak could be stopped." The term "predatory wealth" has become a by-word. The comments that are heard in our everyday life, in homes and on street cars, at social and at business gatherings among conservative classes, reveal a widespread conviction, far

away from radical circles, that the immoral and disorderly passion for property has taken on simply appalling proportions.

Thus, the dependents suggest one commentary on our private property system, the spenders suggest another and the savers, still a third. Setting aside the first two we may now endeavor to obtain an insight into the organization of property by studying it from the standpoint of the individual saver.

II.

Some thrifty soul saves \$500. What is to be done with it? It is not worth much for purposes of investment in land, in the hope of an unearned increment. It is not worth much to start an independent business unless the saver borrow some more. He may, it is true, buy a little fruit stand or venture to open a tiny grocery store, but he probably lacks the knowledge and experience necessary to make either venture a success. Any particular thing to which our saver could turn his hand and work efficiently with \$500 would be exceptional rather than typical. The course that presents itself to him as most feasible is to deposit it in a bank or to buy some kind of industrial security, known as stocks or bonds. He does this and tens of thousands of others do it until the tiny streams of saving become great rivers through which power is furnished for the whole industrial world.

Individual industries or, as they may be called, economic units, are massive in present day life. The capital required for an average industry is much greater than that commanded or owned by one individual, or at least too great for one individual to submit to a single industrial risk. It is found best from every standpoint to draw in capital from many sides; in other words, to borrow from the public. The capital, therefore, that is usually required to conduct a typical modern industry is divided into a definite number of parcels or shares which are sold indiscriminately to individuals. The individuals who purchase these are among the savers that we have in mind.

Corporations replace the individual employer, hundreds of thousands and even millions in capital are invested in single enterprises, hundreds and even thousands of workmen replace the ten or the twenty, and the continent replaces the town as

a field of operation, and the market is the world itself. Massive production, massive quantities of capital, masses of laborers, demand for the highest type of genius in the management of industry, are all distinctive features of the modern industrial world. Small remarks, in his *General Sociology*: "A host of artificial persons are actors on the scene and they are relatively as much superior to real persons as the mythological gods were in turning the tide of battle now one way and now another before the gates of Troy. Corporations that replace persons, giants as mighty in the economic field as the ancient mythological gods were in the field of war, have transformed the situation in the working world."

These industrial giants attract the savings of men and women generally and thus the opportunity for investment is offered even to the modest saver of \$500. Let us now follow the average investor to discover the distinctive features of private property as it is.

First: The individual who saves and invests his savings in industrial securities which are taken as typical, becomes a part owner in one or in many of these enterprises without being complete owner of any. Shares or bonds held in five different industrial plants make the investor part owner of each of them but complete owner of none. If a railroad has forty thousand stockholders, it has forty thousand partial owners. If twenty thousand persons hold its bonds, it has twenty thousand creditors. Thus, a steel plant may have thirty thousand owners, a department store may have two thousand, a bakery may have one hundred, and a bridge may have fifty. In all of these cases, we have stock companies or corporations, total capital divided into parcels and ownership scattered in the manner indicated. Individuals, therefore, are part owners in one or in many industries as the case may be but complete owners of none.

Second: As a result of the condition alluded to, the ownership of property is usually separated from its management. The actual owners do not manage, and the actual managers do not own, except in part and very often in small part. It is, of course, impractical for the forty thousand, twenty thousand, or five hundred joint owners of any industry to attempt to manage it. They must manage through representatives. These will constitute a Board of Directors whose members will

be selected from among the stockholders. The Board of Directors will elect executive officers into whose hands they give over the entire management and to whom they entrust the carrying out of the policies determined. Thus we find ownership separated from management as a second feature of modern industrial property.

Third: In point of fact, the owners of the business, that is the stockholders, tend to become indifferent to all problems of management, and exercise practically no control. The directors tend to obtain complete control and appear to be answerable in reference only to the dividends which the owners expect. If the dividends be high, the directors may do as they please. This situation confers grave and welcome power on the directors and confers equally grave and welcome exemption from the responsibilities of ownership on the actual owners of the stock. These owners know nothing about the business. Annual meetings of stockholders fail usually to educate them. Their one test is dividends and they ask no other. One is reminded of Meredith's words in *The Egoist*: "In the Book of Egoism it is written: Possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity."

Fourth: In the conduct of a corporation such as those held in mind, a tendency usually appears to accumulate fifty-one per cent of the stock into the hands of one person or one clique or group which will thereby secure practically absolute control. Corporations are usually governed by the majority vote of their stock. This means that 51 per cent of the stock in any business exercises 100 per cent of the control or direction of actual policies followed, and it means furthermore that 49 per cent will, in an issue, have no more to say about the spirit in which their property shall be managed than they have with the direction of the Emperor of China. In other words, such is the actual drift of business that 49 per cent of the owners in any business lose all of the wider rights and privileges which are supposed to result from ownership. The majority stock in one of the most famous and infamous American Trusts was owned by eight individuals and estates.

The refinements of business mechanism have gone so far that it is not even necessary to own 51 per cent of the stock in order to exercise the control which it confers. When the manipulation stage is reached in the history of any stock, if

one is far-sighted and secretive, one may be able to gather in 51 per cent of a stock by depositing only 10 per cent of its value in cash. The stock itself may then be deposited as a collateral for a loan equal to the other 90 per cent. The purchaser thereby obtains 51 per cent voting power at only a nominal cost. He is then in control of the corporation and its policies. The consequences of these two features of modern business are rather far-reaching in the history of private property. The majority stock may refuse all information as to earnings, assets, liabilities, and surplus. Even where the law compels annual meetings these cannot break down the power of the 51 per cent. The inside ring in a board of directors may dictate arbitrarily what the stock will earn, just what will be the policies to be followed. The minority owners must accept its dictum or sell out.

It may thus happen that the owners of the 49 per cent of stock may be law-abiding, ideal citizens. They may have Christian convictions and may aim to shape their views upon them. They may be moved by the noblest human instincts in their attitude toward their fellow-men, but they cannot govern a single dollar in their investments in such a way as to give expression to these convictions unless the majority stock is willing. A church or a university, a charity or a school of ethics, may own endowments and invest them. They may be high-minded to the last degree, but they cannot dictate how their investments should be conducted nor how the businesses in which they invest shall be managed unless the majority stock consent. They may stand and see the laborer robbed of his hire, they may see workingmen and women and children robbed of life and of health, they may see every form of refined oppression which modern business has devised and modern neglect has perpetuated, but they cannot lift a finger to stop this so long as a majority of the stock in any given concern is against them.

This statement might find illustration in the fact that for sixteen years a notorious trust refused all information to stockholders concerning earnings, assets, liabilities, and surplus. Its recent history of corruption shows to what evil extremes this condition may lead, and it furnishes picturesque commentary on the universal demand now made for publicity in corporation accounts and activities as a means of reform.

Fifth: The individual who is part owner in one or in many enterprises but complete owner of none, tends to act and think, to vote and to judge as though he were the sole owner. An investment of \$5,000 in railway bonds or stocks cannot succeed unless the railroad as a whole succeeds. Hence, always in tendency, and frequently in fact, the individual who own a number of shares of stock or a number of bonds will react on public opinion as though he were the single owner. The spirit of property as a whole enters him much, as the philosophers tell us, as the soul is whole and entire in each part of the body. The sum of the owners of any one industry, therefore, constitutes a social backing for its interests. To take one illustration, the last statement of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company showed 64,869 shareholders. The complete outstanding shares being a little over 8,000,000, the average holding of the individual was approximately 127 shares. Now, the owner of 127 shares of Pennsylvania Railroad stock will tend to take attitudes on questions of public policy, of labor and of all things affecting dividends as though he were practically the sole owner of the railroad. In other words, the organization of business tends to drive the individual owners into a way of thinking and acting on public questions that would never be dictated by the individual's property interests, if his holdings were not amalgamated with tens of thousands of others, and if the success of his particular investment did not depend absolutely on the success of the industry as a whole. When we recall that lawyers, physicians, schools, churches, charities and all other investment seekers, tend constantly to make their investments in share holdings of this kind, we can understand the tremendous pressure in favor of property sentiment that is engendered throughout society. Were all of these holdings isolated and unrelated there could be no such property conservatism as we know it. Directors of enterprises shrewdly count on this. Sometimes when great corporations have appealed to the public for protection against hostile legislation or threatening social movements, managers have pointed with earnest assertion to the army of 15,000 or 20,000 or 40,000 owners whose interests they claimed were placed in jeopardy. Just as there are those who maintain that widely scattered public securities constitute a basis for patriotism, in like manner managers of industries understand that widely scattered holdings of their securities

develop patriotic interest of owners in the welfare of corporations whose securities they hold. By this mechanism of business, therefore, the attitude of the individual toward property is made much more marked than could otherwise be the case.

Sixth: Two further processes appear which are of supreme importance in drawing our industrial giants into closest interdependency. On the one hand interests are now so highly differentiated that one depends on half a dozen others for its successful issue. The manufacturer of machinery and tools depends on the general expansion of industry for his market. Steel plants depend on railroads, railroads depend largely on crops and on industrial output for their freight. The Civil War in the United States affected England because it interrupted the growth of cotton which kept the wheels moving over there. Each large industry, therefore, has its own zone of related industries with which it must be in sympathy and co-operation. Thus we get what we may call "the objective solidarity of industries," the development of community interests.

It will occur to the reader that since the individual investor may become part owner in many industries, he becomes theoretically a voter in each of them and consequently he is eligible to directorships in them. This fact paves the way for the concentration of directorships. One individual may hold directorships in a dozen or in two dozen different corporations. Now his influence as a director in each of these corporations will be exercised with due regard for the interests of the other corporations with which he is allied actively. Hence, we have the merry scramble for directorships and the marvelous and inscrutable methods by which directors are chosen. Senator La Follette produced, in a remarkable speech in the United States Senate some years ago, a list of approximately one hundred individuals who held over two thousand directorships in American corporations. When we recall that the infinitely intricate credit system of the country is involved in the relations of corporations among themselves, and when we further recall that it is possible for relatively few individuals to secure control of the sources of credit, or to master such banking influences as give them practically the power of a dictator, it will not seem surprising that all industrial interests tend more and more toward a common understanding.

This gives us a new feature of modern property^o organization. The individual owner, thinking and feeling largely as the whole owner in any one industry; industries tending more and more to be objectively dependent one on another and tending more and more to be subjectively allied through concentrated directorships, constitute a basis of the brotherhood of property which is unparalleled in the history of man. We might even carry the analysis farther by showing the function of holding companies or underwriting syndicates, but sufficient has been said for present purposes. Boffin had an inkling of this great truth when Dickens put these words into his mouth:

"A man of property owes a duty to other men of property and must look sharp after his inferiors."

While the population in a new country is scattered; while roads are bad and railroads are lacking; while transportation by water is poor and distances are great, we will find civilization undeveloped, and there will be a low state of social consciousness. Beyond any doubt this condition of a population and the circumstances that govern communication will keep the people simple and to an extent, individualistic. They will develop little power but possibly much peace; little of the vain temptations of life but much of its moral security. However, if once railroads enter, if good roads are constructed and the telephone and telegraph appear, differences of time and of space are practically wiped out and communication is constant and easy. Far reaching results promptly appear. We obtain a high state of social consciousness and a sense of power and unity. Forces will appear and problems will develop that make necessary a set of stronger institutions to protect the social order. The case is parallel, in a way, with property. When the savings of individuals are isolated, when the thinking and judgment of each saver are thrown back upon his own modest accumulations and are but little related to others, we shall have a condition of decentralization that will hinder the passion for property and keep it in an humble place. Higher interests of life will be more or less paramount because the tempting powers of accumulation have not yet appeared. But introduce an era of amalgamation, wipe out the differences of time and place, merge all of the properties of millions of men and women into one vast industrial property; turn those millions of tiny streams of savings in the di-

rection of one great common reservoir of industrial capital, build channels through which these waters may flow at the will of men and you have worked a revolution. The revolution will be not only in property and its organization but it will be as well in the thinking and judgment of men, in their standards, in their ethical concepts and definitions. Now we are in the latter condition to-day. We have emerged out of the former state, carrying with us ethical standards that fitted then but that are entirely inadequate now.

We shall never understand the modern controversy on private property until we realize that it has become one tremendous social interest. The industrial processes together with the mechanism of credit and finance have practically made one fundamental unity in property, and it is now property as one monstrous power and not millions of small holdings, owned and managed by individuals that is distinctively the subject of controversy.

Possibly, the strongest force of collective consciousness in the world to-day is that which is based on property. It is this unified collective consciousness that is held in mind in the attacks that are made by organized labor and by Socialism on the present organization of property. The timid individual owning \$500 is no being to be afraid of. He offers no menace to our institutions. He has no power to sway the minds of men, he has no temptations to undermine the institutions of government. But the individual into whom the spirit of the modern organization of property as a whole has entered, who is caught by its power and swayed by its temptations; the individual who through mastery of property becomes master of men and master of institutions, he it is that is held in mind in the denunciations of capital and capitalism which are constantly hurled forth from the ranks of organized labor and Socialism. Therefore, it would be well for us to keep this in mind in our defence of private property and in meeting the attacks that are made against it. We tend too much to argue in defence of the small owner and of the legitimate uses of property and we tend to overlook the complicated mechanism just hinted at by which property is completely revolutionized. Continuing the study an effort will be made in the next article to describe the indictment drawn against private property by Socialism.

CORDS OF NATURE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

THE trans-continental express had been standing for an hour, waiting for the way ahead to be cleared of a freight wreck, and a number of passengers from the different Pullmans, which made up the train, were profiting by the delay to take a little exercise beside the track. Most of these were men who walked briskly up and down without paying much attention to the long line of coaches; but now and then a few paused to stare at the last of this line, one of the luxurious private cars with which the American public has become so familiar, and inquire to whom it belonged.

"Bretherton's car," a man said in answer to such an inquiry from his companion. "No, he's not aboard. I asked the conductor. Only his family on their way to join him in New York."

"Oh, his family!" The man who had made the inquiry looked again quickly at the great black and gold car by the side of which they were walking. "That means his—er—?"

"Wife and daughter. They constitute his family, I believe."

"Yes, just so." The speaker moistened his lips slightly. "A wife and—er—daughter, as you say."

Something odd and constrained in his tone caught the attention of the other, who glanced at him inquisitively. They were merely traveling acquaintances, and he began to wonder a little who this dissipated-looking, but still handsome man might be. Despite a certain shabbiness of attire, and the signs of intemperance which marred the well-cut outlines of his face, he possessed a distinctly attractive personality, owing perhaps to the frankness of his blue eyes, and to a certain grace of manner that seemed to indicate some standard of refinement from which he had not altogether fallen. It was a manner which made it possible to hazard the question, "You know them perhaps?"

There was an instant's perceptible hesitation, and then the man laughed as oddly as he had spoken. "I have known them in the past," he said; "but it's extremely doubtful whether Mrs.—er—Bretherton would care to recognize me now."

His companion thought it more than doubtful; but he nodded with an answering laugh toward the car. "Here's your chance to test her remembrance," he said.

The other paused abruptly. The careless suggestion seemed to act on him like an electric shock. It was clear that such a thought had not entered his mind before but that, once suggested, it found a response which thrilled him in a manner there was no mistaking.

"By heavens!" he said, more to himself than to the other, "I believe I will."

The next minute, as if not caring to take time to think, he wheeled around, and swung himself up to the platform of the car by which they were passing. The man who had been walking with him paused in astonishment. He was entirely unprepared for such rapid action, and he stood wide-eyed and expectant, waiting for the immediate descent which he expected.

But there was no such descent. The door of the car chanced to be unguarded, and opening it the tall, well-built figure disappeared from the view of the watcher. "Ten to one, he'll come out again in a hurry!" the latter said to himself, chuckling slightly. But minutes passed: he did not reappear; and the man left standing alone, at last turned away with a sense of baffled curiosity, wondering what claim of past acquaintance with the wife of the powerful railway magnate, this shabby stranger could have, strong enough to induce her to pardon the unceremonious manner in which he presented himself.

If the person who thus wondered had possessed an Asmodeous-like power of looking into the interior of the car which the stranger had entered, he would have seen that the handsome woman, reading and reclining in the depths of a large chair, who glanced up with surprise as the door opened, was fully aware of the presumption of such an unauthorized entrance.

"This is a private car," she said haughtily; and when the man at whom she had barely glanced, still stood looking down at her without either speaking or retiring, she extended her hand to touch a bell. Then the man spoke:

"Don't do that, Mildred," he said. "You'll be sorry if you do."

She started violently, and her book fell with a crash to the floor, while she stared up at him with the expression of one who recognizes an unwelcome ghost from the past.

"So it's *you*!" she gasped.

"Yes, it's I," he answered. He sat down in a chair before her, and for a moment they regarded each other in silence. What memories rose in the minds of each, it would be difficult indeed to tell. It was again the man who spoke first:

"You are handsomer than ever, Mildred," he remarked. "It's quite as I thought it would be. A life of ease and luxury agrees with you. You were right in thinking that you were made for it."

"You are insolent to speak to me in this manner!" the woman replied with a catch in her voice, a flash of anger in her eyes. "I will not tolerate it. You have no right to speak to me at all."

"Perhaps not." He laughed a little. "Yet I seem to recall an occasion when we were told that what God had joined together, no man had power to put asunder; and if you were bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh once—"

She interrupted him fiercely. "How dare you force yourself into my presence in order to insult me?" she demanded. "If you don't go away at once, I will have you put out of the car."

"Hardly, I think," he returned coolly. "You would find that rather a difficult undertaking—a trifle more difficult than putting me out of your life by means of a decree of divorce. I made *that* easy for you—"

"You certainly did," she interrupted again with the same fierceness. "No court would have denied me a divorce from a man like you."

He nodded. "Quite true. Argument, mutual recriminations are useless. But you cannot deny, Mildred, that you were tired of me and, even more than of me, you were tired of narrow means and a narrow life; you wanted wealth, luxury, pleasure, things I couldn't give you—do you think I've forgotten how often you complained that your beauty and your social gifts were wasted as my wife, and that you would not have married me if you had known that I had no power to give you what your nature—that is, your vanity—demanded?"

Involuntarily, as it appeared, she glanced into a mirror opposite, which reflected all the details of her well-groomed beauty—the beauty that in the richness of chestnut tints in hair and eyes, the satin smoothness of lovely skin, and the still delicate features, gave the effect of a splendid animal, kept by constant care in a state of the highest physical perfection.

"And wasn't I right?" she asked. "Look what I am!—and think what I should have been by this time, as your wife and domestic drudge."

"It is quite plain," he assured her. "Given the conditions, the result was a foregone conclusion; and only a fool would have expected anything else. If Bretherton hadn't appeared, no doubt some other man would have appreciated the possibilities of the situation."

She interrupted him now by rising abruptly from her seat.

"I will not listen to another word!" she cried. "I suppose you are drunk, but if you don't leave the car immediately, I will have you put out, if it takes the whole train crew to do it."

"I am not drunk at all," he told her. "I am sure you know that. And I shall not leave the car until I have seen my daughter. It is to see her that I am here, though I have so far omitted to say so."

The woman stared at him for an instant, and then sank back in her chair, as if realizing that the struggle between them was yet to come.

"You can't see her," she said. "There is nothing to be gained by it. I will not have her disturbed and troubled by remembering—"

"That she has a father," he ended, as she broke off. "Yet the fact is a fact, nevertheless, you know. Not even the law can give a child two fathers, however many husbands it may allow a woman."

"But the law," she retorted, "can give a child to her mother when the father has proved himself utterly unworthy; and the law gave Elizabeth to me."

"I'm aware of it," he answered. "I should like to argue with the law a little about that—about how good it is for a child to be brought up in another man's house, to see her mother another man's legal wife, while her own father is living—but such argument being impossible, I'll only remind you that the law at least allows me the right to see her."

"At stated periods, yes. But since you haven't claimed the right in a long time, I thought—I really thought you had consideration enough to understand how much better it is for her that you should efface yourself from her life."

"That's an idea I have entertained for some time," he replied. "It not only struck me that I wasn't exactly the

kind of a father for a girl to care for, I not only knew all that you must have told her about me—I seemed to read it in those clear, wondering eyes of hers whenever we met—but I honestly thought it best for her that I should, as you say, efface myself, let her have the advantage of all you were able to give her, let her respect you without any doubt about the—er—new relations into which you have entered—”

“How dare you!—Oh, how dare you!” the woman exclaimed passionately.

“But I am beginning to think that I was mistaken,” he went on. “It has occurred to me lately that a father not only has some rights which even divorce laws respect, but that he has some duties of which no law can relieve him. I forgot those when I made it easy for you to take Elizabeth from me.”

“One has heard of Saul among the prophets, and of many hypocrites and humbugs,” she said in a tone of mockery, “but to hear you talking of duties, surpasses them all.”

“True enough,” he admitted. “But again I think the score is even between us. The fact is that neither when we were married nor later, did either of us ever think of any duties, we thought only of pleasing ourselves, and so the child fell between us.”

“Nothing,” she asserted, “could have been happier for the child than the change in her life. Putting aside your shameful habits, what could you have given her in comparison with what Bretherton is able to give? He is as fond of her as if she were his own daughter, and she has had every advantage of education, travel, culture, and with his great wealth behind her, the world is at her feet. We are now on our way abroad where all the plans are made for her coming out into society—we have already taken a house in London for the season—and there is no telling what success she may achieve. She is full of delighted anticipation, and you *wouldn't*—surely, if you care anything about her, you *wouldn't* spoil it all by obtruding yourself into her life!”

There was no room to doubt the earnestness of this pleading; and the man looked at the speaker with something startled and wistful in his eyes.

“I wouldn't wish to spoil any chance of happiness for her,” he said. “But surely to see her—especially since you are taking her so far away—just to see her for an hour, could do no harm.”

"It would do great harm; it would annoy, depress, sadden her—"

"To see her own father?"

Deliberately the woman lifted her hand and pointed to the mirror at which she had glanced before.

"Look at yourself," she said. "Are you a father whom a refined girl could do other than shrink to acknowledge? And wouldn't the memory of what you are stay with her, to darken the bright prospects of her life? For Heaven's sake spare her—and go!"

The man's glance followed her pointing hand, and seeing his image reflected in the glass—catching the lines of dissipation on his face, and the shabbiness of his dress, accentuated by the luxury around him—he rose to his feet.

"You've been merciless, Mildred," he said. "But then, not as a reproach, but simply as a statement of fact, I may add that you have always been that to me. And now, as before, you have the letter, if not the spirit of right on your side. I freely own that I'm not a father whom such a girl as you describe would like to see. No doubt the child who used to be so fond of me is dead and buried; and I might no more care for the fashionable young lady you've made of her, than she for the father you discarded. So you have your way now, as always before. I'll not trouble you again. Goodbye."

Before she could speak, had she been inclined to do so, he turned and, as abruptly as he had entered, passed out of the car.

In accordance with the law which seems to prevail in railway matters as in other affairs of human life, that troubles never come singly, following the delay from the freight in the morning, the express limited, rushing along that night at increased speed to make up its schedule time, crashed into a switch carelessly or designedly left open at a way station, with the usual result of appalling disaster.

As a rule, in accidents of the kind the heavy Pullman coaches stand the shock with immunity, while the cars provided by the railway for its passengers, are generally splintered into kindling wood. But in this case the train being made up of Pullmans, several of the foremost shared in the wreck, although the last coaches of the long line, including the Bretherton car, kept their place on the rails. Even in

these, however, the shock of the terrible impact hurled sleepers from their berths, and roused every one to a realization of the awful fate which had overtaken the train. Horror-stricken faces looked at each other, and half-clad men and women poured out into the night to add to the panic and confusion of the scene.

In the Bretherton car, Mrs. Bretherton and her daughter, like every one else rushed from their state-rooms; but they went no farther than the platform of the car. A forward glance was sufficient to drive them back shuddering—and the elder woman immediately placed a servant on guard at the door, with imperative orders to permit no one to enter. What fear was in her mind, what memory of the intrusion of the morning prompted this, it is easy to imagine; and it was probably the same instinctive fear which made her sit down in the saloon, while urging her daughter to return to her state-room.

"You might as well go back to bed, and to sleep if you can," she said. "We are quite safe now, and there's nothing to do but wait."

The tall, handsome girl, wrapped in a silken kimono, looked at her with an expression of wonder.

"Wouldn't one be made of strange material," she said, "if one could sleep with *that*"—she made a motion of her hand forward—"so close to one? Surely we should make an effort to help."

"How can we possibly help?"

"Well, *you* could offer some of the many things with which the car is supplied—linen, stimulants—"

"I'm perfectly willing to do anything of the kind," Mrs. Bretherton said eagerly. "I'll put the supplies of the car at the disposal of those who are caring for the injured, if you will be satisfied and go to bed."

Her daughter looked at her again with a singular expression.

"I was about to add," she said, "that if you don't object, I'll take Ellen"—this was the least hysterical of the maids—"and go and see what I can do."

"Elizabeth!" The exclamation was vehement. "You must know that I object as strongly as possible. There is nothing you could do which there are not other people to do much better."

"On the contrary," the girl replied quietly, "there is no

one able to do better what I must do—and I think you surely know what that is.”

Her mother glanced at her with startled apprehension. “What?” she asked sharply. “I know nothing—”

“Oh, yes,” the other interrupted, “you know very well. You cannot have forgotten that my father may be among the injured or the dead.”

Mrs. Bretherton fell back, as if under a physical blow, and for a moment there was silence. Then:—

“So he broke his word!” she cried. “You have heard from him—”

The girl shook her head. “No,” she said. “He has not broken his word, and I have not heard from him directly. But, although you were not aware of it, I was present during part of your interview with him this morning.

“How could that be? Where were you?”

“I was standing behind that curtain.” Elizabeth pointed to the drapery which hung at the entrance of the passage beside the staterooms. “I came out of my room without knowing that any one was here, but I heard your voice before I drew back the portière, and I have no apologies to make for listening to what was said. It concerned me more than any body else, for I heard him pleading to be allowed to see me, and—and I justified all that you said, for I shrank from seeing *him*, and I was glad when you sent him away.”

Mrs. Bretherton drew a deep breath of relief. “I knew that you would be,” she said.

“Yes, you knew that I would be,” the girl assented, “since you knew—who should know better?—what manner of person I am, how selfish, how worldly, caring only for the pleasures and luxuries of life. You described me well; you were right in saying that I would not have wished to be annoyed by seeing him; and he was right in believing that there would have been no pleasure for him in seeing me. I listened, I approved, I let you send him away without a single word of kindness, and then—well, then a strange thing happened, something seemed to awake in me, some cord of nature, I suppose, and during all the hours since that time I have been able to think of nothing but the things he said, and of memories of the past which I thought were buried and forgotten.”

“They should be forgotten,” her mother declared.

“So you have always said, and I have been ready to be-

lieve," the girl replied. "There was everything to gain on the side of forgetting. But to-day the past has come back to me in a flood, and I have seen things in a light in which I never saw them before. I have lived over my childhood, and—I don't want to say anything to wound you—but I am sure that he would have been a different man—he was always a lovable one—if you had been patient—"

"With his vices?"

"No, with the conditions of your life, for my childish memories bear him out in saying that the vices might not have existed if you had not let him see that you wanted to be rid of him."

"Of course I wanted to be rid of him! I had ceased to care for him, and as for being patient with the conditions of my life, you talk like an ignorant child. Your life, since I changed it for you, has been so different that you cannot imagine what it is to be cramped by narrow means, condemned to drudgery, monotony, everything that is most odious—"

"But duties, solemn obligations,"—the girl spoke as if to herself—"are *they* to be thrown aside when they become irksome and unpleasant?"

"That's cant!" her mother retorted angrily. "I don't know where you learned it."

"I don't know either," Elizabeth confessed. "It is only to-day that such thoughts have occurred to me. But since they came they have been insistent, and I have seemed to realize that there are higher things in life than seeking one's pleasure and happiness; that there are claims which cannot be disregarded without loss to all that is best in oneself. I was a contemptible coward when I stood behind that curtain and let you send my father away, because I did not want my selfish ease disturbed. But I can't be a coward now, mother. I must go and find him. I should despise myself forever if I failed to do so."

She turned to move away, but Mrs. Bretherton caught the folds of her kimono.

"Elizabeth," she implored, "don't be foolish! There can be nothing gained by your going. If you wish to learn whether or not anything has happened to him, I'll send and make inquiries."

"I must make them myself," the girl told her firmly, but not ungently. "There is no reason why you should inquire

about him; the law has declared that you are no longer his wife; but, as he said, no law can make me another than his daughter. So it is my place to seek him. Don't keep me—I must dress quickly and go."

She drew her draperies from the hand that still tried to detain her, and went rapidly toward her stateroom, while Mrs. Bretherton remained where she had been left, staring before her with eyes which saw nothing of that on which they rested. She had not stirred when the servant whom she had placed on guard at the door, came presently to say that the conductor of the train wished to speak to her.

"Let him come in," she said, and when the man entered, he was struck by the ghastly pallor of the face which looked up at him. It occurred to him that her expression was that of one who was bracing herself to hear dreaded tidings.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Bretherton," he said hastily, "but of course you know that we've had an awful wreck, and that many of the passengers have been killed or desperately injured. Among the last there's a man who begged me to bring a message to you. His name is Maitland."

Mrs. Bretherton found her lips strangely stiff as she replied: "I—know him. What is the message?"

The conductor looked down a little nervously. "It's really more a message for your daughter than you," he explained. "The man says that he is her father, and he wishes to see her. He told me to tell you that you will pardon him for breaking his promise, since he is probably dying."

Mrs. Bretherton glanced toward the curtained passage leading into the car, where a girl in a dark dress now stood. "There is my daughter, who can answer for herself," she said coldly.

Elizabeth Maitland came forward. "I've heard your message," she told the conductor. "Will you be kind enough to take me to my father?" Then, as the man moved toward the door, she turned to her mother. "Have you no word for him—since he is dying?" she asked.

The woman shook her head. "What word could I have?" she asked in turn, in a dull tone.

If the daughter thought of one that might have come from her with a good grace, she did not say so; with a deep sigh she went hurriedly on.

It was an hour or more afterwards that to the impatient

woman, pacing up and down the length of her luxurious apartment, like an imprisoned animal, the welcome news was brought that a relief train had arrived, and that her car, together with the other uninjured coaches, was to be drawn from the wreck, and sent on its way to New York. As soon as she heard this, she called her steward and bade him go find Miss Maitland and bid her come immediately. "Tell her she must not delay for *anything*—that we are going on at once!" she charged him imperatively.

After the man was gone, she resumed her pacing to and fro, with even more impatience of manner than she had displayed before. For a fear that she would not acknowledge was clutching at her heart. It was an Elizabeth she had never known who had been revealed to her in their last words together, and she had an instinctive dread of some further and even more undesirable revelation. If the girl had been so strongly moved by the conversation she overheard in the morning, by the few words her father had then said, what might not be the effect of her meeting him under such circumstances as fate had now brought about? An anger, the more intense for its impotence, possessed Mrs. Bretherton, and as she walked, she found herself tearing into shreds a handkerchief she was holding in her hands. Never for an instant had she acknowledged to herself that her conduct toward her husband was not justified, she had grown to hate him as representing all that was most detestable to her selfish, worldly nature, long before she left him, but she had nevertheless a vague fear of some avenging nemesis, and she knew that this nemesis could only strike her through the daughter who was the sole creature, beside herself, whom she loved. All her pride and ambition were bound up in Elizabeth, for she regarded the man whom she had married as merely a purveyor of the things for which in days of comparative poverty her soul had thirsted, the power, luxury and pleasure which wealth alone can give. And now, if this most unfortunate meeting with the father whom she had learned to forget should in any degree alienate Elizabeth from her, it would be, the mother felt, more than she could endure. And yet what would be left but endurance for her who had ever refused to bear anything that was opposed to her own desires? She did not say to herself that perhaps the time had come when she would no longer be allowed the power to refuse; she only waited, in

growing fear and impatience, until the door of the car opened, and her daughter entered.

Mrs. Bretherton paused abruptly. "Thank Heaven you've come!" she cried. "We are to be taken away from this horrible place, and sent on our journey without further delay. I've told the railroad people that it is absolutely necessary that we should be in New York to sail on the *Mauretania*."

Elizabeth went up to her, and laid a hand gently on her shoulder. All the fear of which she had been vaguely conscious now seized Mrs. Bretherton in acute grasp as she looked at the face so close to her, for a change had passed over it since she last saw it. There was something altogether strange in the expression which shone in the eyes that met her own, and which seemed to have changed the familiar features.

"Mother," the girl said quietly, "you must sail without me."

"Elizabeth!"—it was a gasp of positive terror—"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," Elizabeth answered. "I was coming to tell you when I received your message. I am sorry to grieve you, but I must stay with my father. It is he who needs me now."

"Needs you!—but they said he was dying!" Mrs. Bretherton cried. "I hoped that by this time he was dead."

"You—hoped it?"

"Yes, why shouldn't I?" the woman fiercely demanded. "He has never been anything but a curse to me, and now if he is coming between us, why shouldn't I wish him dead? But you won't let him take you from me! Elizabeth, you *can't* do such a thing!"

"I can do nothing else," Elizabeth told her sadly. "If you could see him you would understand, and—perhaps not be so bitter against him. He is not trying to take me from you. He thought that he was dying when he sent for me, and he wanted to tell me good-bye—that was all. But when I saw him—oh, Mother, I remembered so much!—how he had loved me, and how I loved him in the days we were together, and—and don't you see that I have no alternative, that whether he dies or lives, I must stay with him now that he needs me so desperately?"

"I see that you are mad!" her mother cried with increasing passion. "The thing is impossible—I will not hear of it."

You will ruin your life by such an insane sacrifice. Bretherton has spent money like water on you, and he will never forgive such ingratitude, such a disappointment—”

“Ah, I am sorry,” the girl said, “sorry to be the cause of disappointment to him, as well as to you. But I can’t help it. There is something drawing me stronger than the things he can give me, and stronger even than my love for you. The love is not less, but I feel that you do not need me—you have so much besides—while that poor man lying yonder will have nothing if I forsake him.”

“He can be taken care of—I am willing to spend all the money necessary for that,” Mrs. Bretherton said eagerly, “if only you will give up this mad idea—”

“Mother!” The girl drew back with an involuntary recoil. “You can’t think so poorly of him as to believe that he would allow you to spend Mr. Bretherton’s money on him? Oh, how much you must have forgotten before you could say such a thing!”

“And how much *you* forget,” her mother retorted, “when you talk of casting your lot with a man who never at any time was able to make more than a support, and who now will be helpless. How do you expect to live?—how will you endure the poverty you will have to face, the privations, the drudgery?—you, who have known nothing but ease and luxury and the pleasant things of life since I took you away from him?”

“I don’t know,” the girl answered. “It will be hard, no doubt, but I can learn to work—”

Mrs. Bretherton burst into an angry laugh. “You work!” she cried derisively. “What insane folly you talk! Oh, for heaven’s sake let us have no more of this! Think of all that is waiting for you, of the preparations to give you as brilliant an introduction into the world as any girl ever had. Elizabeth, you can’t break my heart by this madness now!”

But Elizabeth looked at her with a light in her eyes such as no one had ever seen in them before.

“Mother,” she said solemnly, “it almost breaks my heart to hurt you, but I must remind you that it is your action which has forced this hard choice on me. Ah, when God gave the command, ‘Honor thy father and thy mother,’ He did not mean it to be a divided duty. But the children who are the victims of divorce are torn by a hopelessly divided

allegiance. I have scarcely thought of my father during the years of our separation, and I have been willing to forget that I owed any duty to him. Even this morning, as you know, I was ready to let him go out of my life. But now I see that my duty towards him is not lessened because you left him; and when he needs me I must go to him. You have had me all these years; now it is his turn. Is it my fault that I must choose between you?—that I am torn in two because your claims conflict?"

There was a strain of judicial severity in the clear young voice, and the woman to whom the poignant question was addressed sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. For the first time she recognized the unalterable consequences of human actions; for the first time realized her powerlessness before the far-reaching results of her own, and, so realizing, found no word to utter. The tense silence was still unbroken when the door was abruptly opened, and a railway official appeared.

"We are about to move your car out, Mrs. Bretherton," he said. "You asked to be given warning."

Mrs. Bretherton looked up. "Yes," she said in a dull voice, "I wanted to know on account of my daughter—but she is here now."

"You will be under way in five minutes," the man told her, as he turned to go out.

The door had hardly closed upon his figure when Mrs. Bretherton suddenly fell on her knees before her startled daughter.

"Elizabeth," she pleaded wildly, "I beg, I implore you not to leave me!"

But even as the girl stooped to raise her, she felt all the solemnity of farewell in her touch and in her kisses.

"I must go, mother," she said. "It tears my heart, but the other duty calls me with a claim I cannot resist. Good-bye."

A few minutes later Elizabeth stood on the ground, watching the lights of the train as they disappeared. When the night had swallowed them up, she turned and walked toward the place where the victims of the wreck were laid out in ghastly rows.

LOOKING FOR A JOB.

BY WILLIAM M. LEISERSON.



HAVE you ever looked for a job?

If you are one of those fortunate people who possess a particular talent or skill which is in demand, you may not have had much trouble in finding work; but if you are just an ordinary workingman—as most of us are—you know what a discouraging and disheartening experience it is.

When I was a little fellow and left school to earn my own support, I wanted a place in a business where I could “work up.” I thought a railroad or a steamship system offered the best career. Therefore I wrote to nearly all the railroad and steamship offices in New York. My disappointment was great when, after weeks of waiting, I had received but one answer—and that informed me that there was no vacancy.

I turned my attention in other directions. I made the round of newspaper offices and answered “ads.” I hurried to those places which wanted the applicants to call. Always I found a long line ahead of me; and I was surprised at the number of “grown-ups” who appeared in answer to advertisements for boys at \$3 or \$3.50 per week. No matter how early I came, there always seemed to be some people ahead of me. Usually the position was filled before my turn came, by some one who had had experience. My teachers’ recommendations were good, but I was without experience, so months passed and still I was without work. When I finally did get a position it was through the influence of a friend who took me into a business for which I had little inclination.

Thousands of boys in America start out blindly as I did, in pursuit of a job. Where is the employer, the industry, to use their willing services? They do not know. I did not know.

Several years later I had occasion to look for work in Chicago. I wrote letters. I called in answer to advertisements in the newspapers. I found that many of the people who advertised were not employers, but employment agents, and they had “just filled the position” before I came. I tried tramping the streets in the business districts looking for signs “help wanted.”

How many people are going through this same disheartening experience every day in our large cities of America? How many are drifting into casual labor, living by odd jobs, with all the unsteady and demoralizing habits an irregular working-day brings? How many are losing hope, becoming vagrants, drunkards, tramps? Unemployables, we call them when we find they won't or can't work. But were they always unemployable? There are many who would make the most useful, the most faithful workers, if they only knew how to look for a job, or where to look for it. And here we see the tragedy of the man who has worked in one place for years. It is a cruel fact that the more faithful a man has been to one employer, the less likely he is to know how to find another job once he is displaced. So, he more quickly loses hope than a young man, and more rapidly becomes demoralized because he does not know how to look for work.

And yet, while wage-earners are suffering distress from lack of work or insufficient work, employers complain of a lack of labor. This condition is inevitable in America as long as we have no well organized, efficient exchange or common meeting place for the buyers and sellers of labor. We have organized wheat exchanges, cotton exchanges, produce exchanges, and exchanges for most other commodities. But where is the labor exchange? Why should labor hunt from door to door to find its buyer?

Some people say it might undermine the self-reliance and take away the initiative of the workingman if the city or state helped him find a job or helped employers to find workmen. They would, therefore, let chance bring together employers needing help and wage-earners needing employment. So we continue to have our army of unemployed, our tramps, our vagrants, and our beggars.

GERMAN LABOR EXCHANGES: A GOVERNMENT ENTERPRISE FOR THE PEOPLE.

In Germany they are not afraid of having the government do things for the people. In fact, they are quite used to it. And there you will not find the great army of unemployables, "won't works" and "can't works" that are so familiar in our own country and in others which fear the effect of government enterprise on the individual. For, over there, men, women, boys, know they can find all the opportunities for work by going to the Labor Exchange.

As a contrast to the experience of an American boy, let us follow a German boy leaving school for a job. He receives from his teacher a blank application for a position. It has been sent over to the school by the *Städtische Arbeitsnachweis* (Municipal Labor Exchange). He fills out the application in the presence of his teacher, and on it is noted his preference in the way of a career, his standing in school, his aptitudes as viewed by his teachers, together with much other information. This application is transmitted to the exchange. The person in charge of the department for juveniles places it on file. The boy is told to come to the exchange from time to time, and a separate waiting room is provided where all the boys may sit and read. When an employer needs a boy he telephones to the labor exchange. Sometimes he writes. He tells just what he wants the boy for, the kind of work, the hours, the wages he will pay and what the opportunities for advancement are. The person in charge of the boys' department looks over the application blanks, picks out those most likely for the position, calls those applicants from the waiting room (or sends them a card to call at his office) and selects the boy who seems to have the greatest aptitude for that particular work, and this one is sent to the employer. Thus employers know that only those who are inclined and fitted to their work will be sent to them, and the boy has some chance to choose his career.

When a German wage-earner has lost his work he is not at a loss where to turn. Practically every city now has its *Arbeitsnachweis*. There are about 200 such exchanges either directly operated by the municipalities or supported by their funds. The man who needs employment goes to the exchange and registers on a blank immediately handed to him. He states his name, age, residence, trade, and place of previous employment. He is given a card which entitles him to the use of the waiting room. In a few cities he has to pay a small fee for registration, but usually the services of the exchanges are free to all. In fact, the labor exchanges owned by municipalities are all free. But there are a number operated by philanthropic associations which receive subsidies from the city governments, and these sometimes charge a small fee, usually about five cents. After he has registered, the applicant goes to the waiting room. The registration card tells him to which waiting room—whether to that for unskilled laborers or to one of the various departments for skilled trades.

There he will find men of his own class and calling, smoking, reading newspapers, or engaged in quiet conversation over their steins of beer. If he is in Berlin, and if he is hungry while waiting, he may get a lunch at cost price, and if his clothes or shoes need mending there is a tailor and a shoemaker who will make him look presentable to an employer for a very small fee; and there are in Berlin also shower baths in the building, of which he may take advantage. The women and the children have separate departments, with separate waiting rooms. The women do their sewing and they appear like a contented lot of housewives as they sit waiting to be called for work.

The waiting room looks like a stock exchange. Blackboards with lists of positions vacant line the walls, and notices of various kinds are tacked on bulletin boards in different parts of the room. From time to time a clerk with many papers in his hand steps into the room and the men gather around him. He calls out the orders for help. Those who wish to apply for the jobs call out the numbers of their registration cards and go into the office to be interviewed.

To be more specific, let us say an unemployed German has the experience as a teamster which is required in one of the positions proclaimed by the clerk. He enters the office. There he may find the employer ready to hire him if he is satisfactory; or else one of the office force will talk to him, inquire about his experience; and if the clerk deems him satisfactory, the man will give up his registration card and receive instead a card of introduction to the employer. Should he be hired, he asks the employer to sign the card and he puts a stamp on it and drops it into a mail box. It is already addressed to the exchange and tells that the applicant has secured the position. Should he not get the place, he takes the introduction card back to the clerk and receives again his registration card.

Our German workman has a feeling for his fellow men. He would not like to take another man's place when that man has gone on a strike to better his condition. He wants to be informed when there is a strike in any establishment to which he may be sent. Employers, on the other hand, want the exchange to send them men during the times of strike as well as at other times. How shall the exchanges keep neutral in time of conflict? This troubled the cities at first. But they found

a way out. Every exchange has a managing committee composed of equal representatives of wage-earners and employers with a chairman who is neither an employer nor a workman. This committee looks out for the interests of both sides. When there is a strike it sees that the applicants for work are informed of the fact; and when some want to take the work in spite of the strike the committee arranges for these men to be sent to the employers. As a matter of fact, however, few apply for work in those places where there are strikes.

When the labor exchanges were first established the workmen were opposed to them, while employers were indifferent. The unions feared the use of them as strike breaking agencies. However, a few labor leaders recognized the need of affording a common meeting place for employers seeking help and workmen seeking employment, and defended the exchanges and co-operated with them. In 1898 they succeeded in winning the support of the German Trade Union Congress. Since then labor has been definitely favorable to the public employment offices.

The employers also have learned to favor them. They thought at first that none but unskilled and incompetent workers could be had at the city labor bureaus. It took much advertising and frequent visits to get them to send all their orders to the exchange. But they have been won over. Experience has taught them the advantage of an organized labor market to which they can telephone their orders whenever they need help.

The only opposition now comes from two great industries, the metal trades and mining. But the employers in these trades favor the principle of the labor exchange. They only want to retain control of the labor market in their own hands and to use it as a weapon against the unions. The metal trades associations of employers and the mine owners have organized labor exchanges from which all employers in the association are compelled to hire their help. These exchanges do a very big business. In Berlin alone the labor exchange of the Metal Trades Association finds places for about 16,000 men annually.

In his City Labor Exchange the German workman finds all the opportunities for work that are available not only in his own town but throughout the empire. In the waiting rooms

he sees posted "Lists of Vacancies" which are issued by the Associations of Labor Exchanges in the different parts of the country. There are eleven such associations corresponding to certain geographical divisions, as for example, "The Association of Bavarian Labor Exchanges," the "Central German Labor Exchanges Association," "North Elbe Labor Exchanges Association," and so on. At regular intervals the offices in each of these divisions send to the headquarters of the association a list of those positions which they have not been able to fill. In turn, a list is made at headquarters of the vacancies in all the cities and distributed to the exchanges throughout the country. In this way it is possible for men out of work in Prussia to know whether it would be worth while to go to Wurtemberg or any other state.

The exchanges themselves sometimes arrange the transfer of the men from one part of the country to another, making sure beforehand, however, that no one is sent to a distant place unless a position is open for him. A few of the German states allow men thus sent to ride on the government railroads at half fare; and all the states contribute to the support of the associations of exchanges within their boundaries.

Covering the entire country is the Association of German Labor Exchanges which receives a subsidy from the imperial government. This organization helps to start new exchanges and improve old ones. Also it holds annual conventions for the purpose of discussing ideas that will tend to promote the efficiency of the exchanges. And it publishes a monthly paper, *Der Arbeits Markt* (The Labor Market) which contains news of the work of the bureaus in all the cities.

The first of the city labor bureaus was established by Dresden in 1887. Since then they have spread and developed rapidly. The authorities throughout the country are anxious to further their work. Recently the Reichstag passed a bill prohibiting the establishment of private employment offices except in such employments as are not dealt with by the public labor exchanges. This is the first step toward abolishing entirely all private employment offices.

In 1909 the municipal labor exchanges of Germany secured about 950,000 positions for unemployed work people. Most of these, it is true, would have found work for themselves, without the aid of the labor exchanges, but there is no doubt that thousands would have been in distress from want of work

if it had not been for these exchanges. Also it is true that the exchanges find work for all much quicker than they could possibly do so themselves, thus saving the wage-earners much time between jobs.

The cost of this work in a large city is well illustrated by the accounts of the Berlin exchange. It secures about 100,000 positions annually at a cost of about 100,000 marks. That is, to find a place for a workingman costs one mark or about 23 cents.

A very important part of the work that the exchanges do is to furnish information as to the state of the labor market. In Germany the records of the exchanges are very carefully and accurately kept and the cities use them in dealing with the problem of unemployment. When it appears that there is an over-supply of labor, municipal work, such as building schools, extending streets, repairing dams, etc., is given to the unemployed. Men are hired through the labor exchange; and as soon as the labor market is relieved and there is plenty of work in private employment the cities suspend as much of their work as possible. There is a definite policy so to arrange the municipal and state work as to have it done during dull times when private employers are laying off their work-men.

What led the German cities to establish free employment offices? It was found to be cheaper and in other ways more desirable to find work for an able-bodied man than to give him charitable support. The municipalities have to support all those who are in distress from want of employment. Labor exchanges find work for many who might otherwise become charges, and also give the authorities a means of determining whether a man is really looking for work or is merely feigning.

Great Britain has since February, 1910, established about 150 labor exchanges which find work for some 1,500 persons daily. Following the lead of Germany also, every continental country, as well as Australia and New Zealand, has established labor exchanges.

Some of our states have passed laws providing for free employment offices, but usually the appropriations for their support have been inadequate and appointments of the office force have been dictated by politicians. The result is that, with few exceptions, their work is insignificant.

Surely it is time for us in America to see the necessity for organizing the labor market efficiently.

THE OASES OF THE SOUF.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.



If the reader were to take camel at Biskra on the northern edge of the Sahara and penetrate into the desert for about a week's march, in a south-easterly direction, he would find himself in the country of the "dunes," or pure desert, here known as the region of El Souf. For he must understand that, though the whole Sahara goes under the name of desert, yet it is not all desert in the same degree of perfection and purity. It contains many tracts which grow a sort of sparse covert of meagre, sun-bleached bushes and a few tufts of wiry grass on which the wandering Bedouin shepherds drive their goats to feed in winter time, but which, through the long droughts of summer, are so dried up and shrivelled by the relentless heat that no kind of sustenance is to be derived from them. Then the shepherds seek more favourable pastures, and in the late spring months the borders of the desert are scattered over with vagrant herds nibbling their course towards the slopes of the Atlas Mountains clothed with verdure and wetted with mist.

And besides these intermediate tracts, where life still struggles fitfully, there are others, further gone in dissolution, which indeed have said farewell to life for good and all, but which yet bear, as skeletons do, the semblance of what they were when the breath and growth of life animated them. These landscapes, of an inexpressible melancholy, yet preserve in the main the structural features of ordinary scenery. Hills and valleys are there, and plains and sudden ravines and the beds of rivers, with their lesser tributaries clearly marked and cut in the rock, with boulders rounded by the action of water lying in them. But all now is a mineral waste. These rudiments are unclothed. The hills are built of naked crags, the valleys and plains are expanses of sandy and stony *débris* with plateaux and tablelands of bare rock intervening, the streams and river beds have been dry these many ages. These of all the regions of the Sahara are the most mournful to

travel through. Death is nothing in itself: it counts only as the negation of life. Human dust is dust only. Show us the form from which life has fled and we will believe in death. So it is here. A landscape is spread before you but it is a dead landscape. All the forms survive which you associate with natural fertility, and it needs no more effort of the imagination to hear water tinkling in these brooks and to see cattle feeding on these slopes than to hear dead lips speak and to see dead eyes unclosed. What so terribly manifests the power of death is the presence of the victim it has struck down.

But there is another and final stage, and it is on this that you enter when you attain the Souf country. This is the state of utter dissolution when all semblance and appearance of organic form is lost and wholly blotted out. No trace any longer exists of the original skeleton structure of hill and valley and ravine and river bed, but all has melted down into landscape dust, the dust of pure sand. There is an old superstition or belief which attaches, I believe, to almost all deserts, which Marco Polo, and many Arabs and travellers the world over from the most ancient times, have noted, that the deserts are infested and peopled with spirits seemingly human but always malignant. These the belated traveller frequently encounters. He hears by night the sound of their camels walking, and voices speaking and sees their caravans passing, and, following after them, he gets led away and perishes miserably in the wild desert. These are legends which seem to belong very appropriately to those usual aspects of desert scenery which retain the semblances of natural landscape, for nothing can be easier, as I have just said, than to re-invest this scenery with all the attributes of the life that has left it and to re-people it with living habitants. Itself the spectre of life, it seems to crave a spectral population. But I never heard of such stories attaching to the dune regions, nor do I think they do. There is nothing here in Nature to support them. These are places too dead to nourish even ghosts.

All around you to the horizon, unbroken for many a day's march, the dunes of the Souf extend, taking the form not of ridges but of rounded hillocks, in size averaging, I should judge, about thirty to fifty feet high. They are set as close as they can stand together, so that, looking out from

some vantage point, one sees nothing but an endless, dense array of white sand summits, contrasting with a wierd abruptness with the intense and uniform dark blue of the sky. The monotony of such an arrangement is beyond the power of words to describe. Gradually as the senses, accustomed to Nature's variety, feed on this perpetual uniformity, the effect of the landscape eats into one's consciousness. There is nothing here at all but the one thing, sand, so that the whole landscape, all soft white contours and nothing else, appears to be the monument of the desert's victory and conquest over Nature. This is its significance. It is towards this that the sand is constantly working. In those regions we lately spoke of, dead but not dissolved, which yet retain organic form and structure, the sand even now is at its deadly work. Driven hither and thither by the strong desert wind, its dry waves beat perpetually on rock and cliff, undermining and eating them away, till the overhanging masses come tumbling down; and on the scattered fragments the sand sets to work anew at its task of disintegration. The fierce heat aids. For such here are the extremes from the heat of day to the chill of night, and such the effect of the sudden contraction of matter thus occasioned, that frequently rocks and stones split into pieces with a report like an exploding shell. Thus while the sun blasts, the sand pulverises, and the work of reducing the whole landscape to its component atoms of sand-dust goes steadily forward. All the boulders and pebbles that strew the desert's floor are rounded, as by running water, by the sand's perpetual friction. It is so quietly patient, so silent and invidious in its methods, that it appears innocuous and lulls suspicion. Who would give loose sand the credit for such awful powers of destruction? Yet such it possesses. From life to death, from death to dissolution, are the stages the desert has passed or is passing through, and the prime agent in this process of destruction is the sand.

But look yet a little closer. There are occasionally to be found, even in the dune region, tiny spots of fertility which seem a thousand-fold more luxuriant and welcome by reason of the encompassing sterility. Beneath the sand the hard and waterproof desert floor retains some springs of moisture, and where these have been tapped there arises small but prodigal groves of palms and gardens of fruit trees. They are but tiny

spots, the name they go by is the "cup" oases, and they are commonly set in clusters or loose chains following the course of the unseen water course below. The feet of the palms being in the moisture beneath, their heads usually reach to about the level of the desert sand, so that on a desert march one sometimes finds oneself arrived at the very brim of one of these groves before it is visible, and then, quite suddenly, there spreads at one's feet a little rich dark green carpet of palm foliage with the blossoms of apricot and peach trees twinkling beneath it in the deeper shade. Often, riding across the desert, I have mistaken these cup oases, filled to the brim with verdure, for patches of evergreen bushes or low scrub growing in the sand. Only when you approach them closely do you realize that the feathery foliage into which you seemed about to ride is carried on tall stems rooted fifty feet below.

The reader will understand with what feelings of delight and blessed security the wanderer who has been long exposed to the chances of desert travel, who has experienced its scorching heat by day and cold by night, its lashing sand storms, and, above all, those phantom dangers and sense of continuous insecurity which attend those who journey in a waterless country, he will understand how one subject to such chances must regard the abrupt transition from the exposure and glare of the sand tracts to these little heavens of verdure and tranquillity. It is difficult to give an idea of the contrast. The present writer was exposed once in a small sailing boat to one of the white squalls which visit the lake of Como, and, driven almost at random down the lake, he managed by good luck to struggle into the tiny wall-encircled harbor which juts forth at the end of the Arcomati point. The transition was instantaneous from furious wind and dashing water to absolute stillness and peace. Six feet off the storm raged and sang, and here the clustering figs drooped motionless overhead and the rose colored oleanders were reflected in the quiet pool below. Such is the suddenness of the change from the stress of desert marching to the cool security of one of the Souf oases.

But he little knows the desert and its surreptitious and fawning methods of attack who counts on this security too absolutely. The desert is never beaten. Even while you stretch your limbs in the pleasant shade it is devising plots for your undoing. The surrounding dunes are all your enemies, and

their one ambition and object in life is to effect the obliteration of these spots of verdure as they have obliterated all other signs of life which the desert contained. With the wind helping it as usual, the sand keeps pouring its little avalanches and cascades of grains down the encompassing slopes into the oasis. The work is silent, and, like all the desert does, apparently innocent, so almost imperceptible is the advance it makes. But in reality each tiny oasis stands a perpetual siege and owes its existence to a ceaseless vigilance. Walk up the surrounding dunes and you will find their summits all paved over and pinned down with a matting of palm leaves to prevent the sand from being blown along and drifted by the wind. Even so the air in windy weather is so charged with the yellow grains that all objects at a few yards are blotted out in the murky obscurity. At such times many tons of sand must be discharged into the neighboring oases, and the villagers are kept busy clearing it away and carrying it back to the desert in baskets. These are open assaults, but even in still weather little dribblets of grains are perpetually at work attempting the secret annexation of some unguarded inch of cultivated ground.

Looking back on those regions and the life men lead there, the outstanding fact about them seems this hostility of the desert. The sand is the agent of death and dissolution. With all life it is on terms of deadly enmity. To travel on it is dangerous, to dwell in it impossible, and even those small strongholds of fertility called oases which occasionally relieve its monotony are ceaselessly watched by the old enemy and ceaselessly tested and attacked. A man lives by vigilance here, even as he lives whose enemy's point is at his breast. Who shall wonder that the glances of Arabs are so alert and wary and suspicious, that their movements are of such catlike promptitude and swiftness, their forms so sinewy and enduring, and their whole demeanor and presence so suggestive of unremitting vigilance? Watch a Bedouin even in town bazaars. He has the step and bearing and glance of one who is in an enemy's presence and feels himself in danger. It is the habit of his breeding. Only sleepless vigilance can stand a chance against the sleepless enmity of the desert.

WHAT WAS THE "FALL" OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE?

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

III.



THAT state of society which I have described in my last two papers, the ordered and united society of the Roman Empire, passed into another and very different state of society: the society of what are called "The Dark Ages."

From these again arose after adventures and perils which will be later touched upon, the great harvest of medieval civilization. Hardly had the Roman Empire turned in its maturity to accept the fruit of its long development (I mean the Catholic Church), when it was already apparent that the organism had grown old and was about to suffer some great transition.

This close succession of fruit and decay is precisely what one would expect from the analogy of all living things: for as a plant has its vigorous springtime, then its blossoming, and finally, just after it is most fruitful, falls into the deadness of winter, so one would imagine the long story of Mediterranean civilization to have proceeded. When it was at its final and most complete stage, one would look for some final and complete philosophy which should satisfy its long search and solve its ancient riddles: but after such a discovery, after the fruit of such a maturity had fully developed, one would expect the end.

Now it has been the singular fortune of our European civilization that the end did not come. Dissolution was in some strange way checked. Death was averted; and the more closely one looks into the unique history of that salvation—the salvation of all that could be saved in a most ancient and fatigued civilization—the more one sees that this salvation was effected by no agency save that of the Catholic Church. Everything else, after, say, 250 A. D., the philosophies, the barbarians, the current passions and the current despair, made for nothing but ruin.

There is no parallel to this in all the history of mankind. Every other great civilization has, after many centuries of development, either fallen into a fixed and sterile sameness or died and disappeared. There is nothing left of Egypt, there is nothing left of Assyria. The Eastern civilizations remain, but remain immovable; or if they change can only copy external models.

But the civilization of Europe—the civilization, that is, of Rome and of the Empire—had a third fortune differing both from death and from sterilization: it survived to a resurrection. Its essential seeds were preserved.

Men carved less well, wrote verse less well, let roads fall slowly into ruin, lost or rather coarsened the machinery of government, forgot or neglected much in letters and in the arts and in the sciences, for five hundred years. But there was preserved, right through that long period, not only so much of letters and of the arts as would suffice to bridge the great gulf between the fifth century and the eleventh, but also so much of what was really vital in the mind of Europe as would permit that mind to blossom again after its repose. And the agency, I repeat, which effected this conservation of the seeds, was the Catholic Church.

It is impossible to understand this truth, indeed it is impossible to make any sense of all of European history if we accept that story of the decline of civilization which is currently put forward in non-Catholic societies, and which has seemed sufficient to non-Catholic historians.

Their version is, briefly, this:—

The Roman Empire, becoming corrupt and more vicious with the spread of luxury and with a sort of native weakness to be discovered in the very blood of the Mediterranean, was at last invaded by young and vigorous tribes of men bringing with them all the strength of certain native barbaric virtues and proceeding in blood from that stock which later rejected the unity of Christendom and began the modern Protestant societies.

A generic term has been invented by the modern theorists and historians whose version I am here giving; the vigorous, young, uncorrupt, and virtuous tribes which broke through the boundaries of the effete Empire and rejuvenated it, are grouped together as "Teutonic:" a German strain very strong, both

numerically, and also in intensity and virile power superior to what was left of Roman civilization, came in and took over the handling of affairs. One great body of these Germans, the Franks, took over Gaul; another, the Goths, took over in various branches, Italy and Spain. But most complete, most fruitful, and most satisfactory of all, was the eruption of these vigorous and healthy men into the outlying province of Britain, which they wholly conquered, exterminating its inhabitants and colonizing it with their superior stock.

It was inevitable (the anti-Catholic historian proceeds to admit) that the presence of uncultured though superior men should accelerate the decline of arts in the society which they thus conquered. It is further to be deplored that their simpler and native virtues were contaminated by the arts of the Roman clergy and that in some measure the official religion of Rome captured their noble souls; for that official religion permitted the poison of the Roman decline to affect all the European mind—even the Teutonic mind—for many centuries. But at the same time this evil effect was counterbalanced by the ineradicable strength and virtues of the Northern barbaric stock. They brought into Western Europe the subtlety of romantic conceptions, the true lyric touch in poetry, the deep reverence which is the note of modern religion, the love of adventure in which the old civilization was lacking, and a vast respect for women. At the same time their warrior spirit evolved the great structure of feudalism, the conception of the medieval knight and the whole military ideal of medieval civilization.

Is it to be wondered at that when great new areas of knowledge were opened up in the later fifteenth century by suddenly expanded travel, by the printing press, and by an unexpected advance in physical science, the emancipation of the European mind should have brought this pure and barbaric stock to its own again? In proportion as Teutonic blood was strong, in that proportion was the hierarchy of the Catholic Church and the hold upon men of Catholic tradition, shaken in the early sixteenth century, and before that century had closed the manly stirp of North Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, and Britain had developed the Protestant civilization which is progressive, healthy, and in competition already the master of all rivals; destined soon to be, if it be not already, supreme.

Such is a not exaggerated summary of what the anti-

Catholic school of history has given us from German and from English universities (with the partial aid of anti-Catholic academic forces within Catholic countries) during the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century.

Needless to say there went with this way of writing history a flood of hypothesis which was presented as fact. Thus the representative system was (of all things in the world!) imagined or hoped to be a barbaric, Teutonic, non-Roman and therefore non-Catholic thing. The gradual decline of slavery was attributed to the same miraculous powers in the northern pagans; and in general, whatever thing was good in itself or was consonant with modern ideas, was referred back to this original source of good in the business of Europe.

Meanwhile the bias against civilization, Roman tradition and the Church, showed itself in a hundred other ways: the conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans was represented as the victory of a superior people over a degraded and contemptible one. Every revolt, however obscure, against the unity of European civilization in the Middle Ages, and notably the worst revolt of all, the Albigensian, was presented as a worthy uplifting of the human mind against conditions of bondage. And, most remarkable of all, the actual daily life of Catholic Europe, the habit, way of thought and manner of men, during the period of unity—from say the eighth century to the fifteenth—was simply omitted!*

At the moment when history was struggling to become a scientific study, this school of self-pleasing generals held the field. When at last history *did* become a true scientific study, this school collapsed; but it has yet, as an inheritance of its old hegemony a singular power in the lower and more popular forms of historical writing; and where the English language is spoken it is almost the only view of European development which the general student can obtain.

It will be noted at the outset that the whole of the fantastic picture which this old and discredited theory presented, is based upon a certain conception of what happened at the breakdown of the Roman Empire. Unless these vigorous young barbaric nations *did* come in and administrate, unless

* Every English-speaking schoolboy has probably heard at some time in his life, of King Alfred, and certainly not one in a thousand but would be astonished to hear that King Alfred went to Mass; and that one in a thousand if you were to tell him that truth would probably disbelieve it.

they really *were* very considerable in number, unless their character in truth *was* what this school postulated it to be, unless there *did indeed* take place a struggle between these great German nations and the Mediterranean civilization in which the former won and ruled as conquerors over subject peoples, unless these primary axioms have some historical truth in them the theory which is deduced from them has no historical value whatsoever. A man may have a preference, as a Protestant or merely as an inhabitant of North Germany or Scandinavia, for the type of man who originally lay outside the Roman Empire. He may as an anti-Catholic of any kind hope that civilization was decadent through Catholicism at the end of the united Roman Empire, and it may please him to imagine that the coincidence of barbaric with Protestant Europe is a proof of the former's original prowess. Nay, he may even desire that the non-Catholic and non-traditional type in our civilization shall attain to a supremacy which he has not yet actually reached. But the whole thing is only a pleasant (or unpleasant) dream, something to imagine and not something to discover, unless we have a solid historical foundation in the destruction of the Roman Empire in the way and by the men whom it presupposes. The whole hypothesis, the validity of the whole point of view, depends upon our answer to the question, "What was the fall of the Roman Empire?" If it was a conquest such as we have just seen postulated and a conquest actuated by the motives of men so described, then this old anti-Catholic school, though it could not maintain its exaggerations (though, for instance, it could not connect representative institutions with the barbarians) would yet be substantially in perspective with the truth.

Now, the moment documents began to be seriously studied and compared, the moment modern research began to approach some sort of finality in the study of that period wherein the United Roman Empire of the West was replaced by sundry local Kingdoms, students in proportion to their impartiality became more and more convinced that the whole of this anti-Catholic attitude reposed upon mere myth and legend.

There was no conquest of effete Mediterranean peoples by vigorous barbarians. Such barbarians as were preserved in the Empire or as entered it during the great period of transition, were not of the sort which this anti-Catholic theory pre-

supposed. They had no conspicuous respect for women of the type which should produce the chivalric ideal. They were not free societies but slave-owning societies. They did not desire, attempt, or dream of the destruction of the Imperial power: that disaster—which was gradual and never complete—in so far as it came about at all, came about in spite of the barbarians and not by their conscious efforts. Again they were not numerous; on the contrary they were but handfuls of men, even when they appeared as pillagers and raiders over the frontiers; when they came in large numbers they were wiped out. They did not introduce any new institutions or any new ideas, and (save in Britain)* it is demonstrable that they introduced no appreciable element of new blood.

Again, you do not find in that capital change from the old civilization to the Dark Ages, a rise of legend and of the romantic and adventurous spirit, in a word of the sowing of the modern seed where the barbaric pillagers or the regular barbaric soldiers pass. Romance appears much later, and it appears more immediately and earliest in connection with precisely those districts in which the passage of the few Teutonic barbarians had been least felt. There, again, is no link between barbaric society such as we know it and the feudalism of the Middle Ages; there is no trace of such a link! There is on the contrary a very definite and clearly marked historical sequence between Roman civilization and the feudal system, attested by innumerable documents which, once read and compared in their order, leave no sort of doubt that feudalism and the medieval civilization reposing on it were Roman things.

In a word, a cessation of central Imperial rule in Western Europe, the cessation of the power and habit of one united organization centralized in Rome to color, define and administer the lives of men, was an internal revolution; it was not impressed from without. It was a conversion, not a conquest.

All that happened was that Roman civilization having grown very old, failed to maintain that vigorous and universal method of local government which it had for four or five hundred years supported. The machinery of taxation gradually weakened; the whole of central bureaucratic action weakened; the greater men in each locality began to acquire a sort of

* The case of Britain, as we shall see in the next article, is doubtful and, therefore, interesting in the extreme.

independence, and sundry soldiers, as we shall see in a moment, benefited by the slow (and enormous) change, occupied the local "palaces," as they were called, of Roman administration, secured such advantage as what was left of the Roman scheme of taxation could give them, and, conversely, had thrust upon them so much of the duty of government as the decline of civilization could still maintain.

That is what happened, and that is all that happened.

As an historical phenomenon it is what I have called it—enormous. It most vividly struck the imaginations of men. The tremors and the occasional local cataclysms which were the symptoms of this change of base from the old high civilization to the Dark Ages, singularly impressed the numerous and prolific writers of the time. Their terrors, their astonishment, their speculations as to the result, have come down to us very vividly. We feel after all those centuries the shock which was produced on the mind by Alaric's sack of Rome, or by the march of the Visigoths through Gaul into Spain, or by the appearance of the mixed horde called—after their leaders—Vandals in front of Hippo in Africa. But what we do not feel, what we do not obtain from the contemporary documents, what was a mere figment of the academic brain in the generation now just passing away, is that anti-Catholic and, as it were, anti-civilized bias which would represent the ancient civilization as conquered by men of another and of a better stock who have since developed the supreme type of modern civilization, and whose contrast with the Catholic world and Catholic tradition is at once applauded as the principle of life in Europe and emphasized as the fundamental fact in European history.

The reader, however, must not be content with this mere affirmation, though the affirmation is based upon all that is worth counting in modern scholarship.

He will ask what, then, did really happen? After all, Alaric did sack Rome; the Kings of the Franks were German chieftains, and so were those of the Burgundians, and so were those of the Goths, both eastern and western. In other words, the false history has got superficial ground to work upon, and it is the business of anyone who is writing true history even in so short a series of articles as this, to show that such ground is only superficial.

In order to understand what happened we must first of all clearly represent to ourselves the fact that the structure upon which that ancient civilization had in its first five centuries reposed, was the Roman Army. By which I do not mean that the number of soldiers was very large compared with the civilian population, but that the organ which was vital in the State, the thing that really counted, the institution upon which men's minds turned, and which they thought of as the foundation of all, was the military institution.

When (as always ultimately happens in a complex civilization of many millions) self-government had broken down, and when it was necessary, after the desperate faction fights which that breakdown had produced, to establish a strong centre of authority, the obvious and, as it were, necessary person to exercise that authority, in a State constituted as was the Roman State, was the Commander-in-Chief of the army; and all the word "Emperor"—the Latin word *Imperator*—means, is a commander-in-chief.

It was the Army which made and unmade Emperors; it was the Army which helped to construct the great roads of the Empire; it was in connection with the needs of the Army that they were traced; it was the Army which secured (very easily, for peace was popular) the civil peace of the vast organism, and it was the Army which, especially, guarded its frontiers against the uncivilized world without; upon the edge of the desert, upon the edge of the Scotch mountains, upon the edge of the poor, wild German lands, the garrisons made a sort of wall within which wealth and right living could accumulate, outside which small and impoverished bodies of men destitute of the arts (notably of writing) save in so far as they rudely copied the Romans or were permeated by adventurous Roman commerce, lived under conditions which in the Celtic hills we can partially appreciate from the analogy of ancient Gaul but of which in the German sand plains and woods we know hardly anything at all.

Now this main instrument, the Army, the instrument remember, which not only preserved civil functions but actually created the master of all civic functions, the Government, went through three very clear stages of change in the first four centuries of the Christian era.

These changes have been fairly known to historians since first

history was seriously studied in modern times. But it needed a group of quite modern scholars to point out their vast significance; for it is the transformation of the Roman Army which gives the clue to the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon of the transition which took place in the fifth and sixth centuries between the full civilization of Rome and the beginning of the Dark Ages.

In its first stage the Roman Army was still theoretically an army of true Roman citizens.* As a matter of fact the army was already principally professional, and it was being recruited even in this first stage very largely from the territories which Rome had conquered. Thus we have Cæsar raising a Gallic legion almost contemporaneously with his conquest of Gaul. But for a long time after, till well into the Christian era, the Army was conceived of in men's minds as a sort of universal institution rooted in the citizenship which men were still proud to claim throughout the Empire and which belonged only to a portion of its inhabitants.

In the second phase, which corresponded with the beginning of a decline in letters and in the arts, which carries us through the welter of civil wars in the third century and introduces the remodelled empire at their close, the Army was becoming purely professional and at the same time drawn from whatever was least fortunate in Roman society. The recruitment of it was treated much after the fashion of a tax; the great landed proprietors (who, by a parallel development in the decline, were becoming the chief economic feature in the Roman State) were summoned to send a certain number of recruits from their estates.

Slaves would often be glad to go, for, hard as were the conditions of military service, it gave them citizenship, certain honors, a certain pay, and a future for their progeny. The poorer freed men would also go at the command of their lord (though only of course a certain proportion—for the conscription was very light compared with modern systems, and was made lighter by re-enlistment, long service, absence of reserves, and the use of veterans).

During this second stage, while the Army was becoming

* A soldier was still technically a citizen up to the very end. The conception of a soldier as a citizen, the impossibility, for instance, of his being a slave, was in the very bones of Roman thought.

less and less civic, and more and more a profession for the destitute and the unfortunate, the unpopularity and the ignorance of military service among the rest of the population was increasing.

Recruiting was evidently becoming difficult, and the habit was growing of offering the impoverished peoples outside the pale of the Empire the advantages of residence within it, on condition that they should be liable to serve as Roman soldiers.

The conception of towns and territories within the Empire which were affiliated and allied to it rather than absorbed by it, was a very ancient one. That conception had lost reality so far as the old towns and territories it had once affected were concerned, but it paved the way for this constant and increasing use of barbaric troops, an increasing number of whom were drafted into the regular corps, and whole bodies of which were more and more frequently accepted *en bloc* and under their local leaders as auxiliaries to the Roman forces.

Some such bodies appear to have been settled upon land on the frontiers, to others were given similar grants at very great distances from the frontiers; thus we have German barbarians at Rennes in Brittany. And, again, within the legions, who were all technically of Roman citizenship and in theory recruited from the full civilization of Rome, the barbarian who happened to find himself within that civilization tended more than did his non-barbarian fellow citizen (or fellow slave) to accept military service. He would nearly always be poorer; he would, unless his experience of civilization was a long one, feel less the hardship of military service; and in this second phase, while the army was becoming more sedentary (more attached, that is, to particular garrisons), more permanent, more of an hereditary thing handed on from father to son, and distinguished by the large portion of what we should call married quarters, it was also becoming more and more an army of men who, whether as auxiliaries or as true Roman soldiers, were in blood, descent, and to some extent in manners, and even in language, barbarians. There were negroes, there were probably Celts, there were numerous Germans, and so forth.

In the third stage, which is the stage that saw the great convulsion of the fifth century, the army, though not wholly barbaric, was already in its most vital part barbaric. It took its orders, of course, wholly from the Roman State, but great

groups within it were perhaps not Latin-speaking, and were certainly regarded both by themselves and by their Roman masters as non-Roman in manners and in blood.

It must most clearly be emphasized that not only did no such thought as an attack upon the Empire enter the heads of these soldiers, but that the very idea of it would have been inconceivable to them. Had you proposed it they would not even have known what you meant. That a particular section of the army should fight against a particular claimant to the Empire (and therefore and necessarily in favor of some other claimant) they thought natural enough, but to talk of an attack upon the Empire itself would have seemed to them like talking of an attack upon bread and meat, air, water and fire. The Empire was the whole method and meaning of their lives. At intervals the high and wealthy civilization of the Roman Empire was, of course, subjected to attempted pillage by small and hungry robber bands without its boundaries.

As the machinery of Government grew weak through old age, and as the recruitment of the army from barbarians and the large proportion of auxiliary regular forces began to weaken that basis of the whole State, the tendency of these pillaging bands to break in, grew greater and greater; but it never occurred to them to attack the Empire as such. What they wanted was permission to enjoy the life which was led within it, and to abandon the wretched conditions to which they were compelled outside its boundaries. Sometimes they were transformed from pillagers to soldiers by an offer extended by the Roman authorities; more often they effected their raids in the absence of a good garrison in their neighborhood; a force would march against them and if they were not quick at getting away would cut them to pieces. But with the progress of Roman decline the attacks of these small bands became more frequent. Towns had to regard such attacks as a permanent peril and to defend themselves against them. The raiders would sometimes traverse great districts from end to end, and whether in the form of pirates from the sea or of war bands on land, the ceaseless attempts to enjoy or to loot (but principally to enjoy) the conditions that civilization offered, grew more and more persistent.

It must not be imagined, of course, that civilization had not occasionally to suffer then, as it had had to suffer at inter-

vals for a thousand years past, the attacks of really large and organized barbaric armies.* Thus in the year 404, driven by the pressure of an Eastern invasion upon their own forests, a vast Gothic host under Radagisius pushed into Italy. The men bearing arms alone were estimated (in a time well used to soldiery and to such estimates) at 200,000; and it is a confused conception of events of that sort which has led superficial or biased history into the idea of national invasions and conquests by the Germans.

But as a matter of fact those 200,000 were wiped out. The barbarians were always wiped out when they attempted to come as conquerors. Stilicho (a typical figure, for he is of barbarian descent, yet in the regular Roman service) cut to pieces one portion of them, the rest surrendered and were sold off and scattered as slaves. Immediately afterwards you have a violent quarrel between various soldiers who desire to capture the Imperial power. The story is fragmentary and somewhat confused: now one usurper is blamed, and now another, but the fact common to all is that with the direct object of usurping power a Roman general calls in barbarian bands of pillagers (all sorts of groups, Franks, Suevians, Vandals) to cross the Rhine into Gaul and to help in the civil war. The Roman Army of Britain acclaims a usurper of the name of Constantine, who drives the pillaging bands beyond the Pyrenees into Spain; and the end of the five or six years of the trouble is the reconquest of Gaul by the legitimate Emperor Honorius, who puts things in order again. The succeeding generation presents us with documents that do not give a picture of a ruined province by any means; only of a province which has been traversed in certain directions by the march of barbarian robber bands, who afterwards disappeared, largely in fighting among themselves.

We have, of course—the third in the series of these true invasions in force—the very much more serious business of Attila and the Huns. In the middle of the century, fifty years after the destruction of the Goths, these Asiatics, with numerous other barbaric dependents of theirs from the Germanics, penetrated into the heart of Gaul. The end of that business,

* For instance, a century and a half before, the Goths, a barbaric nation just north of the Eastern Empire had broken in and ravaged in a worse fashion than their successors in the fifth century.

infinitely graver though it was than either of the two others, is just what one might have expected. The regular and disciplined forces of the Empire with their auxiliary barbaric troops, destroy the barbarians' power near Chalons, and the third of the great invasions is wiped out as thoroughly as was the first.

In general, the barbaric eruptions into the Empire failed wholly wherever regular troops could be found to oppose them.*

What, then, were the successes? What was the real nature of the action of Alaric, for instance, and his sack of Rome and how, later, do we find "kings" in the place of the Roman Governors?

The real nature of the action of men like Alaric, is utterly different from the imaginary picture which the "Teutonic" school would provide us with. Consider the truth upon Alaric, and contrast it with the imaginary picture.

Alaric was a young soldier of Gothic race in command of a Roman auxiliary force, and as much a Roman officer, as incapable of thinking of himself in any other terms than those of the Roman Army, as any one of his colleagues. He had his commission from the Emperor Theodosius, and when Theodosius marched into Gaul against the usurper Eugenius, he counted these auxiliaries as among the most faithful of his army. It so happens, moreover, that the auxiliaries were nearly all destroyed in the campaign. Alaric survived, and was rewarded by further military dignities in the Roman military hierarchy. He is ambitious, in particular of figuring in the chief branch of the service, namely that regular nucleus of the Roman forces which, though in blood was perhaps by this time almost as barbaric as the auxiliaries, was based on a corporate tradition of Roman citizenship and inherited all the *kudos* of the highest branch of the service. Alaric's ambition is, then, the title of *Magister Militum*, with the dignity that accompanied that highest of military titles. The Emperor refuses it. One of the Ministers begins to plot with Alaric and suggests to him that he might gather other barbaric auxiliaries under his command, and make things uncomfortable for his superiors. Alaric rebels, marches through the Balkan Peninsula into Thessaly and Greece, and down into the

* It was the absence of regular troops in Britain, as we shall see in the next article, which lends to the invasion of that province its peculiar character.

Peloponesus; the regulars march against him (according to some accounts) and beat him back into Epirus.

There ends his first adventure. He remains in Epirus at the head of his forces, having made peace with the Government and enjoying a regular commission from the Emperor.

He next tries a new adventure to serve his ambition in Italy, but his army is broken to pieces at Pollentia by the regulars. The whole thing is a civil war between branches of the Roman service and is motivated, like all the Roman civil wars, by the ambitions of generals. Alaric does not lose his commission after his latest adventure; he begins to intrigue between the Western and Eastern heads of the Roman Empire. The great invasion of the Goths under Radagasius is for him of course, as for any other Roman officer, an invasion of barbaric enemies.

When the invasion was over and destroyed, Alaric had the opportunity to become restless again, and asked for certain arrears of pay that were due to him. Stilicho, the great rival general, admitted his right to arrears of pay, but just at that moment there occurred an important but obscure palace intrigue which was based, like all the real movements of the time, on differences of religion, not of race. Stilicho, who is suspected of attempting to restore paganism, is killed. In the general confusion certain of the families of the barbaric auxiliaries garrisoned in Italy are massacred by the non-military population. As Alaric is a general in partial rebellion against the Imperial authority, the barbaric auxiliaries join him.

The total number of Alaric's men was very small; they were only 30,000. There was no trace of nationality about them; they were simply a horde of discontented soldiers; they had not crossed the frontier; they were not invaders; they were part of the long-established and regular garrisons of the Empire; and, for that matter, many garrisons and troops of equally barbaric origin, sided with the regular authorities in the quarrel. Alaric marches on Rome with this disaffected Roman Army, claiming that he has been defrauded of his due in salary, and leaning upon the popularity of the dead Stilicho, whose murder he says he will avenge. His thirty thousand claim the barbarian slaves within the city, and certain sums of money which had been the pretext and motive of his rebellion.

As a result of this action the Emperor promises Alaric his regular salary as a general, and a district which he may not only command but plant with his few followers. Even in the height of his success, Alaric again demands the thing which was nearest his heart, the supreme title of *Magister Militum*, the highest post in the hierarchy of military advancement. But the Emperor refused to give that. Alaric marches on Rome again, a Roman officer followed by a rebellious Roman Army. He forces the Senate to make Attalus nominal Emperor of the West, and Attalus to give him the desired title, his very craving for which is most significant of the Roman character of the whole business. Alaric then quarrels with his puppet, deprives him of the insignia of the Empire, and sends them to Honorius; quarrels again with Honorius, reenters Rome and pillages it, marches to Southern Italy, dies, and his army is dismembered.

There is the story of Alaric as it appears from documents and as it was in reality. There is the truth underlying the false picture with which most educated men were recently provided by the anti-Roman bias of modern history.

Certainly the story of Alaric's discontent with his salary and the terms of his commission, his raiding marches, his plunder of the capital, shows how vastly different was the beginning of the fifth century from the society of three hundred years before. It is symptomatic of the change, and it could only have been possible at a moment when central government was at last breaking down. But it is utterly different in motive and in social character, from the vague, customary conception of a vast barbarian invasion led by a "war lord," pouring over the Alps and taking Roman society and its capital by storm. Indeed it has no relation to such a picture.

If this be true of the dramatic adventure of Alaric which has so profoundly affected the imagination of mankind, it is still truer of the other contemporary events which false history might twist into a "conquest" of the Empire by the barbarian.

There was no such conquest. All that happened was an internal transformation of Roman society in which the chief functions of local government fell to the chiefs of auxiliary forces in the Roman Army.

There was no destruction of Roman society, there was no

breach of continuity in the main institutions of what was now the Western Christian world; there was no considerable admixture (in these local civil wars) of German blood—no appreciable addition at least to the large amount of German blood which, through numerous soldiers and much more numerous slaves, had already been incorporated with the population of the Roman world.

But in the course of this transformation of the fifth and sixth centuries local government *did* fall into the hands of those who commanded the auxiliary forces of the Roman Army and they were by birth barbarian. From these men the royal families of Europe, and from their government the national groups of Christendom, descended.

It behooves us next, therefore, to describe how and why this change in the government of men took place, how and why local government succeeded the old centralized imperial government, and how and why the administration of such government fell to the auxiliary soldiers who took it up on the breakdown of the Empire.

This will be treated in the next division, "The Beginnings of the Nations."

FREQUENT COMMUNION FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

BY JAMES A. MOLONEY.

THE chief shepherd of the flock has recently reasserted through a solemn decree of the Sacred Congregation the right and the duty respecting young children of feeding upon the Body of Jesus Christ in Holy Communion. The bishops to whom the decree was primarily addressed because each is sole pastor of his diocesan people, have already instructed the priests to begin at once distributing the Bread of Life to their little ones and thus conform to the positive behest of our Holy Father, who himself has given expression again to the mind of our Blessed Lord and of His holy Church. The decree in question has furnished abundant documents showing the teaching and the practice of the Catholic Church from apostolic beginnings down through the ages until this present day. It leaves us no option in the matter of giving Communion to young children when their little minds, like so many budding flowers, begin to open in the light of human understanding, which is commonly supposed to be about the age of seven years. Nor does the decree leave our own maturer minds in doubt upon so capital a question, for it unequivocally lays down in the plain and solemn language of the Fourth Ecumenical Council of the Lateran, the true and only belief of Catholics: "*If any one shall deny that all the faithful of both sexes, who have attained the use of reason are obliged to receive Communion every year, at least at Easter time, according to the precepts of holy Mother Church, let him be anathema.*"

This formula and others like it coerce not the Catholic into believing, but rather give him cause to rejoice in the acquisition of certain truth: one of intellectual freedom's proudest faculties is the power of embracing heartily every undeniable proposition.

Before dwelling at greater length upon this indubitable teaching of the Church, it will be well to state at once and

briefly the authorized custom in the giving of Communion formerly and at present in the Eastern Churches and in the West. From the very beginning it has been the practice, as it is to-day in the Orient, to administer the Eucharist immediately after baptism to mere infants. Until the thirteenth century this same practice was prescribed and obtained throughout the universal Church. About that date, however, another custom began to take root and grow and spread abroad far and wide, until it was formerly and authoritatively approved and prescribed by the Lateran Council for the entire Latin Church. That custom has been ratified again and again by our highest authority upon earth, notably by the great Council of Trent: it is the practice which Pope Pius X. would have prevail everywhere under the Latin rite, and utterly supplant the manifest abuse of denying to a portion of those who have a right to it participation in the divine sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Now who precisely are those that have not only the right, but a duty likewise, to eat at the table of the Lord? At the very least, all those who, in the words of the Council, have attained the use of reason.

The question consequently is not of seven years, of ten, or of fourteen strictly speaking, since the light of reason breaks through the individual brain not according to the number of years it has taken to develop but in accordance with the required development. It not infrequently happens that a bright child of six has keener intellectual vision than a dull-brained child of eight. Observation has averaged the various ages at which children begin to exercise their hitherto latent understanding at seven years. In a very general way the abuses deplored by the Holy Father originated in the view taken of the phrase "use of reason." Two causes for the condemned practice of deferring Communion till the age of ten or twelve have been specified and reprobated by the Pope; the innovators unreasonably required a better drilling in Christian doctrine for the Blessed Eucharist than for the sacrament of penance. Their mind upon this matter is easily inferred from the fact that they admitted the child to confession long before he was entitled in their estimation to receive first Communion. Examination in the catechism was employed as a test for discrimination among the candidates. Another cause of this comparatively modern innovation was an error borrowed from

the Jansenists which manifested itself in the undue insistence upon an exaggerated preparation of soul for the becoming reception of Holy Communion. The belief that the Holy Eucharist should be given as a reward only, not as a bracing stimulant and needful corroboration of human frailty, showed a faith tainted by heretical teachers. The Middle Age Angelic Doctor not only wrote "*Tantum ergo Sacramentum veneremur cernui*," but likewise "*O salutaris Hostia . . . da robur fer auxilium*." If extraordinary preparation were essential, how could infants incapable of preparation have been permitted to receive?

Ability to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong requires some use of the reason and betokens the possibility of committing sin. If, then, admission to the sacrament of penance presupposes the use of reason, what else does the denial of admission to Communion at the same age imply but that the use of reason does not qualify for reception of the Eucharist? And this denial incurs the Council's anathema. The abuse based upon it does downright injustice to young children, endangers early innocence, and thwarts the undoubted desire of Jesus Christ.

The blessed sacrament of the Eucharist was instituted by our loving Lord to be the instrument for uniting all men to His own mystical Body. Salvation is utterly impossible for any one not so united. Christ is the head of the invisible body, men are the members. He is the vine, we are the branches. Severed from the head the life-giving center, a member must necessarily die; the branch cut off from the trunk can evidently receive no sap, it can only wither in death. Our divine Savior, eternally God, but man also from the time of His Incarnation, is the only Mediator between man and his Maker. By ineffable union the human nature of our blessed Redeemer is linked to the divine. It may reverently be said that on one side Jesus Christ is man, while on the other side He is very God. By incorporation with the God-man we are thus brought into saving contact with the Deity through the intermediation of Him Who died for us on a cross. To become incorporated requires a divine operation and the instrument fashioned for that purpose at His last supper upon earth by a divine Person is no other than the Holy Eucharist. By Communion we are intimately united to the Head of the mystical body and in

that way brought into the merciful embrace of the Divinity. There is no other door which will open into heaven for us but Jesus Christ. Through Him we must pass to, or forever remain outcasts from, that beautiful home on high. Said Christ: "become like little children" first, then "come ye all to Me: I am the Way." The objection is invalid which would deny this eucharistic instrumentality on the ground that baptized infants and some adult lovers of their Lord can see salvation without the actual reception of Holy Communion.

The same objection would tell with equal cogency against the necessity of sacramental baptism; for some are saved who have never been actually washed by the cleansing waters. In both cases the virtual stands for the actual reception of the sacrament. That little children can be saved without their first Communion is no argument, therefore, against the approved custom strenuously emphasized by Pius X. of giving Communion to all those capable of discriminating between this sacred food received at the holy table of the Lord and the ordinary victuals served them in the dining-room at home. Our Savior has said: "My Flesh is real food, and My Blood is real drink." The flour and water wafer has been changed from bread into the living Body of Christ. It still looks like common food, for its appearance was not changed. It looks like bread in order to show that what we receive is food, though not of the common sort but the bread of angels. The sacred Body into which the bread is changed being alive has blood and soul, and being the Body of Jesus Christ it is that of a divine Person. The faintest glimmer of budding reason will suffice for a child's understanding of the change of one thing into another, the difference between a dead body and one that is alive, and what it is to be God and not a man. A lifeless lesson from the bare catechism may not set things in the faint light of the child mind, but the priest or any other teacher who has learnt the simple and natural mode of communicating elementary truths will be fairly understood after the fashion of a child. He has but to remember his former self in order to be at home immediately in the talk that conveys the ideas of children to a little child.

Moreover, the foregoing simple information is by no means a requirement or a test for first Communion. Nothing more in the way of enlightenment is required than the knowledge

that Communion is not common but sacred food for the soul. It is a young child, indeed, who does not know that God above will reward the good in heaven and punish the wicked in hell. Besides, every child who has a mother knows something of love and will understand what a favor it is to be the friend and beloved of Jesus. What answer will they make who are called to account for unduly keeping apart two such pure lovers as Jesus and the child, the Lamb of God from a lamb of his own flock? This human lamb, moreover, is in constant danger of being carried off and devoured by a roaring lion who is forever roaming around through this wilderness of a world savagely seeking for prey. Would you be so cruel, so manifestly unjust, as to forbid him the protection of One in Whose presence the devil trembles, while recalling to mind the grinding heel that crushed his serpent's head? Would you hold back that little spouse of our Savior till spiritually starved into the commission of mortal sin and disrobed of her snow-white innocence before her wedding day? Would you not rather introduce at an early age the children of your flock to One who is the Way in the only true sense; lead them into the true light of Him who is Truth itself; and direct their innocent steps afield to the rich pastures and living manna provided for them by their dearest Shepherd Who is Himself the Life?

He is "the living bread that came down from heaven," not really like that manna of old which kept men alive for a time but could not confer immortality: the youngest child that eats this heavenly bread will never die for "he shall live forever." "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not" is as authoritatively interpreted by the Pope a divine injunction to give Communion to little ones as well. The Holy Eucharist is the sacrament which unites us to Christ: love means union, and Jesus loved the 'children. The white purity of their innocent souls has a charm for the innocent Lamb of God, Who loves them with more than maternal tenderness, and longs for the holy hour when they shall sit down at the same table with the senior members of the household. With His own sacred hands our blessed Savior will break for their eating the Bread of Life. He will feed His flock like a shepherd, giving special care to the lambs of the flock, occasionally taking them up by turn into His arms to foster, fondle

and caress them. Is there a heart so wanting in responsive tenderness as not to be touched by such divine embracements? Who will have the irrational hardihood to repulse those children, who come flocking round the mild and attractive Person of Jesus Christ? Do you not dread the indignant reprimand of their gentle Lord, lovingly occupied in laying a hand here and there upon each young head, embracing them one by one and blessing them all together? He loved to have the white-souled little ones come trooping trustfully to His presence and gloried in beholding Himself the heavenly magnet attracting their young hearts.

To resume and enforce in sober statement the compelling statutory commands of our Holy Father and the Church, no one is allowed in practice or belief to deny that every Catholic, whatever be his age, who has the use of reason is not merely allowed but strictly obliged to receive Communion. Who is to decide for young children unable to form a decision for themselves? The natural father of the child is bound in conscience to watch that little one's mind unfold as the body develops, and at the first efflorescence of reason to take steps to have that youthful candidate for holy Communion conducted to the holy table of the Lord, to be intimately and mysteriously united to Him and fed upon the spiritual food of His sacred Body and most precious Blood. As confession always precedes first Communion, the confessor has an opportunity of obeying the injunction given to him and forming the final decision regarding the fact of the child's capability to discern the Body of the Lord which he proposes to receive. Beyond the necessary condition of sanctifying grace, the confessor has nothing to pass upon but that question of fact, namely, whether or not this candidate for first Communion has come to the use of reason. Granting the use of reason, the child's right and duty to communicate are undeniable and the confessor is not at liberty to deny him Holy Communion. In ministering to the spiritual needs of a parish discipline is a prime necessity and the pastor must be its head master. Will not this decree occasion a clash between the disciplinary chief and the confessor, by assigning to the latter a duty which has hitherto been performed by the pastor? Not necessarily nor even likely, for the reasonable rector, in conformity with the decree, will look for children about the age of seven to receive first Communion,

leaving the confessor to decide in each individual case regarding the child's mental capacity. When the candidate informs his pastor that his confessor did not judge him fit the matter will be settled, and no rational pastor will interfere with the execution of the law. Some method will probably be adopted to insure order, and instead of a disorderly first Communion of one now, and again another, general first Communion will take place at stated times, say at the same intervals as for the periodic confession of children, thus guaranteeing the edifying memory of a great day in the history of every Catholic life. To impart richness and robust vigor to that life, frequent and even daily Communion is strongly recommended.

By a sacrament we are born again to a new life, by a sacrament we are brought to full spiritual stature, by a sacrament the wounds of the soul, though they be mortal, are healed; so likewise we are fed and our spiritual life is sustained by a sacrament, which is called the holy Eucharist, and contains the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. This life of the soul is maintained and fostered by eating "that bread which came down from heaven," much in the same way as our natural life is supported by eating our ordinary meals; for the natural has been made after the pattern of the supernatural. We were born first by natural generation in order to be born again by water and the Holy Ghost. Were there no heaven, there would be no earth. Time is because of eternity. The bodily life is for the sake of the life eternal. This participation of the divine life, means that God lives in us and we in Him, and that as the Son has by nature the same life as the Father in its infinite fullness so we share it by grace. This new life, as well as the old, requires food for its maintenance. Being better acquainted with the needs of the common life of nature, we are accustomed to use the light of this knowledge in our understanding of the supernatural. And as we know that lack of food for a protracted period results in death, so we say by analogy that to deprive the soul of its heavenly sustenance for an undue time causes spiritual starvation or cessation of the new life. The analogy goes further; for as we debilitate, without destroying, our bodily life by stinting the supply of nourishment, so we can weaken and cause partial paralysis of the soul by unduly prolonging the interval between our Communions.

Furthermore, proper frequency and regularity of meals will keep the body up to its work and in a condition of vigorous health; in a somewhat similar way frequent Communion tones up the soul, gives it strength and suppleness, renders it solid and steady as the impregnable rock. The quality also of our daily victuals has much to do with our bodily well-being; but the excellence of the divine food is unquestionable. Excellent food is best adapted for assimilation; the food prepared for us by Christ is assimilated in such a way that we are transformed into Him. Food that is well assimilated is profitably eaten at frequent intervals, for in such case "good digestion waits on appetite and health on both." A healthy condition of body is dependent also upon medicine, particularly in acute passages of life. Ordinary food is medicinal as well as nourishing, and so is spiritual refectio through holy Communion. It expels the noxious humors of a libidinous body, allays the unruly fervor of the passions, soothes the chafing of an irascible temper, brings down the dangerous inflammation of a haughty mind, accelerates the action of a sluggish heart, and reduces that excessive temperature of a disordered soul which is unquestionably fatal if not timely checked.

The Council of Trent, cited by the Pope in this decree, calls Communion "an antidote." Its medicinal action secures us against the poison of mortal sin. By corroborating the soul's stamina it bestows the power of resisting the assaults of innumerable baccilli and dislodging the fatal germ. In the same way it guarantees the soul against smaller faults; as the well-toned body is analogously preserved from the common slight colds and similar small ailments. No wonder, then, that it is the wish of the Church and the expressed desire of the celebrated Ecumenical Synod of Trent "that at every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate." Pope Pius X. in another decree published by his command in 1905, declares that in composing the Lord's Prayer Christ meant us to ask the Father to give us this celestial bread daily; in other words, our blessed Savior wished us to be daily communicants. By means of the Eucharistic Sacrament we are united to God; in union there is strength, particularly where the union is with One who is omnipotent. The frailty of our tainted nature should of itself suggest association with the strong. Many, on the contrary, make their own weakness the cause of keeping

them away from the holy table; they do not count themselves entitled to frequent Communion till they have become better Christians. This is like abstaining from your victuals because you have not yet the strength which comes from frequent, regular, and fortifying food. The Pope insists upon it that Communion is not reserved for the pious devotee. To take up again the analogy between nature and grace, between what is fitting for the man and what is suitable for the Christian, I observe that unless only those who are in health and not liable to be ill should visit the doctor and take his medicine, the Catholic who feels his own weakness and has experienced frequent fits of spiritual *anxi* and is fearful of being unable to persevere in well-doing, is the one man above all others who has need of frequently feeding upon the Body of Jesus Christ and, if it were possible, of going daily to Communion.

You can legitimately fancy our blessed Savior preaching from the tabernacle and saying: "Come ye all to Me"; for "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners; they that are well do not need a physician, but they that are ill." In the decree on Frequent and Daily Communion we find these words: "The primary purpose of the Blessed Sacrament is not that the honor and reverence due to our Lord may be safeguarded or that holy Communion may serve as a reward of virtue." In all His labors, wonder-workings, and speeches Christ's main object was the eternal welfare of the world; so when He cried out with gentle tenderness and touching pity for mankind: "Oh come to Me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," the prime meaning was this profound one: you who are most miserable, receiving here the hard buffets of fortune and no hope of an eternal reward hereafter; you who are crushed to earth by the heavy burden of all the ills which men are heir to; you who are poor wanderers in this thorny vale of tears, "like sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sky"; you who labor hard, receiving but a wretched, temporary, evanescent reward for your labors and are withal borne down by the inward weight of your own sins—oh come to Me, and I will give your wandering minds the steady light of divine faith to guide them, your despairing souls the cheering prospect of better times in the world to come, and your chilled hearts the fire of true love which will make all things come easy to you: I

will give you the repose of a good conscience here and the delightful rest of paradise when your work is finished. "The labor we delight in physics pain;" Christ bestows that love which lightens labor: He is our Physician. To Him we go by Communion, and He comes home with us, abides in the house of our soul, watches over us in our daily avocations, steadies our steps again when we stumble, and is ever by our side, cheering us by pointing to the great reward, and showing the tried affection of a true Friend: "greater love no man hath."

Union with Christ entails a new instalment of that grace which makes the soul pleasing to the eye of God and gives increased stability to every good habit of mind and heart. The frequent Communicant has a keener vision of the world invisible, a more abiding trust and ineradicable hope in God, and a deeper love of Jesus which is proof against every temptation to betray the Master. Daily Communion is apt to intensify that salutary fear of the Lord which is a gift of the Holy Ghost; it is meant to make us look more lovingly toward God as our Father and through love to keep His law; it will have the effect of stiffening anew our resolve to put nothing before the observance of that law; it greatly quickens that spiritual instinct by which we readily discern the divine will in our regard; it keeps us more on the alert to guard against the wiles of the enemy; it reanimates our taste for spiritual things so that we may inwardly rejoice in God's service and be jealous of His honor on all occasions. To receive daily is to go to school every day to the best Master and have our minds disciplined to drink in the spirit of Christ's Gospel and acquire a lucid view of its contents.

Our actions rise out of our thoughts, and practice opposed to the wisdom of Christ can be traced to that wisdom of this world which is foolishness with God. It is of paramount importance to fill the mind with religious truth well-digested and thoroughly assimilated, till it saturates the soul and is woven into the texture of the brain. This can be done only by conforming one's own life to that of Jesus Christ. He is truth, and in Him we shall see light. In Christ there is no darkness, and association with Him will free us more and more from that blindness of mind caused by the exhalations reeking up from an unpurified heart. Those who receive their Lord often will gradually and progressively acquire His spirit and

so be able to penetrate to the marrow of the good tidings and realize the Gospel by a profound synthetic factor of mind and heart. That discipline of the mind and mental furnishing which run counter to the Christian doctrine is worse than worthless. Christ is the Light of the world, and every intellectual torch not kindled thereat gives but a lurid flame and blinding smoke. If the child of seven sees only by the faint light of dawning reason, first Communion and frequent Communion afterwards, by uniting his soul to the living Luminary, will awaken and develope that noble gift of understanding with which he was endowed in baptism. And what is more, his little mind will be informed in such fashion as to enlist the feelings of his whole spirit and cause him to grow up into the completeness of a logically consistent Christian man.

Be he young or old the thorough-going Catholic who keeps constantly communicating with Christ in the Eucharist will view all things in Him, follow the radiating line of every human happening to the one Center of all, and steady his own mind by contemplating created things in the majestic unity of the Creator. To do this is true wisdom, nor is there any other philosophy worthy of the name. The Eucharistic Christ will impart that meek and lowly spirit which characterized his own blessed Mother and to which He has attached the promise of a Kingdom. He will speak whispered words of comfort to the sorrow-laden, fill with satisfying sweetness the upright heart of him who would have justice prevail though the skies should fall down upon our heads, mould the spirit of man to mercy toward his fellows and thus insure the divine mercy for himself, create a pure heart within the human breast and purge the inward eye, enabling it to behold the invisible God; fortify the soul to suffer for truth's sake and temper the entire man to considerate forbearance and love of peace. If Communion intensifies the sevenfold gift accompanying sanctifying grace and that gift entails the fruits of the Holy Ghost, the oftener we sit down to the Eucharistic banquet the greater should be our charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, long-suffering, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, chastity.

These graces, gifts, and blessings primarily affect the spiritual part; but noble as it is by origin and by nature, the soul does not constitute the man. The body is part of his sub-

stance, and though lapsing into inorganic earth when forsaken by the immortal spirit, will one day be reorganized, reunited, and share the superior partner's immortality. "It is sown in corruption; it will rise in incorruption. It is sown a mortal body; it will rise a spiritual body." In expressing this consoling truth revealed to us from heaven through St. Paul, the inspired apostle employs a figure of speech, comparing the body's burial in the earth to the agricultural operation of sowing. Now the seed of immortality, which according to divine promise will germinate at the final consummation, is sown in the living body by Holy Communion. Christ has said: "He who eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood . . . I will raise him up at the last day." Speaking to Martha, inconsolable for the loss of her brother Lazarus, who was dead and buried four days, the weeping Jesus, who loved Lazarus, said to the sister: "Your brother shall rise again. Martha said to Him: I know that he shall rise again on the last day." This is gospel; now listen to the faith of the patriarch Job commemorated in the Old Testament: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise again from earth: and in my flesh I shall see God my Savior. I shall see Him my very self and not as if I were another person: and I shall look upon Him with these same eyes of mine."

The Catholic teaching about the body's resurrection from the grave on the last day, founded upon divine revelation and implied in the quoted words of Jesus Christ, is this, that our bodies shall rise again from the tomb by virtue of the Blessed Eucharist. There is no doubt, therefore, as to the resurrection and its efficient cause. The thought that, though our dear ones have descended into the horrid stillness of the grave where we ourselves shall one day join them, we nevertheless may see them face to face with the very same eyes and clothed in the selfsame bodies we saw upon earth, should be an inducement to eat frequently, and even daily, the Body and drink the Blood of Jesus Christ, and thus multiply and accumulate our hopes of seeing God our Savior with glorified eyes of flesh in heaven, and of there sitting down with our friends once and forever to the everlasting banquet prepared from all eternity for the true and faithful lovers of Christ the Lord.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY JOHN F. FENLON, D.D.

I.

WE seem of late years to have been growing quite incurious of the course of events among our neighbors, the various denominations of Protestantism. From time to time, it is true, events in which they had a part have called forth noteworthy utterances from some of our leading churchmen; yet very seldom, and hardly except when our own path had been crossed, our cause attacked, or our feelings hurt. Of interest in the internal affairs of Protestantism itself we have shown little, probably we have felt little.

The reason is not hard to find. The old controversial interest has died away, since controversy has come to be generally regarded as productive of little good and tending to embitter relations; and the intrinsic interest in the story of contemporary Protestantism has little magnetism for us. We listen to it as to an old story, an oft-told tale with few variations, with little new and little to give us pleasure. The course which American Protestantism has taken was long ago predicted; no unforeseen developments of doctrine, nor any striking manifestation of vitality or progress has occurred to attract our special interest. There is nothing to surprise unless it be the very slow coming of the inevitable; and this should not surprise the discerning. For a century or more Protestantism has been repeatedly declared to be on its death-bed; but evidently, like the English monarch, it is an unconscionably long time dying. We are far from desiring its early demise; because, though we do not, of course, admire its distinctive features, we rejoice that it preserves so much of our common Christian heritage and trust it shall continue to distribute it among those who will not come to us. Heaven preserve us always from an unbelieving and godless race!

The end seems still far off; for any widespread and once powerful religion, unless force intervenes, will lose its hold only

very gradually. In a certain sense, indeed, Protestantism is already dead; for the distinctive doctrines of Luther and Calvin slumber in old tomes or live a languid life in the hearts of a few old-fashioned pastors and professors. They have vanished from the hearts of the people. But the Protestantism of Protestantism—the opposition to Catholic principles and doctrine and to the Catholic Church—is still vigorous, though a grateful change has tempered much of its bitterness; and a Protestantism which clings to the Bible and finds therein the words of eternal life, which believes in Christ and accepts Him as Savior—however vague its ideas of doctrine—remains to-day the dominant faith of our land. Its adherents are not all churchgoers; there is still, thanks be to God, a great deal of faith in God and in Christ, and much deep religious spirit, bearing fruit in religious life, as well among the many who seldom go to church—a delinquency for which Protestantism has only gentle blame—as among those who are strict church members.

Unbelief, then, is not so widespread as common report would have us think. We credit undue importance to the preachers of new doctrine; the new religionists and the higher critics are abroad in the land, but they are taken much less seriously by the people than they themselves are prone to imagine. The new is ever apt to be noisy; the young idea is an infant crying in the night; novelties are hawked about on the streets and blazed forth on electric signs, but the staple goods fill the shelves and draw their regular stream of customers. We do not deny that our few large dealers in higher critical novelties and our many smaller ones who peddle their remnants of theories made in Germany drive a rather brisk trade among us; and some of their wares will inevitably prove to possess lasting qualities. But, after all, they attract as yet only a relatively small portion of the American public; though it is, unfortunately, a most influential portion, whose judgment, aided by the logic of Protestantism and its propensity to rationalism, will tell upon the mass. At present, then, if belief is rather vague, so too is unbelief; and it is not improbable that the mass of the American people retain more old-fashioned religious belief, more of the Catholic creed, than the people of some so-called Catholic portions of Europe. Dogma, unfortunately, is not held in very high esteem—because the belief in an authoritative teaching Church has been lost—and here lies the original sin of the nerveless and flaccid religious thought of this day.

Nevertheless, all due allowances made, we are convinced there is a more solid basis for a structure of doctrinal religion than is commonly estimated. At any rate we are certain to gain nothing by pessimism, by aloofness, and lack of interest. If our hope were greater and our interest in the religious affairs of our neighbors more living, then our help would become more intelligent, more friendly, and more effective.

The ills of American life do not yield to the silence cure.

II.

If the trend of religious thought, then, among the American people in general and among the Protestant denominations in particular ought to attract more notice from our speakers, writers and journalists, there is, in addition, a special reason for us to be interested in the development of the Episcopal Church. There, as we know, an acute struggle never ceases between Catholic and Protestant ideas; nor indeed between old fashioned Protestant ideas and new. It is worth while, occasionally, to watch the fortunes of the battle, which, perhaps, can best be observed on a broad field at their Triennial General Convention. We purpose then to speak, too lengthily, we fear, for many readers, of the last Convention which was held at Cincinnati, October 5-21; to note a few of its proceedings,* with their spirit and tendency; and to comment at leisure, as we go along, no doubt too discursively. The reader is duly forewarned.

This Convention, we think, was one of unusual interest and great importance. Its opening was marked by the sermon of one whom it is a pleasure to mention—Bishop Wordsworth, of Salisbury; for we owe not a little to this distinguished English scholar, who has made the Latin Bible the favorite object of his study. It is he (with Mr. White) who has given us the best edition of the Gospels in St. Jerome's version; its text, indeed, is so universally recognized as pure, both by Catholic and Protestant critics, that he can have left little in this portion of the Bible to be done by the Vulgate Revision Commission. In his sermon, the Catholic spiritual note of the old Oxford, so accentuated in Newman, Pusey, the Keble, and Isaac Williams, is again struck, yet not, we feel, with the clearness and force of the old masters—the men who awakened a new

* They are not officially reported, but accounts of them, substantially accurate, we presume, are given in *The Churchman*, of New York, and *The Living Church*, of Milwaukee.

spirit in Anglicanism and, without intending it, so wonderfully aided the Catholic revival in England. Bishop Wordsworth's theme is the reform of the Church and he wisely goes to the root—the reform of the clergy. He urges the necessity for “times of retreat, of loneliness, of detachment” for those engaged in the ministry, he pleads for a strict spiritual training of ecclesiastical candidates in the seminaries, “quiet homes of spiritual life” where “they for a time may be alone with God, like Moses on Sinai” and learn to become “regular and obedient, self-denying and happy in their ministry,” so as not to be “worn out or crushed by premature practicality.” The seminaries in England which have moulded themselves on this Catholic ideal have produced, he declares, the men who are the strength of the Anglican Church. We cannot but rejoice at their success, for two reasons; first, because the men trained in them spread a deeper and truer doctrine in the Church of England; and, secondly, because so many of them and of the people whom they instruct leave the Established Church for their true home, like—if such a light fancy be pardonable—ducklings who forsake the hen that mothered them, and in spite of maternal warnings and predictions of inevitable disaster betake themselves to the kindly bosom of the water.

Perhaps this English bishop had reason to believe that the Episcopalian seminaries of this country, despite their excellent points, do not in general promote such a life of discipline, self-denial, meditation and prayer as he finds, for example, at Cuddleston, near Oxford. This would be an opinion in no way discordant with the echoes that we hear now and then, which bear witness to ideals somewhat different from our own; and such a judgment, we infer, is very clearly implied in the beautiful and faithful description of Catholic seminary life recently given us by Father McGarvey, who knows both types well through personal experience.* However this may be, it is precisely in regard to the recruiting of the clergy that the prospect of the Episcopal Church is least bright. “Candidates for Holy Orders,” we learn from a report submitted to the convention, “have declined steadily from 510 in 1904, to 469 in 1907 and now to 431. It is evident that the ministry is not attracting its due proportion of young and able men.” The blame is ascribed chiefly to the worldliness that has come with

* *Ecclesiastical Review*, November, 1910.

increased prosperity, a cause which will touch all churches. During this period, however, our own seminaries have seen a remarkable increase and two of them have a larger enrollment than the twenty theological seminaries of the Episcopal Church. It is noteworthy that the Episcopal Church, which is everywhere the church of the wealthy and well-to-do, at present recruits its ecclesiastical candidates largely if not chiefly from among the poor. At least we draw this inference from the statement that ninety per cent of the students at the General Theological Seminary earn part of their expenses by work in missions, etc. If the straightened circumstances of the students will teach the ministers of the future sympathy with the poorer classes, and insight into their needs, the Episcopal Church may be redeemed from one of its greatest reproaches—that while it has succeeded among the wealthy, it has signally failed, nearly always and everywhere, among the poor and middle classes. There is one mark of the true Church, at least concerning which it maintains a fit and modest silence—"the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

If the "Report of the Committee on the State of the Church" is not very encouraging in regard to the ministry, it indicates progress in most other respects. In six years "communicants" or members have increased more than 130,000; at present the number given is 937,861, while in the committee's estimate, "there are at least one million persons in this land entitled to communicate in our churches; and twice as many may fairly be claimed as 'adherents' more or less adhesive." If only the High Church party could succeed in instilling its principles into a large proportion of this mass the outlook would certainly be brighter in this country for the growth of a deeper and firmer Christian spirit.

One hopeful feature of the report is the increased number of pupils under the care of the Church. In 1907, there were 14,000 pupils in the parish schools of the Episcopal Church and 9,000 in their Industrial Schools; in 1910 they numbered respectively 29,000 and 19,000, doubling their enrollment in each case. The percentage, however, is still low, as these schools total only 58,000 while the Sunday Schools have 457,000. This indicates, at least, a growing recognition of the necessity of a religious education. Some day the Protestant Churches in this country will awake to the realization that

they have been their own greatest enemies; as the people drift further and further away from them, the folly will be apparent of expecting those uninstructed in the principles and spirit of a Church to remain its loyal members. The most earnest and discerning Protestant leaders of many denominations already perceive that the neglect of religious instruction in the daily education of our American children means inevitably the unchurching of the masses in our country; it has, indeed, to a great extent, already brought it about. Religion ought to be the element in which children live, move and have their being; but religion as American Protestant children are made to feel it is like a cold douche once a week. If religious life is feeble in their homes—as it so frequently is—and absent from school, we may safely infer, even without the blessed light of modern pedagogy, that their religious education is bound to be deficient and ineffective. The Sunday School is a very inadequate substitute; and poor makeshift as it must necessarily be, it is often robbed of the value it has by inability to distinguish religious truth from questions of geography, history, criticism and archeology, more or less connected with the Bible and more or less useful.

We know indeed where the difficulty lies. Protestantism no longer has the courage *to teach*. She (if we may personify the Church of a thousand sects) has become the *Doctor dubitantium*, leaving her children to choose their own opinions. She feels that the divine commission "Teach all nations" is no longer for her; or, as one cynically put it, she is ready to accept it in the form of the typographical error, "Teach all notions." Certain it is, unless Protestantism can find a way to give more definite religious instruction and more of it, she will lose much of her power as a religion and take more and more the form of a social and charitable organization.

III.

We have tarried too long at the door of the Convention; now to its proceedings. They are of interest to us, not so much for the legislation enacted as for the indications of the theological temper and tendencies of its members. Disregarding then some acts important to Episcopalians, let us note a few signs of the times.

The most important utterance at the Convention, if we were to judge by the size of the newspaper type announcing

it to the public, was the denial that the Bible is the word of God. This was made, or at least seemed to be made, in the course of a three-minute speech—compressed unwisdom—by a minister from Oregon. No one replied to him; possibly because they knew the man. But a newspaper sensation resulted; and the Episcopal Church was put in a very bad light, until the offending minister, in a carefully written statement, explained he had been misunderstood, and declared his belief in the Bible as the word of God. The incident is noteworthy as showing that, despite the inroads of rationalism in the Episcopal Church as well as elsewhere, the denial of the inspiration of Scripture is still a scandal. It is worth remarking, too, that a conference representing all varieties of opinion in the Church, adopted a resolution which incidentally described the Holy Scripture “as containing all things necessary to salvation and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.” The bruised reed is not broken. Belief in the inspiration of Scripture is still essential and, we trust, still vigorous among Episcopalians, though most likely we should find their ideas of inspiration unsatisfactory.

The old tenacious clinging to the King James version as the only Bible authorized for public use has, after many years of opposition, given way; the Convention while retaining the old version as the standard, permits the reading of the lessons in the Revised Versions, English and American. This is a step which brings the Protestant Bible a little nearer to the Catholic, since the Revised Version, at least in the New Testament, is much closer to our own than the King James text. With a very few exceptions, the differences in meaning in the New Testament are quite unimportant, though the verbal differences remain numerous. The one great difference between the Catholic and Protestant Bibles concerns the deutero-canonical portions of the Old Testament, which Protestants reject; but here again, as regards the Canon, they have in recent years drawn nearer to the Catholic position—partly, we admit, though not entirely, owing to a less strict view of inspiration—and have shown a much higher appreciation of these portions of Holy Writ.

The Catholic position forbidding the remarriage of any divorced person was adopted by the House of Bishops, but through lay influence in the House of Deputies, action was postponed till the next general Convention; when, it appears, it

has a good chance of becoming the law of the Church. It is gratifying to note that a very large and increasing number of Protestant scholars, not only among Episcopalians, interpret our Lord's words concerning divorce in the Catholic sense—absolute prohibition of remarriage. If the Episcopal Church, in its coming conferences with other Protestant bodies, can induce them or help them to take a higher and firmer stand against divorce, it will be rendering a great service to Christian civilization. We are not sanguine that the various Protestant Churches will accept, in its entirety as the Episcopal Church most likely will, the Catholic position on divorce; most of them will probably continue to permit the remarriage of the innocent party who has been freed on the ground of the other's infidelity. We do expect, however, and have a right to expect, that they will not continue to disobey the plain command of Christ, which no ingenious interpretation can obscure, and will cease to condone and encourage one of the greatest evils of society. We do expect their ministry—our good opinion prompts us to expect it—to purge itself of the deepest stain upon its Christian name.

The preceding Convention, by the adoption of the famous amendment to Canon 19, was widely supposed to have committed the Episcopal Church to the policy of the "Open Pulpit," by which others than Episcopalian ministers might be allowed to preach in their churches. This amendment caused consternation among the Catholic-minded element in the Church for it led, or might easily lead, to the view that Episcopal ordination was unnecessary and conferred nothing essentially different from the ordination of any Protestant Church. Thus would the Anglican claim to apostolic orders be wounded to death in the house of its friends, and the blow would be more effective and more cruel than the Papal denial. The immediate effect of the "Open Pulpit," if permission were freely granted to non-Episcopal ministers, would be a lowering of the Church's doctrinal tone. The measure, so interpreted, could only mean to them the decatholicization of the Episcopal Church and the merging of it in the mass of Protestant sects. A memorial, therefore, signed by over eleven hundred clergymen, in protest against such an interpretation of the Canon, was presented to the House of Bishops. The reply of the Bishops denied that the amendment modified, in the least degree, "the

position of the Church which restricts the ministry of the Word and the sacraments in our congregations to men who have received episcopal ordinations"; what it did enact was to restrict to the bishop the right to grant permission to those not members of the ministry to address an Episcopal congregation on special occasions. This interpretation of the bishops, evidently, does not close the door of the pulpit but leaves it ajar. They admit the Canon may have been misused in a few instances but see in it nothing to disquiet the peace of the Church.

This interpretation, the unanimous voice of the bishops, seems the only one in harmony with the Prayer Book and the Ordinal. To the High Church position it was absolutely essential. Nor do we think it at all unwelcome to the members of other parties in the Church for they, too, like to think of their orders as different from the self-originated Protestant ministry, and as a link with all the Catholic Churches of the world and with the Church of the Apostles. Though we do not recognize any distinction in validity between Episcopal and Protestant orders, still we are glad the Episcopal Church does not abandon or diminish its claim; for it is the necessary foundation of the Catholic doctrines still preached by many of its clergy.

IV.

In all this there is, no doubt, much to please one who seeks for traces of Catholic doctrines and principles. Merely noting, on our way, the strong denial of the sacramental character of Extreme Unction, which does not take us by surprise, we pass on to the most warmly debated question at the Convention—the proposal to change the name of the Church, now officially styled the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. "We must be Catholic and Protestant," said the chairman of the House of Deputies in his opening address; while everyone who is not a member of that denomination and many who are, would say they must be either one or the other. One deputy suggested that the Church be called the Protestant Catholic Church of America; but another objected to that name as appealing too strongly to the American sense of humor. The situation of the Church is indeed peculiar and difficult. It claims to have suffered no break of continuity with the Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation and to remain to-day one of its branches; but the churches in

communion with the See of Peter and the Orthodox Catholic Churches alike refuse to acknowledge this claim. Denied the Catholic name by the Catholics, they are claimed as Protestant by Protestants; so that a good High Churchman feels himself in a very cruel situation, not unlike that of one disowned by his own kith and kin and claimed as a brother by men of another race and darker color. Now, no party in the Episcopal Church objects to having it considered a part of the Catholic Church; this is the essential belief of the High Church party, while to the members of the other parties, the idea of a Catholic Church is too great and too beautiful not to be loved and too vague and harmless to raise any objection.

The battle wages then around the retention of the name Protestant. It is an ugly name, all agree, and a merely negative one, though we Catholics feel it describes well the one element common to all Protestant Churches on which they could unite—the spirit of protest against the Catholic Church. The effort to drop the name came in the form of a proposal to change the title-page of the Prayer Book. The High Church party had unsuccessfully contended in the last Convention for the name of “American Catholic Church.” At a Pre-Convention Conference representing all parties in the Church, a compromise form was adopted which reads as follows:

“ The Book of Common Prayer
and Administration of the Sacraments
and other Rites and Ceremonies of
THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.
According to the use of that portion thereof
known as
THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH
in the United States of America,
Together with
The Psalter or Psalms of David.”

The question was debated long, earnestly and warmly, but in excellent temper; we believe an analysis of it will be interesting, among other reasons, for the light it sheds upon the opinions and sentiments of the delegates.

The ultra-Protestant party contended for the retention of the Protestant name because they gloried in it and its associations; it stood for protest for the truth of God against the error of man; was a necessary safeguard against hierarchical domination and marked the freedom of the Church, as “episcopal” expressed its authority; meant an open Bible, a free people and self-reliant character; expressed the real nature of their organiza-

tion, for Protestantism is its very backbone; would not separate them from other Protestant Churches and would afford effective opposition to Rome, towards which, at present, there was no prospect of approach. Moreover, there was nothing contradictory between "Protestant" and "Catholic," and the name Protestant Episcopal expressed best the real catholicity of their Church. To drop it would offend the great majority of Episcopalians and drive away many; it would mean the surrender of the name to the Reformed Episcopal Church and consequent damage to their own. To adopt the new title page would put them in a ludicrous position, as theirs was not the prayer book of the Catholic Church.

The High Churchmen, who were rare among the speakers, favored the title page because it expressed the historic continuity of the Church through the episcopacy; it might open the way to those who wished to withdraw from Rome and help the Church's relations with the Eastern Orthodox Christians. They pleaded that they had made great concessions and ought to be met half-way. To retain the name Protestant would merely prolong the controversy, for the fight against it would go on and was bound to win; to drop it would bring peace, and help on the true work of the Church.

A middle course seemed to please the majority of the speakers. While the name "Protestant Episcopal Church" was objectionable to High Churchmen, "American Catholic" was equally or more offensive to the ultra Protestant. Either name was likely to cost the Church dear in loss of members. Hence the necessity of a compromise. The proposed title page expressed the note of Catholicity, which is a doctrine of their creed accepted by all; its Protestantism is guaranteed by the accompanying resolutions. Nothing then is surrendered and a rock of offence is removed. The new title distinguished them in the eyes of Rome from the many Protestant bodies of America, yet did not shut off approach to them. The Protestant name was not used by Protestant denominations; so why should the Episcopal Church cling to it? It had come to be recognized as no longer big enough to express the Christian idea. It gave a wrong emphasis, for it was not their chief business to protest against Rome. Its purpose had been served in its day; but now a name was demanded that would harmonize with the broad religious tendencies of the day, its yearning for unity and catholicity.

When the question came to a vote, a large majority of the clergy favored the new title; so, too, a majority of the laity, yet one less than the number required to carry the measure. The Church remains, therefore, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America; but an analysis of the vote and the trend of opinion seem to indicate pretty clearly the success of the measure at the next General Convention in 1913.

In our summary of the reasons advanced for the change, we omitted one that was certainly most influential. It was pleaded by several speakers that the dropping of the Protestant name from the title page of the Prayer Book, which would then appear as the Prayer Book of the Holy Catholic Church, would be a most powerful help in foreign mission fields, particularly among Roman Catholics. The question was no longer academic or partisan, but practical and pressing. The danger lay in not realizing how much the change of name meant in the foreign missions; a great missionary bishop is quoted as authority that in his field it made the difference between success and failure.

The measure had been defeated; but many of those who saw the value of the name abroad could not rest content. It was proposed by the Committee on Constitution that in editions of the Prayer Book in foreign languages any missionary bishop be authorized to alter the title page and the preface (which is quite Protestant in tone). Many of those who opposed the change at home, one speaker tells us, were just they who called most loudly for it in Latin America. Others disapproved of the plan of having one title at home and another abroad. The proposal was laid on the table by the close vote of 162 to 156.

The advantages of the proposal hardly need to be pointed out. If a missionary among the poor Cubans or Brazilians declares himself a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and offers them a Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he will probably meet with a cold reception or perhaps with one unpleasantly warm; but if he declares himself a Catholic priest and offers them a Prayer Book of the Holy Catholic Church, his chances of success are certainly greater. Poor, half-instructed Cubans and Brazilians will probably be slow to discover that they understand the terms in a sense quite different from that of the missionary.

Will this appeal to the American people as quite straightforward? We think not. And though we regret exceedingly to give offence, we will not conceal our opinion, which we are sure was shared by many at the Convention, that the willingness of half the delegates to allow their church to appear as Protestant in a Protestant country and Catholic in Catholic countries wears a very ugly look.

The Protestant Episcopal Church sends bishops and missionaries to convert, not only heathen, but the people of Mexico, the Panama Canal Zone, Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Their success has been rather slow but appears to be growing.

V.

The debate on the name makes this quite clear; the desire to drop the Protestant name and appear as Catholic springs from no yearning towards Rome, nor is it greatly influenced by any hope of closer union with Eastern Churches. Catholic ideas found little expression in the debates; perhaps they would have found more, were it not for the prudent fear of irritating Protestant susceptibilities and defeating the proposal. The chief reasons for desiring the change appear to be a dislike for the Protestant name and the limitations it connotes; the love of a beautiful and historic name which might give a sense of communion with the Church of all the ages; the hope of being distinguished, like the Church of England, from the host of Protestant sects; the vision of a Catholic Church in the future which will unite all Protestant Christians and rival the Catholic Church; lastly, practical reasons of expediency, chiefly looking towards the success of missions in Catholic countries.

Facts are facts and must not be blinked. We grieve over the turn of affairs in the Episcopal Church, for we cannot delude ourselves with the belief, most welcome though it would be, that true Catholic principles and doctrines are being firmly held, much less that they are progressing. None of us with Christian charity in our hearts can help a deep feeling of sympathy in this crisis for loyal High Church clergymen, despite their too frequent expression of harshness towards us. Their situation is certainly a hard one. They cherish most dearly the belief that they belong to a branch of the Catholic Church; yet the Catholic Church pronounces their orders invalid and themselves heretical, a judgment with which the Orthodox

Church expresses no dissent. They, in their turn, believe themselves to see corruptions in the Catholic Church which make it impossible for them in conscience to submit to her claim. Meantime their own Church seems to have come to the cross-roads. Anxiously they are asking themselves: Will it continue on the road that communicates with Catholic truth, or will it turn aside to the broad road leading to undenominational and undogmatic religion?

This is the critical question; and the answer will be found, but only years hence, in the consequences of the most important act of the General Convention—the inauguration of a movement for the reunion of churches. The Convention was fully conscious of entering upon a new and untried way; this is evident from their unanimous expression of “grief for [their] aloofness in the past, and for other faults of pride and self-sufficiency which make for schism.” Now they have resolved “that a joint commission be appointed to bring about a conference for the consideration of questions concerning faith and order, and that all Christian communions throughout the world which confess our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Savior be asked to unite with us in arranging for and conducting such a conference.”

This is a most momentous departure for the Episcopal Church; its importance is too great to be discussed in a brief space. We wish, however, to express our joy that the invitation to the Conference is to be sent only to those communions confessing belief in the divinity of our Lord; and our earnest hope that when the Conference comes—if it does come—this foundation doctrine of Christianity will be accepted by all participants as the basis of discussion. The wording of the resolution ought to be regarded by all who disbelieve that doctrine as an invitation to hold themselves aloof. With this clearly understood, the discussion may prove fruitful; it may draw together many hearts that love Jesus Christ and lead to the communion of many minds that believe in Him as the eternal Son of God. If it unites, it will also divide; it will leave those who reject Christ and His divine revelation to go their own way.

As we speculate on the possible issues of the proposed Conference, fear and hope contend in our minds; but at the least we can recognize that there is a widespread feeling of shame over the divisions among Christians and a sincere desire

of reunion. The Catholic position is clearly understood: we can never, even to gain a world, surrender the smallest particle of the Truth; for it is not ours to surrender, but has been committed to our keeping by Christ Himself. At the same time, none desire so ardently as we the reunion of all Christians. Our sentiments were recently expressed in the beautiful sermon on Church Unity by Cardinal Gibbons, who always says the right word with a charity and courtesy that have endeared him to the American people and made him an example to flock and shepherds. Like him, we join with Episcopalians and all Christians in the prayer that "the day may be hastened when the words of our common Redeemer, Jesus Christ, may be fulfilled, when there will be 'one fold and one Shepherd.'"

VI.

The revered name of our Primate stands to American Catholics as a symbol of the spirit in which we should deal with our non-Catholic brethren and with the American people in general. Since, unhappily, his so fruitful example has been much less imitated than admired, we intend to end with a mild scolding against scolding, all in the family and springing from brotherly love and the Christmas spirit. It is directed against or rather towards our brothers of the quill, from whom so much is expected and not too much received.

What, we ask, is our Catholic Press doing to recommend Catholicism to the American people? Something, no doubt; the tone of certain papers is Catholic, firm, sane and balanced, kindly and courteous, bright and scholarly. All this, and nothing less, a Catholic paper should be. The combination of all these qualities, perhaps we must admit, is rare; yet we all know journals we should not be ashamed to put into the hands of a non-Catholic with the hope that he would find in them a reflection of the true Catholic mind and spirit. But their companions, or some of them rather, how shall they be characterized? They seem, alas, to have effected the most unnatural separation under the sun—the divorce of Catholicism from the spirit of Christ. How seldom we feel in reading the pages of some that they are inspired by that spirit. They have the tone of party organs and the spirit of party: but the broad spirit of Catholicism, which is the spirit of Christ, seeking to draw all men to itself and not looking for petty transient victories, seems a stranger to their pages. The peace of soul and joy

of heart so familiar to a Catholic have vanished. There is no tranquil enjoyment of our own thoughts, no natural and easy outpouring of our own feelings. We seem to live ever conscious of the presence of a bitter and scornful enemy; we are become like unto him with whom we contend.

We do not recognize ourselves in their mirrors. At times even we have the dizzy sensation of wandering through a crystal maze; and what fantastic images the glass gives back to us! Now with woful, elongated face, again with vanishing brow where, instead, wisdom should have been fittingly enthroned! Sancta Mater Ecclesia, ever noble and ever venerable, yet ever fresh with the beauty of sweet and un fading youthfulness, how she would start to see these distorted images of herself! How, unlike the poet's "baby new to earth and sky," she would think as she sadly gazed, "And THIS is I!"

An atmosphere of gloom seems to surround some of our writers, who seek a sad joy in carping, in fault-finding, in snarling, in denunciation. Perhaps they come of fighting stock and feel they have fallen on evil days which furnish little exercise for pent-up prowess. They succeed only in producing a species of journal fit neither for our own reading nor to give to a friendly inquirer.

The pity of it all is that American Catholics have to deal with the fairest, the most open-minded and open-hearted people on this planet. We can say this, quietly, with a clear conscience, in the depth of winter, with the Fourth of July six months away. There is, of course, no lack of prejudice and bigotry in many of our fellow citizens, much of it crass and hard to bear; there are many more, however, whom it would be unfair to class among the deeply prejudiced and bigots, who have definite and sincere beliefs contrary to our own, and so are consistently opposed to the spread of Catholic influence. But the residue of anti-Catholic prejudice, which exists in nearly all, is not very strong or very active in the great majority; though it might become both in certain circumstances. We are unwise then, most unwise, when we attune our voice to the small bigoted minority, rather than to the friendly and open-minded majority. The everlasting sharpening of knives in the editorial sanctum becomes a very exasperating noise. Continual controversy is a vexation of the spirit. It is sometimes wise and necessary to answer a fool according to his folly; but it is a delicate undertaking, of which the Wise

Man points out the danger in his proverb: Answer not a fool according to his folly lest thou be made like him. The answer to bigotry often seems to be merely another piece of bigotry. Too great eagerness to reply defeats its own purpose; for when the occasion comes to say a strong word, one is not listened to. No one heeds the snarler.

There is no excuse, then, in this country for not being good tempered and natural in public print as in private life. Some men seem to change their characters when they take a pen in their hand. The best way to speak to the American people, or one of the best, surely, is simply to talk naturally and at ease among ourselves. We have nothing to conceal; the *disciplina arcani* was entombed in the catacombs; the Catholic Church is not a secret society and Catholic principles and doctrines are meant for all mankind. Let us talk out our own thoughts and sentiments without restraint. Then we shall say something worth listening to; something also worth passing on to a friendly inquirer and likely to leave a good impression. Then when the time comes, we shall be recognized to have earned the right to use strong language. If we speak habitually with the soft voice that turneth away wrath, it will be known to mean something when we raise our voice. Then we shall know how to be strong without being abusive; and even, if the occasion demands it, how to be denunciatory, yet in no wise vulgar.

How soon will the happy day dawn when nearly the whole Catholic press will be of this character? Perhaps when the hurlyburly's done, when the battle's lost or won, and there are no more enemies to fight. We do hope, however, for an earlier date. A strong Catholic and Christian press, fearless and uncompromising, scholarly and well-informed, sane, never-hysterical, courteous and urbane, what an incalculable amount of good could it not accomplish in this land! It will not come soon, because no very serious efforts are being put forth to make it come. There are millions of dollars for other good causes; but very few indeed, to form Catholic opinion through the press and to prepare men of good will for the reception of Catholic truth. From inaction and blunders, which have cost us so dear, both at home and abroad, past and present, perhaps wisdom will be learned; perhaps it will be learned before it is too late.

THE WILL TO LIVE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



SISTER STÉPHANIE was troubled about the patient in bed 57, who had not the will to live. "The will to live, see you, doctor," she said—looking up out of her bright brown eyes at Dr. Delany's six-foot-two of manhood—"the will to live, see you, it is one of the secrets to live."

"Bedad, you're right, Sister," said Dr. Delany in his broadest brogue; "you're as ever, unmistakeably, incontestably, right."

He was the house-surgeon of the Notre Dame de la Miséricorde Hospital, which, in spite of its French name, had its place in a crowded London street. It had been established by an order of French nursing nuns; and even yet the cornette of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul jostled in the wards with the neat white cap of the lay nurse. There were not enough of the Sisters to go round; so the hospital had to fall back to some extent on lay nurses. Dr. Delany had been known to say that he would rather have Sister Stéphanie, whose Paris training was sufficiently old to be out of date, by his side during a critical case than the most competent of the lay nurses. Cold science, he would say, made no substitute for the love of God and the love of humanity. And though he had seen Sister Stéphanie shake like a leaf as she held the basin and sponges during an operation, he had known that she would not fail him. The nervous woman with nerve, he had been used to say, was his choice for a nurse. He did not often find it in the lay nurses once they come to proficiency.

"Ah—so! If we could but give the little one the will to live!"

"Not so easy, Sister. You mean the golden-haired child with the wonderful blue eyes. What's her history, do you know it?"

"Her history, doctor. Let me see. It is a little history, but a sad one: No father, no mother; alone in the world; without money."

"Ah, so," Dr. Delany said, joining his finger tips after the manner of Sister Stéphanie. "With such a history it is perhaps no great wonder that No. 57 has not the desire to live."

"She is Marie Costelloe, a countrywoman of yours," Sister Stéphanie said.

"I thought she was Irish." Irish patients were not so uncommon at Notre Dame de la Miséricorde that the house-surgeon should be excited over one more or less. "I thought she was Irish. That softness of look belongs to the Irish girl more than to any other woman on earth. I must talk to my countrywoman. I wonder if we could inspire her with the will to live."

A little later he sat down by Marie Costelloe's bed and took her hand gently in his. He felt for the pulse; it was very weak and very irregular. The girl was oddly wasted, considering that there was no disease they could discover. She lay looking at Dr. Delany with great, shining blue eyes hollow in her white cheeks. In health she must have been a very pretty girl, brilliantly fair, with slightly curling golden hair and a charmingly gentle expression. As she lay on her pillows now, wasted and almost dying, she was positively beautiful. It seemed as though the flame of life burned brightly in her before its final extinction. Her eyes shone; her cheeks burned. Her lips, slightly apart, showed the even, milky teeth like a child's. A charming thing, Dr. Delany thought; and felt a pang shoot through him at the thought of anything so young and fair consigned to an early grave. Dr. Delany was incurably young, although his close dark curls were slightly grizzled, and ten years had passed since he had seen the girl who was to be his wife laid away in the grave of a consumptive. He had given her no successor; but his heart, since he had lost her, had been more tender than before to women for her sake, which is not to say that he had not always been soft-hearted where women were concerned.

He glanced at the patient's temperature in the nurse's chart. Slightly below normal in the morning, tending to rise during the day till it was somewhat above the normal by evening. Nothing very alarming there. Nothing they could discover to account for the steady though slow wasting, the increasing weakness. No cough, no hemorrhage. Dr. Delany

sent a respectful thought towards Sister Stéphanie. She had come upon an entirely new ailment, the lack of the will to live. Science had not yet given it a name; but how many people die of it day after day and year after year!

"Come, now," he said with his most persuasive brogue, "I want you to tell me, my child, just's what's on your mind. Isn't it something we could put straight for you? What are you fretting about?"

"I'm not fretting about anything, sir. 'Tis very quiet and peaceful here. Every one's so kind; and I love the pictures and the flowers; and the window by my bed looks on such a pretty bit of garden. It might be miles away in the country. I'm very well content, indeed, sir."

"Oh, are you indeed?" said Dr. Delany with a certain kind roughness. "Then you've no business to be content. You ought to be thinking of getting well and going out into the world again."

The girl looked at him with a startled expression.

"I'm not going to get well, am I, sir?" she asked.

Dr. Delany had often been asked by patients, in something of the same frightened voice: "I'm not going to die, am I, sir?" It was his first experience of a positive desire for death.

"You are going to get well," he said, "if you'll only take the trouble. If you won't take the trouble, I'm not going to answer for the result. We mightn't be able to keep you alive against your will. But there's nothing the matter with you from which you can't recover by the effort and determination to recover. There's no reason that I can find out why you shouldn't live to be a hundred."

"Oh, sir," said the girl, as though he had uttered her sentence of death: "and I am *so* young."

"That's just it," the house-surgeon said. "You're young and you ought to live. God means you to live." And then abruptly he said: "Haven't you some one who wants you badly?"

"No one."

There was a desolation in the girl's voice that hurt Dr. Delany's susceptible heart.

"There must be some one," he persisted blindly. "At your age"—he had almost said: "with your beauty"—"there must be some one to care."

The girl lifted her hand to her eyes as though to cover them, and the movement revealed a rosary-beads between her fingers. Dr. Delany had a sudden revelation.

"You haven't been asking Herself to take you?" he said.

The girl flashed back at him a look which had something of defiance in it.

"Why wouldn't I?" she said, "and me alone in the world."

He tried her with various things to awake her hope and interest. He was not an exile himself without knowing something of the exile's pains. He suggested that when she was well enough they should send her home to Ireland. She would go first to a seaside convalescent home. Afterwards, when she was strong enough, a place would be found for her.

Her face lighted at first when he talked of Ireland; but as soon as she discovered that he was trying to win her to live she turned away from him almost pettishly. He scolded her to no purpose. He argued with her, and his arguments were without effect. At last he let her be. She was really alarmingly weak, from the want of the will to live. It was a difficult case. She did her best to take the medicines and the nourishing foods ordered for her. She was so gentle, so willing, that it seemed monstrous to say, as Dr. Delany did, that her malady was more acute than Sister Stéphanie had suggested, that it was in fact the will not to live and not merely the absence of the will to live.

Father Timothy O'Leary, the hospital chaplain, failed as signally with her. He was not inclined to agree with Dr. Delany and Sister Stéphanie. His verdict was that the poor child was too weak to make an effort of any kind. She was slipping through their fingers as fast as she could. But he added an item to poor Marie's melancholy history. To the father and mother dead there was to be added a lover who had been drowned in a dreadful accident to a vessel of his Majesty's Fleet, some eighteen months previously, in the Pacific Ocean. The little ring which the girl wore round her neck, since it had become too large for her finger was her engagement ring. She had asked that she might wear it in her coffin. Dr. Delany was very full of life, very much in love with life, despite the griefs it had brought him. Yet—he had a passing thought that poor little Marie Costelloe might be as well out of it. Young, tender, beautiful, bereft, she was not one to be cast

without money or friends on the ocean of the world. If the prayers which they suspected she was offering, were answered—might not it be the best thing for poor Marie? Indeed, if it was not the best thing they would not be answered that way.

A few nights afterwards, in the middle of the night, Sister Stéphanie was on duty in the ward, and had occasion to call up the house-surgeon. An alarming case of heart failure following an operation, in one of the private wards, which lay just at the end of *Salus Infirmorum*, the ward in which Marie Costelloe lay. After applying restoratives the patient gradually came back to life: the breathing was restored; the blood moved freely; the color came back to the cheeks and lips. Dr. Delany was well pleased. The patient was a bread-winner. His death would have broken up a family. Sister Stéphanie, leaving an assistant on duty, had helped him excellently. They came out of the private ward, where the patient was now quietly sleeping, looking very happy over the success of their efforts.

The light was low in *Salus Infirmorum*. Here and there some one tossed uneasily in sleep. At the end by which they entered the ward, Nurse Day, who had taken Sister Stéphanie's place, was standing, her back to the ward, at a table; she was dropping medicine into a glass by the light of a shaded lamp.

As they moved side by side down the space between the rows of beds Sister Stéphanie suddenly put out a hand and gripped Dr. Delany's arm. It was an agitated grip, and the house-surgeon at first wondered what had caused the usually self-contained little nun's alarm. But almost at the moment he saw.

A young man, in a sailor's dress, was standing by Marie Costelloe's bed. He had a wholesome, frank, sailor's face; so much they could see despite the dimness. The sailor was looking down at the girl's face, and his whole attitude and air expressed great tenderness. It was evident from the motionless figure in the bed that Marie slept soundly, or was in the half-stupor of extreme weakness. While they looked the sailor dropped the curtain he had been holding in his hand, and, with a lingering look backwards, passed away before them towards the door at the further end.

Dr. Delany, as though he had been suddenly awakened from sleep, started out in pursuit. It took him barely two

seconds to reach the door and follow the retreating figure into the corridor. He had no idea of anything else but that he was following a flesh-and-blood, living man. But in the corridor there was no sign of any one, not a sound, although the feet reverberated along the high bare corridor, with its stone floors, and the stone staircase beyond.

The house-surgeon sprinted along the corridor and down those stairs. In the hall at the foot the night-porter slept in his chair, waiting for the casualty cases that might turn up. He shook the sleeping man vigorously. Some one had been in the wards—a sailor—a few minutes ago. How could he have got in? Where could he have got to? The doors were bolted and barred; no egress that way. He must be skulking somewhere. As Dr. Delany used the word he had a sense of its inapplicability. There had been nothing of the skulker in the sailor's face.

A thorough search up and down the hospital revealed nothing. The night-porter wore a reproachful air. Plainly, if he had dared, he would have doubted the house-surgeon's eyesight or his sanity. They had thoroughly alarmed the nurses on duty, to no purpose. When the search was at an end Tom Delany went back thoughtfully to *Salus Infirmorum*, where Sister Stéphanie awaited him, a bright little image of solid reassurance.

"You saw him, Sister."

"As plainly as I see you, Doctor."

"Ah, I'm glad of that. Simmons, I could see, thought I'd been dreaming. You noticed his arm in a sling."

"Yes; and the cut across his cheek, newly-healed. Where could he have gone to?"

"Come out in the corridor for a second, Sister."

Sister Stéphanie followed him out into the corridor with its flare of gas-jets.

"Did it occur to you, Sister, that the sea-faring young man passed through that solid door there? Certainly I did not see it open."

"It must have opened without our seeing it—surely."

"You believe in ghosts, Sister?"

"How do I know? I believe in God and His Blessed Mother and the Angels and Saints."

"Ah, it is wiser not to be dogmatic. If our sailor was a

ghost, he was the most unghost-like person to look at. It struck you that way, didn't it, despite the cut on the cheek?"

"He looked quite of this world—a little pale, as though he might be recovering from an illness or an injury; but quite of the living world."

"Marie is asleep?"

"I have been to look at her. She is sleeping like a lamb—really sleeping. I thought she smiled in her sleep."

"Perhaps she might elucidate our mystery, when she awakens. We must be very delicate and careful about finding out. It might just snap her slight tether if she was to be told that this mysterious intruder was by her bedside in the night-time."

"I shall be very careful."

Going his rounds next morning, with another nurse in attendance, Dr. Delany paused by Marie Costelloe's bed. His first keen glance at her showed him that she was looking so entirely unlike what she had been in his previous experience of her that he could hardly believe her to be the same girl.

"Sister Stéphanie reported before going off duty," said the other nurse, "that this patient had slept well and taken nourishment much more satisfactorily than of late. She has been very good since, taking all the nourishment I offered her."

"Ah, that's a good child. Going to get better, Marie, eh?"

"I hope so, sir," the girl responded, with the new brightness in her gaze which he found so bewildering a thing.

Sister Stéphanie communicated to him later that Marie had made a confidence to her. Her lover had come to her in a dream and had told her that he was not dead, but had been picked up on a floating spar by a vessel bound for a long voyage. He had bidden her to be of good heart and to get well, for that he was coming home as soon as ever he could to claim her.

"The poor child!" said Sister Stéphanie. "She looked at me to see what I thought. 'You don't think it wrong to believe in dreams?' she asked wistfully. If I hadn't seen with my own eyes, and if you hadn't seen, I don't know how I should have answered her. I said that I thought God must will her to live and that so He had let her have the hope. Dear child, she seemed quite contented. I think she will do very well now."

A little later Marie Costelloe was allowed to get up. A few days more and she was to be sent to the Convalescent Home at the seaside. Up and dressed, her golden hair confined in two long plaits, the transparency of her illness still hanging about her, her eyes bright and her lips happily smiling, she was a most charming creature. Dr. Delany was reminded of an old German picture of our Blessed Lady, a young girl, in the Temple, whenever his eyes fell on her.

Now that she was really going to live there was an uneasy sense of anxiety in Dr. Delany's mind concerning her; and it was shared by Sister Stéphanie. Supposing nothing happened! What was going to become of Marie? Apparently no misgiving had come to the girl herself. There was an eager look of expectancy about her when a door opened and anyone came in. She watched the distribution of letters in the wards with the same hopeful expectation. When there was nothing for her she wore a look that said that her joy was only postponed till to-morrow.

It got on Dr. Delany's nerves. Presently he avoided Marie's look of bright expectancy. The day came nearer and nearer for her to leave the hospital. He said to himself that, if there was anything in it, there was no reason why the dead should return just now; no reason at all why he should not come in a month's time, a week's time, a year's time, rather than now. Yet he had a tense feeling of expectancy of his coming *now, now*. He said to himself, and was amazed at his own folly, that if Marie left Notre Dame de la Miséricorde without anything happening nothing would happen. He guessed at something of the same nervous strain in Sister Stéphanie, but they did not talk about it. He did not talk about the apparition of the sailor at all and would have put it out of his mind if he could. It was not out of other people's minds, he suspected, from the whispering of the nurses and the odd looks some of the subordinates sent him. Luckily he had been substantiated by Sister Stéphanie, else some of those good folks would have been pronouncing him mad or drunk or drugged.

It came to the very last day. He had seen Marie Costelloe for the last time and had left her waiting for the cab which was to take her, with one or two other convalescents, to the railway station. Sitting in the nun's community-room, in her close-fitting bonnet and modest gray cloak, he had thought her

as sweet and lovely a creature as he had ever laid eyes upon. Sister Stéphanie had whispered to him: "She will come back to us—to the convent, if the young man does not return from the dead."

Yes; doubtless it would be an excellent solution. She looked a convent flower. But—Dr. Delany did not want her to be a nun. He wanted the romance to end in ordinary human fashion—the lover to come home and marry the girl who had all but died of grief for his loss. He did not want her to be a nun; but he kept his discontent to himself.

Half-way down the stone staircase that led to the hall and the swing doors opening on the street, he saw through the glass panes of the upper part of the doors the cab, standing in the street, that was to take away the convalescents and the nurse in charge. He was putting on his gloves as he went down into the hall. He stopped at the board in the hall to see if there were letters or telegrams or cards for him.

Turning about slowly with a letter in his hand he was aware that the doors had swung open. Some one had come in and was staring about him as though for some one to instruct him. A sailor—his arm still in a sling, a purple scar across his cheek, traces of recent illness on his open and pleasant countenance.

Dr. Delany swung forward to meet him.

"You are just in time," he said. "In five minutes time Marie Costelloe would have left for Eastgate. She is expecting you. If I were you I would go to Eastgate, too, that is, supposing you are a free agent. You look as if a month at the sea would do you no harm."

"Thank you, sir, I don't know how you knew." He was looking about him in a wondering way. "I have only just traced Marie here. I've had a bad smash-up, sir: but I'm alive where a good many of my comrades are dead. Can I see her? I dreamt she was ill and that I was allowed to come to her to tell her I was alive. I'm not going back again. My arm won't be much use for a time; but I've saved enough to tide me over a bad time—me and my girl too. May I see her, sir?"

Perhaps for the first time the nuns' little community-room at Notre Dame de la Miséricorde was the scene of reunion between lovers. Marie showed hardly any surprise. Great

joy, but very little surprise, when her lover walked in to where she sat waiting to leave the hospital. He wore a wondering air through all the joy of it. When at last Marie was gone—he was to be separated from her by only a few hours, as he was following her to Eastgate as soon as he could make arrangements—he stood staring about him in the long corridor.

"I was here before, sir," he said to Dr. Delany. "I seem to know every bit of the way. Yet I never was here. I could swear I was here before and saw my poor girl lying still and sad, like a dying thing, in a little bed with check curtains. There were beds the same all down the walls; and a big crucifix on the wall at the end. I can't explain it, sir."

"Nor I," said Dr. Delany, "unless your spirit was set free from your body to travel over all those thousands of miles of land and sea to save poor Marie's life."

"You think it possible, sir?"

"How do I know? I put no limits to the things that are possible."

Sister Stéphanie had come up close beside them without being heard. Her little brown face was irradiated with great joy. She heard what Dr. Delany was saying.

"Nor to the goodness of God," she said happily. "Nor to the loving goodness of God."

SAUL.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

As Saul went riding up the way
To old Damascus town
Slaughter and threatenings breathing forth,
And curses calling down—

“And we shall bring these Nazarenes
Bound to Jerusalem,
And the High Priest and Sanhedrim
Shall wreak the Law on them”—

Sudden a dazzling light shone out
His soldier band around,
And Saul, with glory-stricken eyes,
Fell prone upon the ground.

Then came a Voice: “Saul, Saul, My son.
Why kick against the goad;
Why dost thou place upon thy Lord
Thy hatred's bitter load?”

And he, tho' blind his mortal eyes
Beneath the Eternal Light,
That moment first began to see,
That instant found his sight.

O faring heart on life's broad way
Fear not the night of sense;
There comes to eyes made dark to earth
The Vision's recompense.

New Books.

THE STORY OF OLD JAPAN. By Joseph H. Longford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

What Mr. Longford set out to do—to supply a work on Japanese history written in such a style that it would not make greater demands on the reader than would an ordinary novel—he has successfully accomplished. Indeed there is no recent popular novel to be had that can equal this book in interest and healthy excitement. And the author's thirty-three years residence in Japan as British Consul gives a feeling of security for the accuracy of his statements, apart altogether from his evident intimate acquaintance with the literature and history of the empire. The story of the rise of the Japanese nation is full of action from the very dawn of its mythological period, and as the centuries pass along, the activity increases instead of diminishes as the life of the nation becomes more varied. Internecine feuds between the various provinces which were formed among the six hundred inhabited islands comprising the empire of Japan were great and continuous. The cruelty, the savage revenge taken, the revolting crimes committed by the conquering parties over the vanquished in each of the innumerable fights cause a shiver, and it is a real pleasure to learn that the first person to teach the Japanese the doctrine and practice of mercy on the battlefield was an Irishman. Human life was taken on the slightest provocation. If a master had to be strongly reminded of the necessity of a certain mode of action, some of his retainers suicided to enforce upon him the thought of their earnestness. On every page evidences abound of the voluntary death called *Hara-Kiri* (the ripping up of the bowels), and men commit this as placidly as a European would take a glass of wine. We of the West think more of the preservation of our cattle than the Japanese did (and probably do) of the lives of men, women, and children.

The character of the people is summed up by the author:—they are courteous, courageous, knowing no fear of death or pain, impetuous; they possess great powers of endurance, and are industrious. "Truth, charity, sobriety, and chastity among the male, are not among their virtues. Of cruelty they

are scarcely conscious." Combined with all is their intense contempt and hatred of all Western "red barbarians." And as we saw in Mr. Longford's pages how this hatred was shown we could not keep from asking ourselves repeatedly—where will it be shown next? Will it be in India or in the Philippines? If we judge from their action in the affairs of Korea we have to say unhesitatingly that the United States will have to undergo the brunt of the attack. Centuries ago Japan conquered a part of Korea; they have recently made this as a pretext for their new interference in the government of that land. Under the rule of Hideyoshi (1586–1598) Japan claimed the sovereignty of the Philippines, and the Shōgun felt disinclined to receive the embassy from the Islands which came, accompanied by four Franciscans, to make an endeavor to better trade relations with Japan. That sovereignty may become a nice excuse in the future. A few years more to recuperate the nation after the recent severe wars with China and Russia, a few years more to learn all the tricks of Western warfare, and the glove will be thrown down.

If our readers desire to learn the history of Japan—and this has become almost a strict duty for the English-speaking world—we recommend Mr. Longford's volume. It will not only give delight to those who revel in the clash of arms, but it will also give much food for serious thought to those who look keenly into the future. It should awaken, we imagine, a suspicion for the unnatural calm now existing in this Eastern empire, and likewise a wholesome fear for the outcome of a possible breach of friendly treaties. The Japanese possess long memories, and though they have come into close contact with Western peoples they have not allowed their moral qualities, as Mr. Longford points out, to be modified to any perceptible degree. What they have studied is the science of warfare, and of state government. Their national prejudices and hatred may be rudely aroused some day by a demagogue shouting "Remember '53!" the year Perry of the United States Navy entered the Gulf of Tokio and delivered a letter from his government demanding open ports and the humane treatment of wrecked sailors. Or it may be "Remember '63!" the year that Great Britain sent seven ships and bombarded Kagoshima. Then was raised the old cry: "Honor the Emperor and expel the Barbarian."

This cry brings back to us the story of the Catholic Church in Japan. Mr. Longford treats of this subject in two chapters, and graphically describes the marvellous success of the Jesuits in their evangelization of the country. He does so impartially, but we should like to see a portion of a sentence on p. 235, referring to the Inquisition, eliminated from a future edition, as it is wholly uncalled for. St. Francis Xavier, accompanied by two priests and a Japanese convert landed in Japan late in 1549. They began at once to preach, and with so much success that thirty-eight years later the Church numbered 200,000 converts belonging to all ranks of society. Owing to a variety of causes the Government's tolerance of Christianity ceased and persecution began. We leave the gruesome account to those who take up the book; they will learn the wonderful fortitude of the Japanese Catholics.

A few points could be improved in the second edition. The index is too meagre; general headings are omitted; and as it stands it is of use to those only who are well-informed on the history of the country. For instance, morality, painters, artists, drama, native Christians, Philippines, though mentioned to some extent in the text are not to be found under their respective letters in the index. Again, the author would do well to make inquiries from a priest or an educated Catholic layman regarding the correct equivalents of "Jesuit fraternity" (p. 241), "found in the actual service of the Mass" (p. 246), and "performed Mass" (p. 279).

THE SONG LORE OF IRELAND. By Redfern Mason. New York: Wessels & Bissell Co. \$2.

One might—indeed, one must—search far afield before finding another single volume encompassing such varied, detailed and delightful matter as *The Song Lore of Ireland*. The author, would seem to be an Englishman in the sense that he has himself to blame if one of these days he finds his name coupled with the sons of the Irish renaissance! For with rare Gaelic sympathy and much patient scholarship has he traced the "lyric aspect" of Erin, all the long way from Druidic minstrels to the folk-songs surviving by field and hearth to-day.

Musical students who listened last year to Mr. Duncan's praise of the primitive Greek notation will be interested in the

kindred Celtic scales—both the original five-note form and the essentially characteristic developments of the Moxolydian and Hypodorian, with their adherence to the Gregorian flat seventh. Students of mystery everywhere will find matter for revery in the Banshee's grim cry; and lovers of poetry will scarcely read unmoved the immemorial Lament of Deidre. As for the sons and daughters of Ireland, *they* will find here "Erin's own speech," grave and gay and tender; her history in its spontaneity and inwardness.

The historical side of Mr. Mason's volume is valuably and tersely illuminating. "Irish song," he tells us, "is the expression of the Celtic genius in music and verse, in everyday life and in history. Understood aright, it will turn foreign contempt of Erin to foolishness. . . . John of Salisbury tells us that in the Crusade headed by Godfrey of Bouillon the concert of Christendom would have been mute had it not been for the Irish harp. Gerald Barry, the Welsh monk and historian, hater of the Irish though he was, declares that Erin's harpers surpass all others. That was in the twelfth century. . . . When the wife of Pepin of France wanted choristers for her new abbey of Nivelles, it was not to Italy, to Germany, or to England that she sent, but to Ireland. That was in the seventh century. In Elizabethan days the songs of Ireland won praise even from her enemy and traducer, Edmund Spenser." And so the story has gone on, until our own Continental troops marched to freedom to the very Irish strains of the immortal "Yankee Doodle" ("All the way to Galway").

Let not one imagine this versatile study to be unduly technical or scholastic in tone. It has the excelling charm of seeming almost popular and entirely readable throughout.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS. By W. Cunningham, D.D. London: Duckworth & Co. 75 cents.

Dr. Cunningham is so accepted an authority on economic matters that we welcome this little book of his as opportune and valuable, more especially since he devotes it to a review of the economic situation from a definitely Christian standpoint.

If anyone will take the pains to examine the economic writings of those authorities who stood sponsors for our mod-

ern industrial system, he may verify through tens of thousands of pages the unchristian nature of their teachings. Ruskin described it shortly as the negation of the soul in man. "Enlightened self-interest" was the text inscribed upon their frontals, and those who wished to sit at their feet were bidden to leave behind them "the social affections as accidental and disturbing elements of human nature, while avarice and the desire of progress were the constant elements." It was further added that "the self-seeking of each works out for the benefit of all" as if to discourage any restraint of those inordinate desires which only war against society, in the second place, because in the first place, they war against the soul. Such definitely unchristian theories led quite naturally to definitely unchristian practices. Exploitation of human labor for the sole purpose of gross profit was deliberately encouraged. Even Puritanism, as the author points out, "was at no pains to interfere with the action of the capitalist, or to protect the laborer. . . From the time when the rise of Puritanism paralysed the action of the Church and prevented her from maintaining the influence she habitually exerted, it has been plausible to say that Christian teaching appeared to be brought to bear on the side of the rich against the poor" (206). Masters no longer felt bound to acknowledge the obligation of human relationship with their men, much less any responsibility for their general welfare; the cash-nexus came more and more to be the only bond of union, or of disunion as so often happens. As a further consequence there grew up still newer and still more unchristian theories of class hatred and class retaliation, and now, not in one country but in many, giant Capital and giant Labor stand over against each other with never a thought of their common humanity, eager to display, and as far as possible use their respective weapons of angry material force. Is it impossible, then, for our great industrial civilization to break loose from these early, vicious, and wholly unchristian habits of doctrine and practice?

In answer to the last question, Dr. Cunningham sets forth the theory which finds expression in other books of his. It is this. *Throughout the economic history of Europe the most practical and most successful economists have been those who never made mere material advantage their object. A case in pointed illustration would be the monks, and perhaps theirs is the*

strongest case of all, though the Quakers might also be adduced. Some people will raise the question as to whether the monks have been the moral benefactors of Europe; no one will for a moment deny that they have been its economic benefactors. And why? The answer is very simple. They wished to save souls and not to save money. They wished to confer spiritual benefits and they could not help conferring material benefits by the way; their spiritual works of mercy could never be separated from their corporal works of mercy; wherever they pitched and settled they carried out organic and lasting social reforms. But they never claimed to be about any specially economic business as reformers do nowadays; they simply claimed to be about their Father's business.

We should do well to think over this notion that social reform, in order to be of permanent benefit, should have a spiritual first intention rather than a carnal one. A careful reading of *Christianity and Social Questions* will convince us that the notion is altogether sound. We might remember in conclusion our Lord's answer when appealed to with a request that He would interfere with regard to the division of an inheritance (Luke xii. 1 and 13-21). "Man! Who made me a judge or a divider over you?" Dr. Cunningham makes this comment, "His (Christ's) unwillingness to take an active part in secular improvement, on its own account and for its own sake, comes out very strikingly. . . The whole dispute was about earthly things, and He did not see how to use it as a stepping-stone to help the disputants to apprehend spiritual realities. . . The Church can only exercise a wise influence on social problems by being true to her Master, and striving to carry on His work as He saw it, and as He has committed it to her charge."

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA. By Ernest Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

The story of California with its unequaled woodland giants, its magnificent scenery, its fading traces of a dying civilization and its pathetic remains of the holiest work ever undertaken for the good of our vanishing Indians is one of which the lover of beauty, romance and heroism will never tire. Mr. Peixotto has done a good work in telling over some bits of the story—adding details and recollections that might otherwise

have remained unnoticed or been lost—and bringing the past into contrast with the present. A native of the Golden State, he writes as one who loves his theme.

FLORIDA TRAILS. By Winthrop Packard. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$3.

The Florida trails along which Mr. Packard takes his readers here and there run into the well-beaten paths of travel but soon strike off again into the woods or along river banks or through thick undergrowth and over tangled roots into the wet and miry haunts of wild fowl. They are routes that many of us would not care to take in reality even with a competent and interesting guide, but since the invitation calls us to travel on the light wings of fancy we can hardly find a reason to refuse and will be glad in the end if we follow. The author is a close and appreciative observer of nature. He knows, too, how to win and hold the attention of his readers while he gives them much and varied information about the lower forms of life that abound in Florida woods and swamps. Better than all this he teaches us, who are dull and unobservant men, how to see and enjoy the beauty with which the world teems.

HOME LIFE IN SPAIN. By S. L. Bensusan. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Nearly every thing that appears on the surface of Spanish life, from religious conditions and practices down through the political maze to the varied amusements of the people and the things they like to eat is noted down and commented on in one way or another by S. L. Bensusan in his book *Home Life in Spain*. A vast amount of information of all sorts and values is packed away in its pages; more, in all probability, than any other writer on the subject has gathered into a like work. Besides, it is well and interestingly set forth, in a spirit of kindly criticism mingled with genuine liking for Spanish character and customs. The book, however, has one very serious defect. We do not refer now to its obvious superficiality—for it makes no explicit claim to scholarly depth or thoroughness, nor is it clear that one has a definite right to expect such qualities in the notes of a newspaper correspondent—but to the decided bias and scornful prejudices Mr. Bensusan has against the Church and the Jesuits. The origin of his prejudices mat-

ters little, and the sincerity with which they are held may also be disregarded for we are not now judging the author. The one fact of vital present importance is that Mr. Bensusan is bitterly, though perhaps unconsciously, prejudiced against the Church, and consequently he is unfair in his testimony and unjust in his judgments. This characteristic, plainly shown in his assertions that the Church forced illiteracy on the Spanish people; that she to-day stifles their moral and intellectual development; that she inspired what sensible people call the just execution but which he styles the murder of Ferrer, spoils his work beyond curing—and furnishes ample reason why he should be ruled out of court when one tries to find explanations for the ways in which the currents of Spanish life have set.

BACK TO HOLY CHURCH. By Dr. Albert von Ruville. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20.

Converts are themselves living documents, proving the authenticity of the Church's claims to divine origin. Their companionship is, perhaps, the most efficacious of all convert making influences. Next to this direct, living impact of embodied truth, comes the written witness of converts. This supreme literature of apostolic zeal begins with St. Paul's Epistles and his discourses recorded in the Acts, and includes such majestic names as Clement of Alexandria, Origen, and St. Augustine. In later times Newman stands forth a giant of the power of persuasion exemplified by abstract treatises composed in the light of experimental research, as well as by the great narrative of his *Apologia*. And in this connection let us name Isaac Thomas Hecker. Who that has read his Life, with its itinerary of a guileless soul athirst for God, and his *Questions of the Soul*, but has felt the spell of Catholic truth breathed upon him by a heaven-chosen messenger.

There is a very large number of books that thus reveal truth and error in contrast by narrating their conflict in an earnest soul, prolonged through years of veritable anguish. This library of the psychology of conversion thus ranges from the grave *apologiae* of great leaders of men down through all grades of intelligence and culture.

The comparatively recent conversion of Dr. Albert von Ruville has now been put in autobiographical form. He is

a prominent professor of the German University of Halle, led to study the Church by the attacks of her enemies and Harnack's unsatisfactory explanation of Christian origins.

There seems to have been nothing novel in either his method of research or the matter, doctrinal and historical, that engaged his study. But the professor is a powerful mind, and his investigations are exceedingly interesting, filled as they are with eventful incidents. It is noteworthy that Rheinhold's book, *The Old and New Faith*, a work of recent date, gave the strongest initial impulse, and Moehler's *Symbolism*, an eighty-year old book on comparative religion, gave the final impulse to this conversion.

The concluding chapter of the book deals with the hatred against Catholicity, and is of especial value. "What has struck me since my conversion," the author exclaims, "and it is something I must joyfully avow, is that I have not been disenchanted by any evil thing met in the Catholic Church, but all is purity and holiness. One may fancy that in this I have been exceptionally fortunate, But why did I not have the same good fortune in Protestantism while I exercised the Christian faith in that communion? I found there indeed much that was beautiful and good, but also serious, very serious deficiencies, for the remedy of which no means whatever could be found, except the single one which is expressed in these words: Back to Holy Church!"

The work is well translated by G. Schotensack and is edited with a preface by Father Robert Hugh Benson.

The English translation deserves a wide circulation, and will do great work in leading souls "Back to Holy Church."

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES. Vol IX. By Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by R. F. Kerr of the London Oratory. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.

The ninth volume of Dr. Pastor's history treats of the pontificate of Adrian VI. (1522-1523), and the first years of Clement VII's. reign, (1523-1527) ending with his flight to Orvieto.

Even Protestant scholars have seen in Adrian VI. (p. 229) "one of the noblest occupants of the chair of Peter; a man of the purest motives, who worked only to promote the welfare of the Church" (Benrath-Realencyklopadie—VII—135),

but with all his zeal, learning and piety he failed in every single aim of his pontificate. He did his utmost to arouse the Catholic nations against the Turks, especially when they were menacing Rhodes (p. 154), but he failed to realize that the Renaissance had destroyed forever the devout enthusiasm of the Middle Ages which had made the Crusades possible. Ambitious self-seekers like Francis I. or the Emperor Charles V. were too engrossed in their own political schemes to care a particle for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent. Again Adrian worked hard to combat the Reformation in Germany, Switzerland and Sweden, but he met with failure on every side. The Diet of Nuremberg, composed of worldly-minded prelates and Catholic princes who were in reality "out-and-out Lutheran," (p. 141) scoffed at Adrian's letters, insulted his Nuncio, and refused to carry out the Edict of Worms (pp. 139-40); Erasmus refused the Pope's friendly invitation to enter the lists against Luther (p. 145); Zwingli in Switzerland was indifferent to remonstrances and promises (p. 147); Gustavus Wasa of Sweden resented insolently Adrian's impolitic attempt to reinstate the Archbishop of Upsala (p. 151).

Finally Adrian's earnest efforts at reform of the abuses of the Papal court merely estranged him from the great body of Cardinals, and made him the most unpopular Pope for generations. "The men of that period had become so accustomed to look upon the Popes as secular princes, politicians, and patrons of art and letters only, that they had lost the faculty of understanding a Pontiff who placed his ecclesiastical duties before everything, and aimed at being above all, the shepherd of souls" (p. 226). If Adrian on account of Leo X.'s great legacy of debt attempted to economize, he was accused of parsimony; if he refused to give preferment to his relatives, he was called hard-hearted; if he frowned down upon the pagan culture of the Renaissance, men bred on the traditions of a Nicholas V. or a Leo X. styled him a "barbarian, more fitted for the cloister than the Papal throne"; if he tried to be neutral in the French-Spanish fight for supremacy, his true concept of duty was spoken of in Rome as poor statesmanship (pp. 88-100, 225, 226). Truly the last non-Italian Pope had few to depend upon to carry out his high ideals.

His famous Instruction to the Diet of Nuremberg admitting

the abuses so long dominant in the Papal court has often been criticized as incorrect, exaggerated, or at the very least impolitic (pp. 136-38). For instance he had written: "We know well that for many years things deserving of abhorrence have gathered around the Holy See; sacred things have been misused, ordinances transgressed, so that in everything there has been a change for the worse. Thus it is not surprising that the malady has crept down from the head to the members, from the Pope to the hierarchy. We all, prelates and clergy, have gone astray from the right way, and for long there is none that has done good; no, not one. Therefore, in our name, give promises that we shall use all diligence to reform before all things the Roman Curia, whence perhaps all these evils have had their origin; etc." (pp. 134-5).

Pastor defends most strongly this letter, declaring it neither exaggerated nor impolitic.

It is a very sad commentary on the state of affairs in Rome to read that the death of so saintly a Pontiff was "acclaimed with frantic joy"; and that every act of his "was distorted by a stinging and mendacious wit, and turned into ridicule with all the refinement of malice" (p. 223). Although he achieved no positive results owing to the shortness of his reign, "he left behind him suggestions of the highest importance, and pointed out beforehand the principles on which, at a later date, the internal reform of the Church was carried out. In the history of the Papacy his work will always entitle him to a permanent place of honor" (p. 230).

The second half of the volume treats of the early years of the Medici Pope, Clement VII. He was above all else a diplomat and an unsuccessful one. Instead of learning wisdom from the French defeat at Pavia, he was induced to join the fatal Holy League of Cognac, which brought down upon him the anger of the powerful Charles V., and culminated in the terrible sack of Rome (pp. 272, 304, 349, 384). The contemptuous tone of the Emperor's declaration of war on the Pope (p. 352) sounds more like the utterance of a Lutheran prince than a state paper of the most powerful Catholic ruler of the sixteenth century. The horrors of the sack of Rome will always remain a blot upon the reputation of Charles V.

The translation is very well done although one meets occasionally a grammatical slip (p. 371) or a misprint (p. 81).

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN TEACHER ENCOURAGED. By Brother Constantius. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. \$1.25.

Christian teachers are doing a mighty work for God in this country—a work of vast consequences for time and eternity. Yet they labor often with but scanty thanks and little understanding. Their need for encouragement, their temptations to discouragement are mostly overlooked or ignored. In this admirable work, Brother Constantius, with the sympathy of one who knows, meets every phase of discouragement with the “*Sursum Corda*” of love and high courage. He sets a high standard of mental as well as spiritual efficiency, but the book is primarily a spiritual book, written directly for religious who teach. Its wise and gentle counsels, its comforting and encouraging tone, its spirit of resignation and of zeal will uplift also the heart of any teacher or worker and prepare it for prayer and grace from on high. The book abounds in quotations from ascetical and cultural writers, and is well indexed. We are glad to welcome this second edition and to repeat our commendation given on its first appearance in 1903.* It deserves success in a wider circle of readers.

TARIFF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By F. W. Taussig. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The student of economics, and to some extent the general reader, will welcome a new (the fifth) edition of Professor Taussig's standard work on the Tariff History of the United States. The addition of a chapter on The Act of 1909 gives the author an opportunity to discuss from his well-known free-trade standpoint the positions and arguments developed by protectionists in the last few years. The chapter will be rendered more luminous to the general reader by the author's article in the December (1910) issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

WHAT EIGHT MILLION WOMEN WANT. By Rheta Childe Dorr. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$2.

This title has been chosen with magnificent unconcern of the possible criticism that not even archangels can tell what one woman wants. The author offers no apology for her audaciousness, but simply points out that the mass of women is less incon-

*SEE THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March 1903

sistent than the individual, and goes on to tell us not of what a woman may want, but rather of what women's organizations have done. Discursive, varied, well-informed, the author entertains while she instructs. Sometimes too sanguine, she is never extreme. Industrial conditions, the social evil, female suffrage, and city administration are chief among the topics discussed. To the main thesis of the book, that men must accept women as partners in the work of social reform, of course no adequate answer is possible.

We cannot refrain from adding that the press work is above criticism.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND TRADE UNIONS. By Cyril Jackson.

London: Longmans, Green & Co. 50 cents.

To the very actively discussed question of unemployment, Mr. Jackson's booklet comes as the contribution of a tried and expert student. It consists mainly of a survey of the agencies now dealing with the problem in England and urges a national policy which will deal more systematically and thoroughly with the matter. The most important issue involved in this development will be the relation of the State to Trade Unions. Mr. Jackson faces the issue coolly and squarely and after recognizing the shortcomings and the mistakes of organized labor, argues for their recognition and support by the State in their proper field of protecting the individual workman against unemployment and misfortune. "On the whole both the record and the present policy of the Unions do justify the state in entrusting to them this great responsibility."

THE PRODIGAL PRO TEM. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

Frederick Orin Bartlett, whose *Seventh Noon* won a popularity beyond its merit, has published another story, called *The Prodigal Pro Tem*. Like the lachrymose romances of the eighteenth century, it begins with a heroine bathed in tears. The lady's grief is caused by her wandering brother's stubborn refusal to come home to comfort their old and infirm father. In this case, despite Sam Weller's assertion to the contrary, tears do really start, not a clock, indeed, but the workings of the story. For a young landscape-painter, near in locality,

and sympathetic in disposition, offers consolation and a remedy, by pretending to be the wandering son, and the deception is made possible by the old father's partial blindness. It is needless to add that the painter, in his rôle of "prodigal pro tem" falls decidedly in love with his supposed sister, and complications ensue. The story has no special merit, but is entertaining enough.

FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS. By Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J. Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.

THE OLD MILL ON THE WITHROSE. By Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J. Benziger Brothers. 85 cents.

ERIC, OR THE BLACK FINGER. By Mary T. Waggaman. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 75 cents.

The ever-increasing output of juvenile fiction reminds us of the story of the thoughtful man who cut a good-sized hole in the fence for his cat to crawl through, and then a smaller one for the benefit of the kitty. Surely the world's best literature, given in wise selection, is the birthright of the children, and why should they be starved on a diet of *Dottie Dimple* or the *Oliver Optic* heroes? The child whose Christmas stocking bulges with Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, *Fabiola*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and, best of all, the English poets, preferably in Miss Repplier's excellent collection, may indeed believe himself "the heir of all the ages." Beyond a child's understanding?

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

cries Browning, and the appreciative imagination of childhood will supply any gaps in understanding.

Yet, considering juvenile literature as an inevitable accompaniment of our over-civilization, we can easily find praise for three new additions to the shelves. In the story of *Freddy Carr and His Friends*, Father Garrold has drawn a very true picture of the boys in a Jesuit day-school, of their escapades, their varied interests, and their own peculiar codes of honor. Freddy tells his story in the first person, and is a dear, lovable boy, whose joy and worries will find sympathetic readers.

The Old Mill on the Withrose is a new story by Father Spalding, and tells of a boy's adventures on a farm in Kentucky. There is a good, exciting plot, and the local color, especially in the negro characters, adds interest to the story.

Eric, or the Black Finger, is another exciting tale, and has considerable merit. A young priest's struggles in a wild mountain region, supposedly in West Virginia, and his redemption of the boy Eric form the theme of the story, and the name of the author, Mary T. Waggaman, will commend it to many readers.

STATE SOCIALISM IN NEW ZEALAND. By James Edward Le Rossignol and William Downie Stewart. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Of great interest and significance is Professor Le Rossignol's thorough-going account of that little experiment station in social advance maintained by the people of New Zealand. He confirms Clark in declaring that private enterprise can outdistance the state when the competition is fair and the government policy financially sound. And he avers that there is now no general demand for the further extension of governmental functions.

JOSEPH HAYDN: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE. From the German of Franz von Seeburg. By the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C.S.C. Indiana: The Ave Maria Press. \$1.25 net.

A fine chance has been missed by the author of this book. The life of Haydn presents a sufficient variety of incident to provide a good basis for an historical novel; and as there is some demand and small supply for such works having a musical setting, it is a pity that better attempts are not made to provide readable stories. Herr von Seeburg's attempt has neither the attractiveness of fiction nor the solidity of biography; it is nothing better than an *olla podrida* of fable and fact combined in anything but a skillful manner. He begins fairly well, but falls off so rapidly that the latter part of the book has the appearance of a badly arranged collection of newspaper clippings connected together by stray bits of dialogue.

It would have been just as easy, and by far more acceptable to admirers of Haydn, for the author to have followed the bio-

graphical details of the composer's life. Herr von Seeburg seems to have a craze for overturning these details, whilst failing at the same time to supply anything to take their place. Thus in the early chapters the meeting of the *Maestro* with Porpora and Metastasio is described in a way that is exactly the opposite of what really occurred; and the account concerning the composition of *The Austrian Hymn* is a wild, fantastic dream without even a tinge of reality. And in this instance much is lost, as the history of this composition presents attractive features which could be used to great advantage by an author in fiction.

Taken all around it is very doubtful whether Father Toohey has not wasted his abilities on a book possessing little or no value. We should have preferred him in translating the book to have stuck to the Anglo-Saxon "score"—time-honored by its technical use among musicians—instead of using "partition."

SOCIALISM AND SUCCESS: SOME UNINVITED MESSAGES.

By W. J. Ghent. New York: John Lane Company. \$1 net.

Mr. Ghent's work disappointed us. The first chapter is brilliant, amusing, and instructive, the last is partly convincing; but running through the volume, especially in the second, third and fifth chapters, is a vein of bitterness, almost of venom, that lessens our esteem for this entertaining writer and our confidence in his judgment.

He loves to preach and can preach forcibly—witness his warnings to seekers of "success in its ordinary meaning," success that is "the sacrifice of what is best in man for a trumpery prize," success that is only "the lure of men in the modern jungle." He loves to scold, too, we fear—and scolds lawyers, statesmen, clergymen, and journalists under the rubric of "Retainers," and his fanatical comrades under the title of "Some Socialists." From his rebuke to these last, some lines deserve quotation:

"You extol free thought and free speech, but often you deny that freedom in your own ranks. You have scornful derisive words for what you call 'capitalist morality,' forgetful that though each economic system develops its superficial code, the fundamental ethical standards are an evolution through all time, and are no more the product of capitalism than they

are of tribal communism or of feudalism, or of those intermediate systems known as household economy and town economy. In your wholesale denunciation of capitalism you forget the lessons of history, and you ascribe to a passing economic system the prevalence of defects and evils in human nature which have persisted throughout the life of the race. You denounce the capitalist class for its ruthless exercise of might, and yet in your message to the working class you often appeal, not to its sense of social justice, but merely to its consciousness of numbers and power. Not seldom you forget that *Socialism is not merely for the Socialists, but for all men*; and you distort the meaning of the class struggle into that of a medieval peasants' war—a revolt of one class to despoil and dominate another.

"You cannot achieve a millennial revolution by holding such concepts and employing such means. You are as one on a wrong road, on a dark night, miles and miles from home, and headed the wrong way. You will need to dismiss your many fallacies, to harmonize your many contradictions between precept and practice, you will need to orient yourselves and to retrace your steps before you can make headway toward your goal."

The book presents a strong argument for the kind of Socialism which consists in "the collective" ownership and democratic management of the social means of production for the common good." But, of course, the case is prejudiced by overstatement.

MARTHA VINE. Anonymous. London: Herbert and Daniel
\$1.50.

Martha Vine is a love story of simple life. It is a most delicate representation of what would be a tragic story were we not assured in our hearts that nothing so sweet and unspoiled could end but as divine comedy. A youth and a maid seem drawn together by a predestined and undeniable love but they are at the same time separated in nature, thought and expression by the thousand accidents of their different temporal estates. Stephen Flint, at first acquaintance, seems hardly more than a mere rustic and physical man but he develops upon our perception as one who is strong with high virtue and interiorly refined by an intimate loving com-

munion with all natural life. This authentic refinement he sometimes cannot, and sometimes will not, disclose. Martha Vine is the vicar's daughter and, so to speak, appropriates Stephen Flint by her very power of maidenly simplicity and directness. Forthwith she recognizes him as "her only love." Then follow the fiery trials of mutual discernment, appreciation and disillusionment, love's orientation.

This beautiful little story we devoutly believe to be the first fruit of "great things." Nothing has been written of late which shows truer kinship to the lineage of Jane Austen, with her gracious seemliness, and of Emily Brontë, with her marvelous perception of masculine passion.

ROYAL PALACES AND PARKS OF FRANCE. By Francis Miltoun. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$3.

We have at various times spoken of the pleasant books of travel by Francis Miltoun. He is a guide of wide experience, entertaining in his reminiscences, and happy in his conversation. The latest book, or rather we feel that it should be called a talk by him, is *Royal Palaces and Parks of France*. Mr. Miltoun's pictures of palaces, chateaux, and gardens and the telling, to those not thoroughly acquainted with France and her history, will be a delightful revelation. He is not an historian nor does he claim to be; but with easy, graceful pen he pictures the beauty of chateaux and recounts for us the incidents and tales that have shed the light of romance over them. The volume is handsomely and generously illustrated.

KARL MARX: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$2.50 net.

Although more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the death of Karl Marx; and although he is regarded as the organizer of a movement affecting many millions of men; and although his name has been long a storm-centre, and his personality a popular subject of discussion, yet no exhaustive and authoritative biography of him has hitherto been produced. The present volume aspires to be only a provisional substitute for the adequate and full biography which will one day be published by some better equipped German. It represents, however, thirteen years of intermittent work on

the part of that most reasonable and persuasive of contemporary Socialists, Mr. John Spargo; and hence is a book of some authority and of considerable significance.

There is hardly need to note that Mr. Spargo writes with the fervid enthusiasm of the disciple. What is more important, he has brought together many data hitherto scattered among the books and periodicals of several languages. And of particular interest is his estimate of Marx as entitled to fame chiefly because of his discovery of "the materialistic conception of history." This, although different from the general estimate of Marx, is thus far true, that his importance as a teacher of pure economic theory has been diminishing day by day in the scientific world; and it is now apparent that his claim to enduring fame must be based chiefly upon his contributions to the economic theory of history.

This is much like saying that it is by philosophical standards that the greatness of Marx will be decided; and that he can never be lifted to a higher level in the temple of divine philosophy than is accessible to a materialist. That he possessed a brilliant, original intellect and an immense fund of energy; that he helped to draw attention to facts and implications that had been wholly misunderstood or too little emphasized, this much credit must always be accorded him. But he was born an extremist and his bigness is inexorably limited by his own exaggerations. Some of the things he said and some of the things he did have helped and will still help, no doubt, the forward progress of mankind. But it is when placed in another setting and combined with other truths and other principles of conduct than those which he represented that they do most good. Too much is often worse than too little; and we may reasonably prefer still to believe that the old-fashioned Christian workingman, exploited and oppressed, has a better chance of earthly peace and of immortal happiness than the well-paid, educated, and independent artisan who in gaining a juster share of economic wealth, has lost his God. The Gospel sets lower value on, as it holds out less promise of, material goods than does Socialism. Yet it has done more to enlighten darkness and to banish misery than Socialism has. And so long as this is true there will ever be multitudes to whom Marxism is a superstition and its preacher a false prophet.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated by Prentiss Cummings.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3 net.

The Iliad of Homer has been subjected to so many and varied renderings, that there seems hardly a possibility for a new one. Yet every translation is wanting in something that affords an opportunity for scholars to exercise their ingenuity in making the English production a complete success. The present work in two volumes is the result of the author's dissatisfaction with previous efforts. His aim has been to follow the Greek text as closely as possible, even adopting hexameter verse. But in order to popularize his book he has abridged the complete Iliad, limiting himself to all the main story and the most celebrated passages, thus omitting about half of the original.

His lengthy introduction gives us a glimpse at the many difficulties he met with as well as affording helpful hints to future translators. The hexameter verse in Greek is certainly strong and powerful and while a literal translation is not an impossibility there stills remains the question of advisability. This Mr. Cummings has not solved—except perhaps inadvertently, and we might add negatively.

BRAZIL AND HER PEOPLE OF TO-DAY. By Nevin O. Winter.
Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$3.

South America, if we judge it by the many recent reports, must indeed be the ideal continent. And Brazil, according to the description of it given in the present volume, should be the fairest spot in all that fair land. Though a young republic, hardly out of its teens, as a Portuguese colony it can boast of centuries of existence, two of its important cities having been founded almost a hundred years before the foundation of New York and Boston.

If the perusal of the book arouses us to amazement at the beauty and grandeur of the country, at its broad plains and high plateaus, its wonderful waterfalls and watercourses, we are taken aback somewhat at the indifference of the inhabitants towards the great natural resources. For certainly they have not used them to advantage. "Order and Progress" however, is the watchword of the new Republic and throughout the whole country there are signs of general awakening. Perhaps

another century will see Mr. Winter's most sanguine hopes realized.

The book undoubtedly will supply an important addition to the fund of knowledge that is constantly increasing concerning South America. It is well written, contains much information, is supplied with numerous photographs and is neatly bound. There are times when we would wish that the author had been gifted with a greater power of expression, for when he raises our hopes high by some promising beginning, words seem to fail him, and our hopes remain unsatisfied.

ANY attempt to make Dr. Brownson and his writings known to the generation of to-day, which knows so little of this truly great man is heartily welcomed by us. In the pages of a small volume: *Watchwords from Dr. Brownson*, D. J. Scannell O'Neill gives those passages from the writings of Dr. Brownson which have particularly impressed him in his repeated readings of the twenty volumes that go to make up the works of this author. The selections fulfill all that their compiler claims for them in his preface. The volume may be purchased from the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., for the small sum of fifty cents. We trust that Father Scannell O'Neill's efforts in Dr. Brownson's behalf will be appreciated, and that the book will have a wide circulation.

B. HERDER, of St. Louis, has just published *A Poet's Way and Other Stories*, 50 cents net, by F. M. Capes.

TO write appreciatively of Fenelon without offending the friends of Bossuet is a task for French diplomacy. Yet M. Delplanque (*Fenelon et Ses Amis*. Paris: J. Gabalda et Cie.), has been admirably sincere and just in the accomplishment of his purpose. He has presented a lovable picture of Fenelon's relations with such men as the Abbé de Beaumont, the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, the Abbé Langeron, and others. M. Delplanque has spared himself no pains in preparing this work, and as a result he has secured the recognition of the French Academy for a delicate office well fulfilled.

THE names of four worthy pamphlets received from the Morning Star Press, St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly,

India, are: *The Gospel According to St. Mark*, *Medical Notes on Lourdes*, *The World and the Prime Cause*, *Why I am a Catholic*.

THE latest pamphlets issued by the Australian Catholic Truth Society are entitled: *Ferrer the Anarchist*, by Rev. M. H. MacInerny, O.P., *Marriage*, by the Rev. J. Charnock, S.J. *Belief in a Creative Power in the Light of Science*, by Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

A LITTLE volume, *'Mid Pines and Heather*, by Joseph Carmichael. London: Catholic Truth Society. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder, contains two stories. The first, from which the book takes its name, is a mild, pleasant tale with two love-affairs and a villain conveniently repentant at the end. It is readable and interesting. The second story, "The True and the Counterfeit," has an impossible plot, and is bettered by any paper-covered dime novel of the *Dora Thorne* or *Tempest and Sunshine* variety.

A BIOGRAPHY of an Italian member of the Discalced Carmelites, who lived from 1661-1717, and who was beatified by Pope Pius IX. in 1865, is entitled: *Blessed Mary of the Angels*, by the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J. New York, Benziger Brothers. It unfolds the story of a contemplative, whose life illustrated the doctrines of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross.

A NEW addition to St. Margaret's Library, *Footsteps in the Ward; and Other Stories*, by H. M. Capes. St. Louis: B. Herder, sells at 50 cents per copy. The stories, some of them at least, are interesting, but the entire series would be benefitted if the colored plate illustrations were omitted altogether. In almost every instance they offend good taste, and the same also may be said of the cover designs.

WE regret that through an error, *The Form of Perfect Living*, by Richard Rolle, reviewed in our January issue, was wrongly credited to Duckworth & Co. The volume is published by Thomas Baker, London, England.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (10 Dec.): The Decree of the Consistorial Congregation prohibiting priests from holding official positions in financial enterprises.—The next Eucharistic Congress will be held at Madrid in June.

(17 Dec.): "L'Anglican Malgré Lui"; is a new development of the branch theory.—Readers who rightly appreciate the critical work of Père Lagrange, O.P., will be glad to know that his pamphlet in reply to the "Orpheus" of M. Reinach has just been translated into English by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. and published under the title "Notes on the 'Orpheus' of M. Salomon Reinach."

(24 Dec.): The net result of the General Election is to give one additional vote to the Coalition which supports the Government.—"The Expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal" the full text of the official Jesuit reply to the accusations brought against the Society in Portugal.—"News from Ireland" throws some interesting light on "Emigration to the United States." Appeal is made to the would-be emigrant to stop at home where conditions and methods of labor are better understood.

The Month (Dec.): Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J. contributes an article entitled "My Friend's Difficulties," which is a *résumé* of conversations between the author and a friend who cannot accept the dogmas of either a natural or a revealed religion. Father Rickaby answers his objections. The article is written in dialogue form.—An article under the caption "Anti-Monasticism," by Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J. was suggested by the recent banishment of the religious communities from Portugal. The article reviews the life of the religious, and shows that it is not in any way injurious to the political or social welfare of the nation.—"The Revival of the Mystery Play" by Mary Alice Vials is a protest against the morality of the stage to-day and claims that a revival of the mystery plays of the Middle Ages is the best way to restore the stage to purity and

simplicity. The author then discusses a modern mystery play "Bethlehem" by Mr. Laurence Housman.

(Jan.): The Rev. J. H. Pollen in an article entitled "Mary Stuart's Jesuit Chaplain" gives a detailed historical sketch of Father Samerie, S.J. who, disguised as a physician, acted as chaplain for Mary Stuart during her imprisonment. "The Obscurity of St. Paul," by the Rev. Joseph Keating considers the difficulties in understanding the writings of St. Paul.—Under the caption "The Library of the Exercises" Rev. Charles Plater describes a library at Enghien which is devoted exclusively to literature on the exercises of St. Ignatius. It is divided into four parts: "Texts of the Exercises," "Theory of the Exercises," "Practise of the Exercises," "History of the Exercises."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Dec.): "Lying," by the Rev. Joseph Brosnam, M.A., distinguishes between *material* and *formal* lies. After making the distinction the author defends the Irish against the charge imputed to them by foreigners of being flagrant liars. Irish diplomacy, simplicity, wit, etc., is often mistaken for lying.—"Cardinal Vaughan: A Study," by Shane Leslie, Esq. We quote the closing paragraph. "In conclusion, if we may use a term which has been upon the tip of our pen while writing this essay, we would say that, with the exception of Bishop Challoner's Life, no portrait of an English Bishop since the Reformation has come down to us in terms so human and yet so sanctified, so unhappy and yet so glorified, so stricken of disappointment and yet so laden of triumphs, in which a reader might conceive that he had been reading a *prima facie* proposition towards the process of canonization."

The Crucible (29 Dec.): An account of "The Fourth General Meeting of the Catholic Frauenbund" held at Düsseldorf, October 24.—The "Problem of the Feeble-Minded" by A. V. Johnson, points out the necessity for supervision and segregation.—"The Modern Mrs. Jellyby," by A. Gibbs, is an appeal to woman not to overstep the danger mark in the interest of "public affairs" and social service, to the neglect and detriment of her own home and family. The article also appeals

to Catholic women for organized association, with a movement towards co-operation and committee work. —“William Blake: Poet, Artist and Visionary.” A short sketch of his life, by A. Wilson, with a few words in reference to his poetical and artistic works.

The International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): Arthur O. Lovejoy in “William James as Philosopher” considers “James’ characteristic traits as a philosopher and the historic value of his contributions to philosophy.” —“The Place of Leisure in Life,” is a treatment by B. Bosanquet of Aristotle’s “Ethics” —“a great book to which even expert scholars as a rule hardly do justice.” —“Idealism and the Conception of Forgiveness” is discussed by J. W. Scott,” because much of our recent culture seems antagonistic to it.” He concludes that “there is no prohibitive barrier anywhere which would justify us in ceasing to regard forgiveness as a valid human duty.”

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Dec.): J. Sabourt gives a brief sketch of the religious systems of the Iranians and Persians. —Writing of “The Revolutionary Ideal of Teaching,” A. Sicard presents a summary account of the spoliation of the teaching orders and the secularization of the instruction in the schools of France during the Revolution. —Apropos of the late decree of His Holiness Pope Pius X., S. Désers traces through the history of the Church the sentiments of various ages and various theological authorities on the subject of “Frequent and Daily Communion.” —E. Neubert writes of the “Psychological Side of the Devotion to Mary.” —The Princess Murat outlines a plan of aiding young girls in preparing for First Communion.

Le Correspondant (1 Dec.): Francis Laurentie reproduces the diary of Count de Chambord kept during the latter’s exile from France at Frohsdorf, Austria, recording events happening between 1846-1848. The article is further augmented by notes and observations of M. Laurentie. —“Manning’s Successor,” by Thureau Dangin, gives a brief history of the Vaughan family; the controversy between the Jesuits and Bishop Vaughan of Salford;

and finally his labors as Cardinal.—Viscount de Montfort gives a graphic account of some of the principal engagements of the Mexican War (1864-1867) under the title, "Souvenirs of War."—"Social Problems in Reality and in the Novel," by Georges Fonsegrive, cites a serious problem of life and describes how each of the foremost French novelists of to-day would solve it.—Claude Desjoyeaux in "Le Duc de Chartres," gives a biographical account of the military career of the late nobleman.

(15 Dec.): "The Question of the Orient at the End of 1910," by Colette Yver discusses the political situation in Turkey since the abdication of Abdul Hamid; in the Balkan States and in the new monarchy of Montenegro. —"Italian Music in Paris," by Charles Widor outlines the history of Italian Opera in the French metropolis since its introduction by Louis XIV. to the present day. —"The Revolt of the Brazilian Marines," by Jean de la Jaline describes the siege laid to Rio de Janeiro from Nov. 22-26 of the past year to compel the President and Congress to consent to the abolition of capital punishment and increase of pay in the navy.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Dec.): "The Communion of Children before the Age of Reason," by L. Andrieux—a Conference given at Rheims. The author considers the discipline of the Church from the first to the twelfth centuries.—"The Divinity of Jesus Christ According to the Synoptic Gospels." The writer of the article, J. Pressoir, presents his arguments under the following heads: I. "Comparisons by which Jesus showed His Divine Nature;" II. "Substitution of Jesus for God;" III. "The More Direct Affirmations of Jesus of His Divinity;" IV. "Conclusions."—"Letters to a Student upon the Holy Eucharist," by L. Labauche—a critical exposition of the ideas of Loisy upon the institution of the Eucharist.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): D. Sabatier reviews at length Fortima Strowski's work of three volumes on *Pascal and His Time*. He thinks the work a real contribution to the study in question. "If, henceforth," he says, "we know too little about Pascal himself, the fault

will not be Mr. Strowski's, who, with tenacity, ingenuity, and an admirable piety, has turned up this *terra incognita* to wrest from it its secrets."

Revue Thomiste (Nov.-Dec.): Le Quichaona in "The Progress of Dogma According to the Principles of St. Thomas" thinks there has been very little progress in the development of dogma since the thirteenth century.—In "The First Disputes on the Real Distinction between Essence and Existence," R. P. Mandonnet, O.P., takes exception to the statement of Père Chossat that Henri de Gaud, a colleague of St. Thomas and Gille of Rome (*Ægidius*) were the first to discuss this question.—"The Knowledge of Christ," by Père Claverie, O.P., treats of the acquired knowledge of our Lord; the development of His natural faculties, and the manner in which He acquired knowledge.

Chronique Sociale de France (Dec.): Under the title "The Chief Problem of the Present," A. Crétinon reviews the controversy now raging in Germany as to whether Catholic workmen should be allowed to join non-sectarian Christian economic associations.—Liberalism, to be faithful to its individualistic philosophy must, according to J. Vialatoux, writing on "Collective Rights and Duties," deny to the workingman certain such rights, as, e.g., collective bargaining.—Rémy Collin gives some statistics regarding workingmen's "Rooms without Windows." Twenty-five per cent of Montpellier's laborers live in such rooms.

La Revue du Monde (1-15 Dec.): In "The Empire and the Holy See" L'Abbé Feret gives a minute history of the negotiations preceding and following the occupation of Rome, the encroachments of the Imperial power and the final rupture of diplomatic relations, taken from letters and documents in the Ministerial Archives.—The Archbishop of Manitoba presents the fifth phase of "The School Question in the Canadian North West"—the effort to obtain the repeal of the new laws which violated the Constitutional guarantees granted Confessional schools by the Act of Union. A summary shows first an appeal to the Lieutenant Governor to use his discretionary power; then a minority demand for the re-

peal of the laws; the Honorable E. Blake's resolution referring the matter to the courts killed the repeal; when the final decision of the courts was adverse the Manitoba Minority, under the provisions of the Constitution appealed to the Governor General in Council; the Government then submitted the cause of the schools to the Supreme Court for an opinion as to what it might or should do. The resolution of Mr. Blake as accepted explicitly stated that the opinion of the court was advisory and would not relieve the executive from the ultimate responsibility of action. The Supreme Court has not yet given a decision.—A continued "History of the Benedictine Abbey of Marmoutier" gives in detail the events of the late eighteenth century, from its passing under the dominion of the Archbishop of Tours until the Revolution, and the first inventory of the Abbey.—The social and political corruption, the moneyed power of the Jew and his unscrupulous use of it engendering the hatred of the French form the subject of a continued story—"The Booty of the Bee."—J. Hughes lays down a valuable programme of "Intellectual Formation." Specialization built upon a broad basis of general culture and aimed toward social helpfulness.

Études (20 Dec): Jules Grivet's article on the first petition of the Our Father—"Hallowed be Thy Name"—shows that "Egoism," is proper to God alone, Who is the First Principle, and the Last End, Who in drawing to Himself uplifts, and in demanding glory glorifies.—A discussion of the "Literary Quarrel in Germany" between the editors of the *Gral* and the *Hochland*, Kralik and Muth, the promotor of a National Catholic literature, and its decryer, throws local color on the world wide question of confessionalism or anti-confessionalism in Catholic writers, and proves that a man's worst enemies are those of his own household.—Louis Tourcher, missionary in Tche-li gives an illuminating article on "The Religious Spirit Among the Chinese."—Interesting sketches of five "Mystics"—Ruysbroeck, Angela of Foligno, Juliana of Norwich, Jeanne-Marie of Bonomo, and Gemma Galgani—are given *apropos* of new editions or render-

ings of their lives and works.—Louis Peyredieu pictures “The Good Old Times” in the Paris of St. Louis.—In a criticism of Professor Boehmer’s work, “The Jesuits,” and its French rendering with notes, by Gabriel Monod, Joseph Brucker acknowledges the effort toward impartiality and points out the defects in exactness and understanding which mar the work.—The “Bulletin of Modern History” reviews many valuable additions to French literature.

La Revue Apologétique (Dec.): Charles Decerf presents in detail the villainous attack on the sacramental system of the Church which free-thinkers and free-masons have insinuated into modern Belgian politics.—The synopsis of M. Ramband’s work on Political Economy is continued by C. de Kirwan.—Labor, capital, unions, and industries are treated under the general head of “Production.”

Études Franciscaines (Dec.): P. Ladislav lays down rules for the recruiting of subjects for the Third Order of St. Francis, and quotes the exhortations of the Sovereign Pontiffs, Leo XIII. and Pius X. in its behalf.—An enthusiastic appreciation of the Twenty-First Eucharistic Congress deprecates Father Vaughan’s sermon at St. Patrick’s and the speech of His Grace of Westminster at Notre Dame, as the two discordant notes in the universal harmony, and dwells with fresh insistence upon the conservation of the French language as the “safeguard of the faith” of the French Canadian.—A fourth paper on “Ossuna and Duns Scotus” develops the teaching of Scotus concerning “The Action of God” marks the points of difference between Scotus and St. Thomas, and presents the method of prayer of the Franciscan mystics as the logical sequence of his teaching.—Letters from Capuchin Friars to the superiors of Port Royal des Champs show the influence of the Friars Minor in the early days of the Reform. This influence was superseded by the growing ascendancy of Du Verger de Hauranne.

La Scuola Cattolica (Nov.): “The Decree ‘Maxima Cura’.” A commentary on the decree promulgated last August, together with an account of its origin, object, and power,

by Francesco Longoni.—“Practical Hints on the Nature of Scruples,” by A. Gemelli. The third article of similar nature published by the author for the instruction and use of confessors.

La Civiltà Cattolica (3 Dec.): In “Universality of Religion,” the writer states that Tyrrell, like others without faith, assumes as evident that there is a “continuity of evolution” among all forms of religion which have arisen in every place and at all times. However, Catholicism is the most perfect of these forms of religion. “They would, therefore, draw unbelievers to the faith, while they themselves continue in practical unbelief; they would make Catholicism a universal religion, while they deprive it of every character which makes it what it is; they promise immortal life to the Church while they destroy it.” T. Savio, S.J., gives the “History of the Controversy” concerning the celebrated passage found in the First Apology of St. Justin, where he mentions the worship of Simon Magnus by the Romans. This controversy began in 1574, when the base of a statue which bore an inscription very similar to the one indicated by Justin, was found in the identical place mentioned by him.—This number contains the “Protest of the Jesuits Expelled from Portugal” to their fellow-countrymen written from Madrid.—A full account is given of the Twentieth Italian Catholic Congress held at Modena in November. (17 Dec.): “Journalistic Pornography.” “The almost universal defilement of present day journalism, particularly in Italy, is indicative of a great and widespread corruption of our people.” A remedy is urgent and necessary. The Catholic press should unite with the Catholic clergy and laity in advocating new legislative measures against this evil.—Hatred for the Catholic Church and her rigorous morality inspired the “Convention of Florence,” at which several apostates from the priesthood were present. Minocchi took for his subject, “The Celibacy of the Clergy,” and discussed it in a manner pleasing to his audience,—“The ‘Orpheus’ of Reinach. By making the essence of religion to consist in the phantasies of animism and in the imaginary terrors of the *tabu*, this writer reduces all religion to mere

hallucinations. To him, who professes the most crude positivism, this is not only an elementary consequence, but rather a fundamental axiom.

Razón y Fé (1 Dec.): L. Murillo examines Loisy's arguments against the authenticity of the "Synoptic Apocalypse" and the numerous critical opinions as to which verses refer to the fall of Jerusalem and which to our Lord's second coming.—Under the heading "The Jesuits in the Revolution in Portugal," A. Pérez Goyena discusses their influence with the royal family, their political predominance, their defence in the revolution, and the Draconian laws passed against them.—J. M. G. O. alleges the example of many civilized nations against compulsory military service for ecclesiastics.

España y América (1 Dec.): P. M. Coco discusses the "Economic and Moral Conditions Leading to the White Slave Trade."—In "Scientific Pedagogy," P. P. M. Vélez reviews Fouillé's ideas on "Education and Selection from the National Point of View," and the Ave Maria schools of D. Andrés Manyón, called the Spanish Dom Bosco.—The Marquis de Sabuz describes the "Colombian Campaign against the Impious Press."—P. M. B. García satirizes American sensationalism, especially as seen in Mr. Walter Wellman's recently attempted balloon flight.

(15 Dec.): "Modernistic and Traditional Theology on the Sacrament of Holy Orders," by P. S. García, is a defence of the divine as opposed to a merely human institution of the priesthood.—P. G. Castrillo, under the caption "Japan's Annexation of Korea," points out the probability of a similar absorption of China.—"The Augustinians in Brazil and Father Joaquín Fernández" sketches the important work of this order there and in Argentina.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Nov.): Otto Zimmermann, S.J., maintains that intellectual certainty can be reached by "The Sense of Truth," but that it is foolish to expose such a conviction on important questions to a difficulty we cannot rationally solve.—"The World Philosophy of Madách's 'Tragedy of Men'" by Jacob Overmans, S.J., sketches this Hungarian drama embracing the past,

present and future of mankind. It is pronounced incapable of satisfying the deep longings, which it attempts to satisfy because its author is without the true Christian faith.—H. Pesch, S.J., discusses "A New Tendency in Political Economy," the infusion of ethics into the "dismal science."—"The Genius of Ancient Indian Literature," by Robert Zimmermann, S.J.

(Dec.): In "The Esthetics of Fiction," A. Stockman, S.J., advocates "more narrative—less description of sentiments. . . . More action and fewer words! . . . Above all, less theology and more of the natural happiness and poetry of everyday life."—Father Rauterkus, S.J., discusses the proposed "Imperial Tax on the Unearned Increment" of land in the German Empire. He seems to think it impossible to distinguish justly between the earned and unearned increment, or to decide what share of the latter should go to the Empire, as apart from the federated States and municipalities. "Twenty-five Years of Experimental Investigations of Memory" by J. Fröbes, S.J., details the application by Ebbinghaus of the scientific method to this field of psychology.—Complete text of the decree fixing the time for First Communion as that of arrival at the use of reason.

Recent Events.

France.

The most important of the events that have to be noticed as having taken place in France are the proposals that have been made to prevent strike among the *employes* of the public services. Not that they have become law; and—so strange is the procedure of the French legislative bodies—it is impossible to say when they are likely to reach that stage. Bills introduced from time to time into either the Senate or the House of Deputies, are shelved perhaps for years, and may then be, as it were, resuscitated and ultimately passed into law.

The most remarkable feature of the new proposals is that they deny to the *employés* of all the railways, even of those which do not belong to the State, the right to strike, and this on the ground that these *employés* are virtually servants of the State because the maintenance of a regular railway service is a necessity alike for the life of the State, and of every citizen. The government takes up the position that railway servants are agents of the State and on that account claims the right of control. While all strikes are to be forbidden under severe pains and penalties, an elaborate system of conciliation and arbitration is to be introduced for the protection of the *employés*. Conciliation Boards, in an ascending hierarchy, are to be formed; and at the top there is to be an Arbitral Court, if conciliation has failed. This Court is to decide authoritatively every question in dispute, and obedience to its decision is to be enforced. The Chamber of Deputies and the Senate are to nominate the members of this Court, from five public bodies, among which are the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. These proposals have been criticized, on the one hand, because the principle of compulsion is introduced, thereby restricting the full liberty of the men; and on the other hand, because the sanctity of contracts is interfered with, by giving the Arbitral Court the power to make changes.

M. Briand's attitude in this matter as in so many others

has been one of mingled firmness and conciliation. An attempt was made in the Chamber to compel the government to require the reinstatement of some 3,000 railway-men who had lost their positions on account of their conduct in the recent strike. This proposal M. Briand refused to support, on the ground that the government was responsible for order in the State, and for the public safety, and that if anarchy were to be tolerated, there would be no possibility of carrying out the social reforms which he had in view. Discipline must be secured in the public services, So determined was he on this point that he declared that if the Chamber would not support him in these efforts he would at once resign. By 354 to 106 the demanded vote of confidence was passed. Although the Premier refused a general amnesty, he expressed his willingness to see that all who had been dismissed unjustly should be reinstated. These proposals for conciliation and compulsory arbitration are avowedly modelled upon the legislation of Australia and Great Britain. Neither the government nor the country can be free from anxiety so long as a more or less large number of the working-men are discontented with the existing order, and are ready to take the most violent measures in their power to overturn this order. During the recent strike a non-striker was murdered with the complicity of one of the leaders of the strike. That leader was subsequently condemned to death. The General Confederation of Labor, which has so often made itself notorious for the efforts which it has made to bring about a general strike, threatened thereupon that if the sentence were carried out, this General Strike would be at once declared. Little success so far has attended the efforts of this organization, but it is not pleasant for French citizens to be continually living even in the possibility of so great a catastrophe. There is reason to think that so far little progress has been made in the propagation of these views. On the good sense of the public as a whole it is to be hoped reliance may be placed.

Within the ranks of the avowed opponents of the Republic elements of disorder have been manifesting themselves. M. Briand, when returning from the unveiling of the statue to M. Jules Ferry, was seized by the collar of his coat by a man who proceeded with chivalrous valor to strike him in the face. This man was a member of the Committee of the *Camelots du*

Roi, and he took this way of showing their appreciation of M. Briand and his work. These *Camelots*, it appears, are that part of the supporters of monarchy who find the methods of the regular organization too slow, and seek to bring about the restoration of the throne by acts of the character of the one just mentioned. The Duc d'Orléans, however, did not approve of this assault, nor of the methods generally adopted by the *Camelots*. He has declared them to be guilty of disobedience and revolt, has passed a formal censure upon them, informing them at the same time that when he commands he intends to be obeyed. The organ of the *Camelots*, however, takes a different view of their duty. They are devoted, it says, to his person, but as he has not been in France for twenty-four years, he does not know what he is talking about. The Duke of course cannot allow the monarchy to be associated with silly acts like the one in question, nor in fact with anything that disturbs the public order, but he evidently is not able to control his more ardent supporters.

The Rochette investigation resulted in censure being passed on the Minister of the Interior of the then existing government, on the Prefecture of the Police, and on the examining magistrate. The Minister is found to have intervened in a judicial manner when such intervention was inappropriate; the Prefecture was held to be guilty of introducing a bogus plaintiff, fraudulently provided with securities to press his claim against Rochette, and the examining magistrate was guilty of negligence in not finding out all these irregularities. It would, therefore, appear that the appointment of the Committee was justified, and was not merely an effort to damage a political opponent.

It has long been a matter of common belief that intemperance does not exist to any great extent in wine-growing countries such as France. This may have been the case some time ago, but so great a change has taken place, and the increase of drunkenness has been so large that the Premier declares that it has come to such a pass that the very life of the nation is at stake. The government therefore has been forced to introduce a Bill into the Senate in order to combat the alcoholism which has become a veritable scourge. The laws against drunkenness are to be enforced, and all societies for the promotion of temperance are to be protected. One of the proposals is to reduce the number of drink shops to one to each

300 inhabitants, or three for 600 inhabitants. It has not, we believe, been found necessary ever before for the legislature to intervene in this way and critics are found who maintain that it is an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of industry and commerce. But, it is replied, the interests of liberty and commerce must be subordinated to higher interests.

The extent to which French methods of raising revenue restrict the free activity of the citizens is shown by a new law which has been passed putting a tax upon portable cigarette lighters. Matches are a government monopoly and those cigarette-lighters were taking the place of the matches, said to be very bad in quality, which the government has to sell. Hence it became necessary to impose a tax upon this audacious innovation.

The foreign relations of France remain undisturbed although Germany keeps so watchful an eye upon every movement that no French battleship can pay an unwonted visit to a port without an explanation being called for, as was shown when a short time ago a warship went to Agadir on the coast of Morocco. As the explanation was satisfactory, no harm has been done. Some little trepidation was felt as to the object of the meeting of the Kaiser and the Tsar at Potsdam; whether or no it would lead to closer relations between Germany and France's ally, Russia, but any anxiety that may have been felt has been removed. It is generally believed that it was only with the affairs of Persia and the Middle East that the meeting was concerned.

In Wadai in the middle of Africa French arms have met with a reverse, and it seems probable that the forces of Islam are being marshalled to withstand the advance of the infidel in that region, and there are not wanting those who say that the Young Turks are not unconnected with the movement. In this part of Africa the boundaries of Great Britain and France come into contact, but yet are not strictly defined. Were it not for the good feeling which now exists between the two countries, grounds for a controversy might have been found; but in this case as in that of Savarkar, and of the gun-running which finds a source of supply at a French possession in the East of Africa, the good-will of both nations has found, or will find a ready means of settlement. It is rumored that as a means of settling the last question an exchange of terri-

tories may be made, Great Britain relinquishing the small colony of British Gambia on the West Coast of Africa—a colony entirely surrounded by the French possessions in that region. Efforts are being made to remove the coolness felt by Turkey towards France, the result of the refusal of the French government to sanction the loan sought by the former country.

The New Year opens for France, as for the rest of the world, in an atmosphere of peace, of which the efforts, so often successful, to settle questions by arbitration is at once the effect and cause, and this in spite of of reactionaries and pessimists who try to throw cold water upon the attempts of the more hopeful and generous: an atmosphere which, as was said by the British Ambassador in his address to the President on New Year's Day "permitted the various peoples to live in that peace and quietness which alone enabled them to give their serious consideration to the solution of the vast social problems, which more and more demanded the attention of the various Governments of the world."

Germany.

Writers in the German Press express satisfaction at the marked improvement that has taken place in the international *status* and prospects of the German Empire. They believe that a position of greater power and independence has been reached than for many years past. The fear of an attempt on the part of other Powers to isolate the Empire, and to surround it by a ring fence has disappeared. The death of King Edward and the Constitutional struggle in Great Britain have, it is thought, lessened the influence of that country in the affairs of the Continent, and thereby a way may be opened for Germany with its sixty-five millions of people to a more active foreign policy.

What is called a *détente* with Russia has been brought about by the recent visit of the Tsar to Potsdam; that is to say, the relations between the two countries have become less strained. The Triple Alliance is declared to be in as full force as ever, and that the bonds are very close between Germany and Austria-Hungary no one doubts. The German influence at Constantinople, which was the characteristic feature of the Hamidian *régime*, has gained much of its former power. The

Netherlands, some think, have been made to feel the power of their mighty neighbor. A bill for the defense of the country is being discussed proposing a system of fortification which, while it leaves the way by land open for a German Army, is meant to protect the sea-ports from the attack of any other Power. This is said to have Germany as its author and promoter, an assertion, however, which is vehemently denied.

The attempt of two British Officers to discover the military secrets of the Empire is an incident which certainly does not tend to improve the relations between Great Britain and Germany, but as every country is engaged in similar efforts there is no just ground for complaint, and in fact little complaint has been made. But when it is asserted that this particular attempt proves that Great Britain is contemplating an invasion of Germany, one more illustration is given of the power of the imagination.

The finances of the Empire are making steady progress towards a state of health. There is, it is true, a deficit, but not so large as usual, and the loan to be issued this year will be the smallest for twenty years. No less money is to be expended in the army and navy; in fact the amount is to be increased. An increment tax, the introduction of which into Great Britain has caused so much discussion, has existed as a municipal tax for many years in Germany. It is now proposed to adopt it as an Imperial tax.

The movement, if such it may be called, for making ministers responsible to the Reichstag, not to the Kaiser, makes no progress. In fact the Chancellor recently declared at a sitting of Parliament, that he was not its servant, that as long as he had the support of the Emperor and the Federal Government, he would pursue the policy and propose the legislation which according to his own conviction, was good for the Fatherland. To any party which should give him its support, he would be grateful and gladly accept its help. Towards the Social Democrats, however, and all their aims unflinching opposition would be offered, by the employment of every resource with which the State is provided. But this does not prevent German citizens from voting for them in ever-increasing numbers, although social legislation has gone farther in Germany than in any other country in the world.

The long-expected Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine has

been adopted by the Federal Council, and the details have been published. It has, however, to go through the Reichstag, and may therefore be modified in some particulars. In some respects it is disappointing. Autonomy is given, but with many restrictions. Laws are to be made by the Emperor, but not without the consent of the new two-chambered Diet. No place is granted to Alsace-Lorraine in Imperial legislation and government. To the Federal Council, the provinces are to send three delegates, and these may speak but not vote. If the vote had been conceded, Prussian predominance in the Council would have been at an end, and this sacrifice could not be made. Space does not permit the enumeration of all the provisions of the new Constitution, although they are interesting as examples of the latest ideas of what a Constitution made in Germany should be. A few points, however, may be mentioned. Of the Upper House the two Catholic Bishops of Strassburg and of Metz are to be *ex-officio* members, together with, among others, the Presidents of the Evangelical Church, and a representative of the Jews. Chambers of Commerce, Municipal Councils, Agricultural Councils, and the League of Guilds are to elect representatives. For the Lower House the franchise is to be universal, with secret ballot and direct voting. Persons over thirty-five years of age are to have two votes, and those over forty-five years three votes. This is done in order to secure moderation in the working of the Second Chamber, by giving a preference to those electors who are ripe in the experience of life. The second ballot so common on the continent is not adopted. The proposed Constitution has not been favorably received by all. The Upper Chamber, it is said, is constituted in such a way as to make it an instrument in the hands of the Berlin authorities for frustrating the popular will. A distinguished priest has expressed the opinion that it would be better for Alsace-Lorraine to remain in its present dependence upon the Federal Council, for in that Council the voice of the South German States is influential.

Austria-Hungary.

A Ministerial crisis has taken place in Austria, in consequence of which the Premier Baron von Bienerth has resigned. His resignation has been accepted, but he has

been requested to remain in office until a new Ministry can be formed. The cause of the resignation was the unwillingness or the inability of the Ministry to fulfil certain promises made to the Poles to accord financial assistance for the making of canals in Galicia. In consequence of this the Poles refused that support which was necessary to maintain a majority.

The government had suffered a defeat a few weeks before on a motion to allow the importation of transoceanic meat. High prices have increased the burdens which the poor have to bear in Austria-Hungary, as well as in most of the other countries of Europe. In Vienna the people had assembled in tens of thousands, in order to call the attention of the government to the situation, but the government, in deference to the agrarian interest, which is making its profit out of the necessity of their neighbors, had turned a deaf ear and would not admit, as it was in their power to do, the supplies that were necessary to lower prices.

The burdens imposed upon the people are to be still further increased by the measures to keep the peace—such is the alleged object—which the government has adopted. An elaborate programme for the increase of the Navy has been prepared, providing for the construction of four Dreadnoughts and three cruisers, within the next five years, to cost in all over sixty millions of dollars. Nor is this the limit, for two further Dreadnought divisions of four ships each must be built before 1925 if the Austrian Navy is to attain the standard to which the naval authorities aspire. It cannot be wondered at that there are large deficits both in Austria and in Hungary, or that there are some who say that the maintenance of peace is becoming more burdensome than war. Forty millions for Austria, and thirty millions for Hungary are the deficits for the current year.

It may be remembered that some little time ago a distinguished historian, Dr. Friedjung, was put upon trial for libelling a large number of the Southern Slavs. He had accused them of treason, and had justified his action by an appeal to documents furnished him by the Foreign Office. In the course of the trial these documents were shown to be forgeries, and forgeries quite easily detected. The question now has arisen who it was that was the author of these forgeries, and a Slav member of the delegations has accused members of the Austrian diplomatic

body of being at least cognizant of these frauds. It has in fact been brought home to one of the officials, that he was in close relations with the individual who has been proved to have been concerned in the concoction of documents in question. It still remains uncertain whether or no the Foreign Secretary himself was actively ignorant. The advent of Count Aehrenthal to power has not redounded to the credit of the Austrian conduct of affairs. Rumors have been current that he was on the point of resigning, and this is rendered all the more probable since his attitude towards certain German proposals to put duties on shipping is said to have displeased the Prussian authorities.

Russia.

Early in last December it was announced, on what seemed to be good authority, that it had been decided to reduce the Duma to a consultative institution, similar to the Council of the Empire, under an autocratic *régime*. Happily this has proved not to be true, but it undoubtedly expresses the wish of the many enemies in Russia of anything like a Parliament, and shows its precarious character, dependent as it is for the origin and continuance on the will of a single man. The Tsar, however, according to a more recent announcement is satisfied with the Duma, especially with its work on the Budget, and has vouchsafed to express to the Chairman of the Budget Committee the pleasure which he felt during his recent sojourn abroad, at hearing foreigners praise the active and beneficent influence exercised by the Duma in the domain of national economy. This possibly may mean that it will be more easy on account of this influence to raise the new loan which it is said is contemplated, and that on this account, its existence is still to be tolerated.

Italy.

Italy is one of the few countries in Europe which is able to pay its way, year by year. The net Budget surplus amounts to over three millions of dollars, and this is to be applied to meet the losses caused by the recent outbreak of cholera in Southern Italy. A blot on Italian civilization, which has

often caused criticism, is the widespread cruelty shown to animals. The government has introduced a Bill into the Senate to deal with this matter. The blinding of birds, the infliction of unnecessary suffering in the killing of animals, the overworking of horses and other beasts of burden are to be visited with pains and penalties. Vivisection is to be placed under severe restrictions. The introduction of the Bill is due largely to the efforts of various societies which have of late been formed for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

In the more strictly political sphere also the government is proceeding in the path of reform. A Bill has been introduced to extend the Parliamentary franchise to all adults who can prove that they are able to read and write. For those who are thus qualified the exercise of the franchise is made obligatory, the omission to vote being punishable with fines of five dollars in the first instance gradually rising in amount if the offense is repeated. This obligation to vote is not approved by the Extreme Parties, for their strength is said to be due to the abstention from voting of their opponents. The Socialists, in particular, have resolved to oppose the Bill on the ground that it "threatens the liberty of conscience of citizens, and is in substance illiberal."

With Our Readers

THE Catholic teachers throughout our country, great in their number and great in their aims, are doing a noble work for souls. Our Catholic laity also are writing an heroic page to their credit in history by their generous support of Catholic schools and educational institutions. We believe that the necessity of religious instruction, presented earnestly and fairly to our fellow-citizens, is becoming more and more evident to many who have differed from us. We believe also that with regard to proficiency, Catholic education particularly in our parochial schools, has already reached a high degree of excellence and that by constant diligence and attention the high degree will be maintained. We have been perfecting that system by high school, college and university. With regard to parochial schools of a particular diocese the appointment of a supervisor has effected a general schedule of studies—a common system that insures a high standard of proficiency; and much of the success of the parochial schools has been due to this harmony and unity. This work of systematizing, of making the elementary fit the higher, of a thoughtful consideration of education as a whole—of elementary school, of high school, of college, and of university, is receiving the careful attention of Catholic educators. Much has been done to secure it and much more we hope will be done in the immediate future.

It is a work which should call forth the best efforts of all interested in Catholic education. It is a work of vital importance, not only for the welfare of the Church and for the predominant influence which the Church ought to exercise in this country, but also for the salvation of souls. Questions of earth and heaven are sometimes most intimately connected. We must prepare our boys and girls in such a way that, if they be capable—and thousands of them are capable—they may go from school to college and to university. They must be thoroughly and systematically trained and fitted for the intellectual work of the day among their fellowmen. Great numbers of them should occupy honored positions in the higher professions. They should be so thoroughly equipped that their ability would command the respect of all; and they themselves should take their place among our rulers; among those who administer justice; who direct or influence opinion—capable writers, public speakers who, with the inheritance of Her who has guided nations, will intelligently, capably, guide our people through the social confusion, the chaos of false principles, with which we will soon, if portents fail not, have to do battle.

We welcome, therefore, most cordially a new monthly *The Cath-*

olic Educational Review, published by the Catholic Education Press and under the direction of the Catholic University of America. Its first issue is most promising both in quality and in quantity. It gives its readers over one hundred pages of reading matter and its table of contents includes, *The Papacy and Education* by Dr. Edward A. Pace; *The Playground Movement* by Rev. John J. McCoy; *The Pastor in Education* by Dr. Thomas J. Shahan; *Jesuit Education in America* by Father Swickerath, S.J.; *The Teaching Of Religion* by Thomas E. Shields, and thirty pages of "Notes" on discussion of educational topics.

This beginning, we feel, is an earnest of what will be, and we bespeak for this new work the earnest and active co-operation of all our Catholics, religious and lay, who are interested in matters of Catholic education.

THE exquisite gift of compact expression, which Father Tabb possessed in such a remarkable degree, never was made more manifest than in a recent issue of the *Classical Review*. There was printed his fine quatrain to Niva with a translation into Latin by Mr. Moss and into Greek by Mr. Seaton, two distinguished English classical scholars. We are sure to give delight to many of our readers by reproducing the original lines with these two versions :

Niva, child of Innocence,
Dust to dust we go ;
Thou, when winter wooed thee hence,
Wentest snow to snow.

Pulvere nos ortos, Niva, qua nil purius, infans,
Deducto Lachesi stamine pulvis habet ;
Tu, simul invitavit hiems glacialis, abisti
Quam cito cognatae nix socianda nivī.

‘Ἡμεῖς μὲν, κόνις αὐτοί, ἐλευσόμεθ’, ὡ βρέφος ἀγνόν,
πρὸς κόνιν οἰκίην, εὖτ’ ἂν ἔλῃ θάνατος.
καί, σὺ δέ, χειμῶνος μεταπεμψαμένου κρυόεντος,
οἴκαδ’ ἔπειτ’ ἦλθες, πρὸς χιονάς τε χιῶν.

The fine beauty of the English is evident to everyone. Here we have, to use the quotation which someone recently applied, with great aptness, to Father Tabb's work : "infinite riches in a little room." It is not the mere conciseness of an epigram : the expression is even more poetical than neat. When we turn to the Latin and Greek versions, eh ! how the beauty of the rose has faded, how the facets of the diamond are marred ! We mean no dis-

courtesy to these distinguished professors when we state that their versions lack the beauty even more than the brevity of the original; we are simply saying they are translators. Turn, reader, and see how the line,

Thou, when winter wooed thee hence

has been reproduced. In the original it is sweet as the smile of a child; in the version it is as stiff and stately as the bow of a Dowager Duchess. Always admirers of the serious muse of Father Tabb, we confess that our admiration was greatly enhanced by reading these translations of the exquisite Niva.

While we are speaking of Father Tabb we wish to notice a curious coincidence between one of his quatrains and some lines of a poem by William Watson. In his "Nature" Father Tabb wrote:

It is His garment; and to them
Who touch in faith its utmost hem
He turning, says again, "I see
That virtue hath gone out of me."

And in "The Questioner" of Watson are these lines:

And they made answer: "Verily,
The robe around His form are we,
That sick and sore mortality
May touch its hem and healed be."

IN striking contrast to the bitter attacks being made upon religion in some of the countries of Europe and the rabid attempts of some of their politicians to wipe all religion from the face of the earth, there was held during the last month in Washington, D. C., a reception and dinner to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, at which were present many notables, Catholic and non-Catholic, of our Government. The reception was held at St. Patrick's Church, of which Father Russell is rector. We have no intention of reviewing it in detail, but the words uttered there by the representatives of our Government were most gratifying and encouraging. Members of the Cabinet, of the Supreme Court, of the Senate, and of the House spoke. All of them had words of praise for the Catholic Church, and even though some of them frankly stated that they themselves were members of other churches, all without exception claimed emphatically that religion was absolutely necessary for anything like stable government and for public morality. It was interesting also to note that these statements received the enthusiastic approval of all who were present. For the thoughtful American it was a happy and hopeful occasion.

It would have been well if the editors of *The Independent* and the *Outlook* were present. Perhaps they would have rushed horrified from the room. For the former journal is allowing itself to become the organ of the vicious anti-clericals of Europe, and never loses an opportunity to publish anything discreditable to the Catholic Church; and the latter is, of late, showing evidences of peevish temper with regard to the Church, and, more important still, is reechoing also, though not quite so enthusiastically, the sentiments of anti-clericals.

ONCE there was a boy, a very young boy who was not really bad, but who thought himself very bright and clever. He imagined that he was a man, and was absolutely sure that a real man must not be too good; a real man must smoke and swear once in a while; he must at least have some manly faults and not be like those saints that one sees in the windows of churches. To be without faults, this young boy thought, was to forfeit one's manhood. The boy was as proud of his superior knowledge as a young colt of its senseless caperings. And once he stole by the editors of the dignified *Atlantic Monthly* while they dozed or while their attention was directed elsewhere, and gave a manuscript to the compositors. The editors allowed it to go to press and it appears in the January *Atlantic* under the brilliant and inspiring title of "The Ignominy of Being Good."

THE latest decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office on the question of the medal-scapular will be of interest to our readers and we reprint it here:

Since it is well known that the holy scapulars, as they are called, do much to foster devotion in the faithful and excite them to resolutions for a more holy life, in order that the pious usage calculated to make them better known may grow from day to day, our most holy Father, Pius X., by Divine Providence Pope, although earnestly desiring that the faithful would continue to carry them as has hitherto been their custom, nevertheless, complying with the petitions presented to him by a large number of persons, graciously deigned to decree, after taking a vote of the most eminent fathers the Cardinals of the Inquisition in an audience granted to the Reverend Assessor of this Supreme Congregation on December 16 of the present year, that: it is licit for all the faithful who have been enrolled by the regular ceremonial, as is said, or shall afterwards be enrolled in one or several of the scapulars of the genuine kind approved by the Holy See, to wear henceforth on their persons, instead of one or more scapulars of cloth, a single metal medal, either at the neck or otherwise, with, nevertheless, due decorum, by which, observing the laws proper to each, they may gain and participate in all the spiritual favors (the Saturday privilege, as it is called, of the Blessed

Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel not excepted) and all the indulgences attached to each; that one side of this medal must bear the representation of our Lord Jesus Christ showing His Most Sacred Heart, and the obverse one of the Blessed Virgin Mary: that the medal must be blessed by as many benedictions as number the scapulars to be imposed, according to the number desired by the applicant; finally, each benediction may be imparted by making a single sign of the cross, either at the enrolling itself, immediately after the regular imposition of the scapular or even later at the convenience of the applicant; it does not matter whether the order of different enrollments be observed or not, nor whether the time that intervenes between them is more or less. They can be imparted by any priest and even by one distinct from him who enrolled the applicant, provided he has faculties, either ordinary or delegated, to bless the respective scapulars; however, the limits, clauses, and conditions of the first faculties are not to be changed.

All things whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding, even those worthy of special mention.

Dated at Rome from the buildings of the Holy Office, 16 December, 1910.

L. † S. ALOISIUS GIAMBENE.

Instructions are to follow concerning medals that have already been blessed and the faculties quoted for blessing them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Christian Mysteries. By Rt. Rev. Jeremias Bonomelli, D.D. Translated by Rt. Rev. S. Byrne, D.D. Vol. I., II., III., IV. \$5 net. *St. Francis and Poverty.* By Father Outhbert, O.S.F.C. 40 cents net. *St. Clare of Assisi.* By Very Rev. Leopold de Cherance, O.S.F.C. \$1 net. *Mementos of The English Martyrs and Confessors.* By Henry S. Bowden. 45 cents net. *The Groundwork of Christian Perfection.* By the Rev. Patrick Ryan. 2d edition. 70 cents net. *Leading Events in the History of the Church: Part I. and IV.* By the Sisters of Notre Dame. \$4 per volume.

FR. PUSTET, New York:

Catechism on the Things Necessary to be Known by Little Children Before Holy Communion. 3 cents per copy; 30 cents per dozen; \$2 per hundred. *Character Glimpses of Most Rev. William Henry Elder, D.D.* \$1.25 net. *The Date of the Composition of Deuteronomy.* By Hugh Pope, O.P.S.T.L. \$1.50. *De Ineffabili Bonitate Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu.* By Cardinal Vives, O.M. \$1.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

Revised Darwinism; or Father Wasman on Evolution. By Rev. Simon FitzSimons. 50 cents net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

The Roman Empire. By F. W. Bussell. Vols. I., II. \$9 net. *William Morris.* By J. W. Mackail, M.A. LL.D. 30 cents net. *Non-Catholic Denominations.* By the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, M.A. \$1.20 net. *The Maid of Orleans.* By Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50. *The Plain Gold Ring.* By Robert Kane, S.J. 65 cents. *The Spirit of Power.* By L. A. Edgehill. \$1.40.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

History and Historical Reading. Pedagogical Truth Library. By Anthony Beck, A.M. 15 cents.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:

The Golden Web. By Anthony Partridge. \$1.50. *Criminal Psychology.* By Hans Gross. \$5 net. *Modern Theories of Criminality.* By C. Bernaldo de Quiros. \$4 net.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston:

Down at the Cross Timbers. By P. S. McGeeney, \$1. *Down at Steins Pass.* By P. S. McGeeney, \$1.

SEEDMAN, FRENCH & CO., Boston:

The Unfading Light. By Caroline D. Swan. \$1.25.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

The Biological Stations of Europe. By Charles Atwood Kefoid.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago:

Industrial Insurance in the United States. By Charles Richmond Henderson. \$2 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

History of Dogmas. By J. T. Tixeront. Vol. I: \$1.50 net. *Vain Repetitions.* By Cardinal Newman. 10 cents. 60 cents a dozen.

R. & T. WASHBOURNE, London:

A Priest and His Boys. From the French by Alice Dease. 75 cents.

BURNS & OATES, London:

The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book for 1911. Edited by Sir F. C. Burnand. 3s. 6d. net.

THOMAS BAKER, London:

A Medieval Mystic (Blessed John Ruysbroeck). By Dom Vincent Scully, O.R.L. 2s. 6d. net.

HUBERT & DANIEL, London:

Eyes of Youth. A Book of Verse. By several writers, including poems by Francis Thompson and a Foreword by G. K. Chesterton.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE., Paris:

Histoire Partiale. Histoire Vraie. Par Jean Guirard. 3 frs. 50. *Pascal.* Par H. Petiot. 6 frs. 50.

BLOD ET CIE., Paris:

La Réforme de la Prononciation Latine. Par Camille Couillaut. 2 frs. 50. *Léonard de Vinci.* Par Baron Carra De Vaux. 0 fr. 60. *Thomassin.* Par J. Martin. 1 fr. 20. *Buches.* Par G. Castella. 0 fr. 60. *La Soeur Rosalie.* Par Fernand Laudet. 0 fr. 60. *St. Justin, Sa Vie et sa Doctrine.* Par Abbé A. Béry. 0 fr. 60. *Civisme et Catholicisme.* Par E. Julien. 0 fr. 60. *Le Dogme.* Par P. Charles. 0 fr. 60. *La Psychologie Dramatique du Mystère de la Passion à Oberammergau.* Par Maurice Blondel. 0 fr. 60. *St. Pie V.* Par Paul Deslandres. 0 fr. 60. *L'Apologétique.* Par Mgr. Douais. 0 fr. 60. *Habitations à Bon Marché et Caisses d'Epargne.* Par Henry Clement. 0 fr. 60. *Les Jeunes Filles Françaises et le Problème de l'Education.* Par Paul Feyel. 0 fr. 60. *Le Martyrologie.* Par J. Baudot. 0 fr. 60. *Art et Pornographie.* Par Georges Fonsegrive. 0 fr. 60. *Le Clergé Gallo-Romain.* Par Henri Couget. 0 fr. 60. *Histoire de L'Eglise.* Par L. David et P. Lorette. 3 frs. *Bible et Protestantisme.* Par W. Franque. 2 frs.

LIBRAIRIE ALPHONSE PICARD ET FILS, Paris:

Nicolas Coussin. Par le P. Camille De Rochemonteix.

WM. LINEHAN, Melbourne, Australia:

Within the Soul. Helps in the Spiritual Life. By the Rev. W. J. Watson, S.J.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Le Fléau Romantique. Par C. Lecigne. 3 frs. 50.

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PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE., Paris:

La Cité Future. Par Louis De Meurville. 3 frs. 50.

BERNARD GRASSET, Paris:

La Crise Organique de l'Eglise en France. Par Paul Vulliaud. 2 frs.

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Bossuet et les Protestants. Par E. Julien. 3 frs. 50. *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.* 5 frs.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

For the Holy Souls: and Other Stories. By Miriam Agatha. One penny. *The Happiness of Catholic Countries.* By Rev. M. H. MacInerny, O.P. One penny.

LIBRERIA EDITRICE FIORENTINA:

Theologia Dogmatica Orthodoxa Ecclesiae Græco-Russicæ ad lumen Catholica doctrina examinata et discussa. Aurelius Palmieri, O.S.A. Tomus I. Prolegomena.

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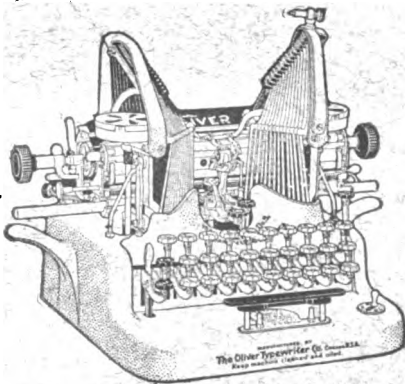
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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XCII.

MARCH, 1911.

No. 552.

REFLECTIONS ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY FRANCIS P. DUFFY, D. D.



HE recent death of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy has attracted the attention of the whole country to her personality and to the ideas which she propagated so successfully during the latter half of her life. No woman in this country has hitherto been made the subject of such extensive obituary notices. The tone of these ranges through the whole scale of feeling, from worship to scorn, but all agree in looking upon her career as a remarkable one.

Any human being who achieves success in a large way is worthy of human interest. And, put in figures, here is the evidence of her success. At her death she leaves behind her a church establishment which has about a thousand churches or societies, four thousand practicing healers, three hundred thousand adherents, and property worth nearly thirty million dollars. The votaries of her cult are found in different countries. They belong, as a rule, to the educated class, and are cultured in a middling way. These people look upon her as a prophet; some of them seem to consider her divine; there are hopes now being entertained of her resurrection.

What manner of person is it who can leave such an impress upon her contemporaries? Fortunately, we are not left to hasty biographical sketches for the facts of her life. During the past few years, her career has received attention from friends and foes. Her biographies make disappointing reading, since neither critics nor worshipers seem able to analyze the elements of her success. Briefly, she is a New Englander, of good stock, with limited early education, and displaying in

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VOL. XCII.—46

her writing about the same mental and literary attainments that one finds in some pathetic volume of "Poems, published by the Authoress" that occasionally drifts into a reviewer's hands from some lone village in Vermont or Indiana. In early life she had an attractiveness of appearance which shows in the latest photographs that she allowed to be published. She was thrice a widow, in the Western phrase, "twice sod and once grass," her second husband having been divorced by her. She was, during half her life, of a neurotic temperament invalid-ish and *difficile*. Her anxiety about her own health explains the cult which she took up and propagated. It has been sufficiently established that the originator of this medico-religious system was not Mrs. Eddy, but a Phineas P. Quimby, who first taught her how her imagination could cure the ills it had caused. But there is no doubt that the present success of the system is due to Mrs. Eddy's book on *Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures*, first published in 1875. In the propagation of the movement, Mrs. Eddy for the first time shows signs of the masterful ability which we are looking for in her life. She had a shrewd eye for financial success, selling her book, five hundred editions of it, at a high price. And she kept a strong hold over the church she founded, making herself the supreme leader, and her book the Bible, of all Christian Scientists. Even during her later years, when old age compelled her to retire from active life, she managed to keep her undisputed hold over her large following.

So much for the prophet; now for her message. *Science and Health* makes hard reading for one accustomed to consistent and logical modes of thought. The work abounds in contradictory and meaningless statements. Professor James' phrase "paroxysmal unintelligibilities" is perhaps too elevated for the matter; Mr. Dooley's expression "near-thought" hits it off better. But in spite of obscurities, there is a body of belief in the book, which is the main creed of Christian Science. We shall borrow a statement of the philosophy of the system from Miss Georgine Milmine's *Life of Mrs. Eddy*.

She asserted that there is no matter, and we have no senses. The five senses being non-existent, Mrs. Eddy pointed out that "all evidence obtained therefrom" is non-existent also. "All material life is a self-evident falsehood." But while denying the existence of matter, Mrs. Eddy gave it a sort of compulsory recognition by calling it "mortality." And as such it assumes

formidable proportions. It is error, evil, a belief, an illusion, discord, a false claim, darkness, devil, sin, sickness, and death; and all these are non-existent. Her denials include all the physical world and mankind, and all that mankind has accomplished by means of his reason and intelligence. "Doctrines, opinions, and beliefs, the so-called laws of nature, remedies for soul and body, *Materia Medica*, etc., are error." . . . In Mrs. Eddy's system, all that exists is an immortal Principle which is defined as Spirit, God, Intelligence, Mind, Soul, Truth, Life, etc., and is the basis of all things real. This universal Principle is altogether good. In it there is no evil, darkness, pain, sickness, or other form of what Mrs. Eddy calls "error." Man is a spiritual being only and the world he inhabits is a spiritual world."

It is evident that this system goes much farther than most schemes of mental healing. Mrs. Eddy rejects, of course, the same medical view of the influence of mental on bodily states. For her there is no body. She reprobates mesmerism, or, as she calls it, "malicious animal magnetism." Nor can her scheme be called a faith cure; it is not faith, but understanding, *i. e.*, knowledge of its non-existence, which removes the evil. For the same reason, prayer is rejected. Opposite the copyright page of her book she has inscribed the words of Shakespeare "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

There is no urgent call for a refutation of this system of thought in a Catholic periodical. Here and there one hears of some person of nominal Catholic affiliations who has taken up with Christian Science. But the Catholic body, for reasons which we shall indicate, has been little affected by this popular delusion. It is possible for us to view the movement serenely, as a topic which has interest for the observer of the vagaries of the unguided human mind in matters religious.

The first question which urges itself is how to account for its astounding success. Its principles run counter to all normal modes of thinking; its claims are contraverted by the daily experience, even of its adepts. Yet it numbers its followers in the hundreds of thousands. These followers are not Hindoo dreamers or Russian peasants. They are mainly men and women of Anglo-Saxon Protestant stock, well-to-do, fairly intelligent, seemingly sensible, living in the United States in the beginning of the twentieth century. How did so many of such people come to adopt such a creed as this? It is only

a part, a small part, we think, of the answer to say that Mrs. Eddy has gotten hold of a phase of truth which the medical profession was neglecting. That part of her teaching is certainly of most avail in giving her religion a start, by producing the pseudo-miracles as well as the serenity of mind which is a result of the deliberate avoidance of worry. But the successful preaching of the exaggerated metaphysical system which lies back of the healing is an indication, first of all, of a revolt against materialism. The half-thinkers of a generation ago broke away from religion as a worn-out view of life. They could not tolerate its sane views of body and soul, of this life and the next, and they proclaimed in the name of science that matter is the be-all and the end-all. The further the pendulum swings to the right, the harder it will go back to the left. It has swung past the centre and to the farthest opposite extreme, and now we have the same sort of half-thinkers with, aptly enough, the same superstitious reverence for at least the word Science, proclaiming that nothing exists but thought.

The movement indicates not only the revolt from Materialism, but the failure of Protestantism. We admit that there is always a lot of cranks and curiosity-hunters that no organization should be made responsible for. But still the Protestant Churches should have captured or held most of those who have adopted Eddyism. But the principle of private interpretation of Scripture is a continuous dissolvent. Mrs. Eddy can hardly be called a Christian in any orthodox sense, but she is a good Protestant in her way. For does not her book on *Science and Health* offer in its sub-title "A Key to the Scriptures?" And so, for lack of any definite religious authority, men are left to run wild in their search for religious truth. It is an amusing comment on the principles of the Reformation that in this, as in so many other instances, the enfranchised thinkers did not remain at a loose end, but went looking for a halter. Mrs. Eddy did not let them run wild. There is a beautiful paradox in the situation that Mr. Chesterton could not fail to seize upon. Everybody has been saying (President Eliot, for example, on this side of the Atlantic), that the coming religion must be a free religion.

Whatever else it was (people said), it must avoid the old mistake of rule and regimentation, of dogmas launched from

an international centre of authority sitting on a central throne, no Pope must control the preacher—no council, even; it was doubtful whether any church or congregation had the right. All the idealistic journalism of the nineteenth century, the journalism of such men as Mr. Stead and Mr. Massingham, repeated, like a chime of bells, that the new creed must be the creed of souls set free.

And all of the time the new creeds were growing up. The one or two genuine religious movements of the nineteenth century had come out of the soul of the nineteenth century; and they were despotic from top to bottom. General Booth had based a big theological revival on the pure notion of military obedience. In title and practice he was far more papal than a Pope. A Pope is supreme, like a judge; he says the last word. But the General was supreme, like a general. He said the first word, which was also the last; he initiated all the activities, gave orders for all the enthusiasms. The idealistic Liberal journalists like Mr. Stead fell headlong into the trap of this tremendous autocracy, still faintly shrieking that the Church of the future must be free.

It might be said of this great modern crusade that its military organization was an accident. It is one of the glories of Mrs. Eddy to have proved that it was not an accident. For Christian Science also grew up in a world deafened with discussions about free churches and unfettered faith. Christian Science also grew up as despotic as Kehama, and much more despotic than Hildebrand. The tyrannies of Popes, real and legendary, make a long list in certain controversial works. But can anyone tell me of any Pope who forbade anything to be said in any of his churches except quotations from a work written by himself? Can any one tell me of a Pope who forbade his bulls to be translated, lest they be mistranslated?

I do not agree with the moderns either in the extreme anarchy of their theory or in the extreme autocracy of their practice. I even have the feeling that if they had a few more dogmas they might have a few less decrees.

Christian Science demonstrates both by the failure of orthodox Protestantism and by its own success, the need of the note of authority in a religious system. We shall not here follow up this line of thought to show where divine authority in these matters is lodged. That is familiar ground. Let us rather consider how Christian Science, by its defects, shows the need of another note of the Church, the note of Catholicity.

Men may doubt if the Catholic Church be divine; they

cannot doubt that she is Catholic. They may question whether she has a right to speak with the authority of God; they cannot deny that she voices the world-wide experience of men. Men who go about the world to-day find her everywhere; but that is the least part of her claim to the title of Catholic. The British Empire holds sway over as large a number of men. But the British Empire is British, not Catholic. It represents the ideas and traditions of one people. The Church is Catholic in time as well as in space. She is of all ages and of all peoples. She reflects the thought and experience of the past, reshaped to suit her own guiding ideals. She inherits of the religion of the Jews, and through them of the wisdom of Egypt and of Chaldea. She states her dogmas in the language of the philosophers of Greece. She has preserved the political and legal institutions of the Roman Empire. She presided over the formation of western civilization, and has always taken a prominent part in all forms of its activity,—government, education, philosophy, discovery and settlement, moral and social reforms. She is the one existing institution in the world that represents universality of experience.

This holds particularly true of her experience of the varying manifestations of the religious consciousness. She has tried out her principles and ideals on all sorts of men, in all sorts of conditions. Individuals seldom see the whole of a truth. They push principles too hard, exaggerate special experiences, deny unwelcome facts. Temperament, education, shortsightedness, racial prejudices, the "idols of the forum" and the "idols of the cavern" obscure their view of the whole truth. But in the Church's life, different characters, minds, ideals have acted upon one another, and not always peacefully, to set the full truth in the light. High schemes of perfection are passed upon by practical minded bishops, the revelations of the ecstatic are inspected by the cool eye of the logician. Schemes of reform are tried out on the multitude. National views come and go, leaving their trace, but never entirely prevailing, for the Church is Catholic. Heresies arise and have their day, and vanish, having done their work of showing what views are partial or exaggerated or noxious. New systems of philosophy compel a clearer understanding of principles. And out of the whole complex of revelation, experience and discussion is evolved a set of teachings on reli-

gion and life, broad-based, consistent, stimulating, yet sane, and suited to the religious needs of all sorts of men. We Catholics know (and others might easily infer) that this development has taken place in so remarkable a fashion only because God was with the Church He founded. Our main purpose here, however, is to show the religious value of this phase of the note of Catholicity with which Providence has endowed the Church.

Let us examine the views of Christian Science as tested by this *Catholic* standard. Aside from her absurd interpretations of Scripture, there are three points in Mrs. Eddy's scheme which attract the attention of the religious thinker. They are her theory of "metaphysical" healing, her theory of matter, and her theory of evil.

Take first of all the question of miracles. The materialistic scientists aver positively that they are impossible events. The "Christian Scientists" aver with equal assurance that they are normal events. The Church has long since decided that they are possible, actual at times, though not frequent. And, in deciding this point, Catholic theologians have studied, on broad and sane lines, the whole question of the supernatural, whether mental or physical. St. Paul opened the discussion in connection with the manifestations at Christian meetings. The Fathers discussed the pagan miracles. The great theologians and mystics of the post-Tridentine period laid down practical rules from which modern psychologists might learn to settle much that now puzzles them. These theologians recognize the power of mind over body, the existence of abnormal mental states, the incursions from the spirit world, and, finally, the power of God working through His chosen ones. The Church neither denies the facts, nor jumps at conclusions. In accordance with the rules of Benedict XIV., every case must be judged on its merits, and only after an investigation by learned and prudent men. In the case of the canonization of a saint, there is an important official whose duty it is to break down all evidence for the miraculous. In popular phrase he is called the Devil's Advocate. But the Church shows her attitude towards his function by denominating him the Promoter of the Faith. It is for such reasons that Catholics have not lost their heads in presence of the modern cult of the preternatural. It is all an old story with them. The Church has dealt with the whole matter for cen-

turies, and has arrived at settled principles and modes of procedure.

It is the same with the question of the body, its existence, and its place in the human composite. There is a little proposition in the Creed, tucked away at the end, which many Protestants nowadays find disconcerting. It bothers them a good deal, scandalizes them a little. It runs "I believe in . . . the resurrection of the body." They do not know what to make of it. The Catholic Church could tell them. It has been the basis of sane spiritual life in Christendom for nineteen hundred years. It has stood against Docetism, and wild Manichæism, and exaggerated asceticism, and the possibility of a Buddhistic type of monachism; and it stands now against this latest idealistic madness of Eddyism. It proclaims that our bodies exist, and that they are good, good enough to share in eternal life, if this life be a worthy one. See how many heresies, how many wild notions, how many perverse views of life are blocked in the beginning by the two words "*resurrectio carnis*." Those who deny the existence of the body open the way to diverse forms of evil. Religious fanatics are led to fierce assaults upon the body, as happens in India. Moral decadents deny the existence of bodily sins, and fall into worse forms of excess. In the Catholic view, the body is a part of man, but a subordinate part. Mysticism does not scorn it, asceticism merely seeks to control it, religion uses it. It has its share in the scheme of salvation—hence the outward forms of the sacramental system. It has its place in worship—hence Catholic ritual. It has its place in devotion—hence Catholic art. The whole view of man is Catholic, and therefore broad-based and sane.

Let us consider finally the view of evil which Christian Science presents. It is interesting to note that most Catholic philosophers have a theory of evil which is, at first sight, curiously in harmony with that of Eddyism. Evil, they say, is a nonentity. Like the hole in a doughnut it is nothing in itself. It is a defect, a lack, a misfit, a wrong turn, a want of order or harmony. Put as a Hibernicism, it is a something that is not there. And, as in most Hibernicisms, there is a truth in the paradox. Evil is nothing, and yet it is something. It is nothing that God has made. He made all things good. "For science, nothing is dirt," said Diderot. Every existing thing, considered in itself, has its own goodness and beauty,

So much for the matter in its broad, philosophical bearing. But in considering its practical bearing, the Church looks at the other side of the question. There is no dallying with merely logical deductions from speculative views. Somehow or other, the world is out of joint. The disorder is a reality. Sin, ignorance, degradation, are huge disorders. The purpose of life is to fight against evil. This is the drama of human life; failure in it is the only tragedy. It is the business of the Church to organize men for this fight against evil, and to aid them with the power of God.

The most dangerous element in Christian Science lies in the ethical implications which lurk in its theory about evil. Satan chuckles contentedly when his existence is denied. There may be persons who can juggle out of sight the horrid fact of sin, and still keep their conduct sweet and sane. But theories have an unpleasant way of translating themselves into practice. Mrs. Eddy, it is true, is no advocate of unrighteousness. On the contrary, sin is among these illusions of mortal mind which Christian Science is going to dispel. The difficulty is that these subtleties are so easily lost sight of in time of real temptation. Just at present the votaries of Christian Science are in the main worthy folk who have been carefully recruited from among the respectable middle class. Their moral formation is due to old-fashioned Christian influences. But if this cult lasts long enough to train up a generation in its own principles, we believe that its results on character will be shown to be disastrous. Teach that all is God, that our spirits are emanations from God, and you destroy the whole basis of free-will, of responsibility for our actions, and of retribution. Teach that sin is an illusory belief, and, no matter how you strive to hedge, you lead straight to the practical conclusion that there can be no harm in satisfying one's desires.

The three touchstones of truth are the test of reason, the test of practice, and the test of time. It is a weary business arguing with the unreasonable, and bearing with the perverse, and waiting for the slow process of decay. How long will it be before men grow tired of experimenting with partial and baleful theories? How long before they discover that there is among them a teacher who is offering them the Truth, not in disjointed and jarring fragments, but in all its Catholic wholeness?

PICTURESQUENESS AND PIETY.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.



PICTURESQUENESS is not piety," an English friend said to me, as we watched the great procession of the *Saint-Sang* wind its way through the old streets of Bruges, and I was compelled, however reluctantly, to acquiesce in so incontrovertible a truism. Steadfast religion which promotes integrity of life rests on more solid foundations than pageantry can build; and even the wave of emotion which passed over the kneeling throng in the Place du Bourg, when the blare of the trumpets suddenly ceased, and the relic in its crystal cylinder was held on high amid a profound and reverent silence, was but emotion after all. It purified the heart as it passed; but stable virtues do not grow out of moments of transport. Therefore my friend proffered his discouraging criticism, seeing much charm but little merit in that harmonious grouping, that historic background, that unity of conception and delicacy of comprehension which bound together hundreds of men, women and children in one common sentiment of devotion.

But when all was over, when the last ecclesiastic had disappeared, the last soldier had trotted down the Rue Haute, and the last pair of angels, carrying their gauzy wings in their hands to protect them from ill-chance, had scampered home to dinner, I found myself growing less and less disposed to acquiesce unreservedly in the spirit of my friend's *manifesto*. Picturesqueness is a form of beauty, and beauty plays, and has always played, an essential part in the world's religious life. No creed that has ever held and swayed the soul of man has ignored the avenues of approach—form and color to charm his eye, sweet sound to please his ear, the subtleties of association to nobly inflame his imagination, flowers, incense, rhythmic motion, harmony of detail, all that can make a just appeal to his senses, and turn his innate love of loveliness to love of God. The muezzin who from the fretted balcony of a minaret sends out his voice in that appealing cry which penetrates the souls of all good Moslems is the most startlingly

picturesque figure of oriental life. At dawn, at noon, at sunset, at nightfall, he calls upon the faithful to adore the Power which set the sun in the firmament, and which casts a mantle of darkness over the weary earth. The whole spirit of pilgrimage is instinct with beauty, whether the journey be made to Rome, to Mecca, or to Jerusalem. Who can forget the thrill of rapture which shot through Sir Richard Burton's breast when, in early dawn, he saw the walls of the Kaaba, and the swaying of the black curtains which Mahometans believe to be forever stirred by unseen angels' wings. "I may truly say," he averred, "that, of all the worshipers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far north."

There is no escape from picturesqueness wherever vital sentiments are involved. Strip a church bare of all accessories, deny it all beauty of form and color, reduce it to the least common denominator, and some element of picturesqueness will triumph vigorously over its severity. When the wandering tourist in Edinburgh is shown the very spot in St. Giles' Church where Jenny Geddes arose and flung her cutty stool at the head of Dean Hanna—then decently occupied in reading the new Liturgy prescribed by Charles I.—he realizes once and for ever the deathless nature of the picturesque. There was nothing *douce* about this expression of faith, not much of sweetness and light; but the picture remains indelibly impressed upon our memories, the incident remains indelibly associated with St. Giles. Tablets commemorating both Dean Hanna and his assailant are fixed on the church's walls, the cutty stool is tenderly preserved in the National Museum of Antiquities, and the consequences of the deed are known to all readers of history. The story is as much a part of the lights and shadows of the Scottish Church as is the story of that dour young rebel and martyr, Margaret Wilson, who, refusing all concessions, scorning all compromises, perished in the Solway tides rather than take the oath of abjuration. There is nothing in the annals of our race so indestructibly picturesque as martyrdom. It is like a vivid flame lighting up the long gray reaches of recusancy.

The external beauty which is inalienable from Catholicism has been both loved and feared by non-Catholics, has been regarded as a gracious gift, and as a veritable weapon of de-

struction. Calm unbelievers like Mr. Matthew Arnold, souls *bien nées*, but solitary, have bewailed in bitterness of spirit the absence of this charm, of this "nobleness and amplitude" in more rational creeds. Catholicism suggested to Mr. Arnold the universality of Shakespeare; it rested his mind, tired of insular excellence. Genial English clergymen, like the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, have somewhat wistfully envied the power of Rome to find a place for those two picturesque but perilous personalities, the mystic and the fanatic, "a place and a sphere of useful labor" for both. Even rationalists, like Bernez, have admitted with a sigh that while dogma is a source of disunion, "ancient ritual observances preserve a common *esprit de corps*."

On the other hand we know that there are eminent intellects to whom this well ordered beauty makes no appeal. Goethe would not even look at the Franciscan Church when he was in Assisi. "I passed it by in disgust," he said, with what seems unnecessary emphasis. Professor Huxley has put on record the singular sensations produced in *his* mind by a solemn service at St. Peter's. "I must have a strong strain of Puritan blood in me somewhere," he wrote from Rome in 1885, to Sir John Donnelly, "for I am possessed with a desire to arise and slay the whole brood of idolaters, whenever I assist at one of these services."

One wonders why, under these circumstances, he did assist. Such unparalleled blood-thirstiness finds its only modern counterpart in Miss Georgiana Podsnap's sentiments towards the harmless gentlemen who danced with her at her ball. "If I was wicked enough and strong enough to kill anybody," confesses the disillusioned young lady, "it should be my partners."

Less vigorous in his antagonism, and with no affinity for the role of executioner, Prof. William James has left us in "*The Varieties of Religious Experience*" a clear statement of his instinctive dislike for form and color, no less than for authority and control. The broad bright atmosphere of a universal Church, its infinite and harmonious wealth of detail which pleased Mr. Arnold's taste, repelled Professor James. He was averse to these things because they make for solidarity, because they weld men's souls together, and what he sought and prized was spiritual isolation. Religion, as he understood it, meant "the feelings, acts, and experiences of

individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider divine."

This is a circumscribed view, cutting us off at one stroke from the inheritance of a past, and from the grace of spiritual companionship. To reject as valueless all religious experience built upon an accepted creed and nourished by intercourse with fellow believers, is to scorn the fair fruits of centuries, the world's offering of faith. The clearness of Professor James' insight, his profound and matchless sympathy with certain phases of feeling and of thought, made his indifference to other phases of feeling and of thought a perversion of intellect. He said most truly that the conversion which enables a man to see the high water mark of his own nature is a gain, even though the emotion may, like other emotions, be transient; but what he insisted upon is that this conversion should not take place in a cloister, and that it should not involve the acceptance of dogma. For the traditional he had no regard, and distinction absolutely repelled him. He contemned Saint Gertrude as "paltry-minded," he branded Saint Teresa as a superficial and voluble egotist whose "idea of religion seems to have been that of an endless amatory flirtation between the devotee and the Deity;" but he quoted with approval the remark of a female acquaintance that she loved to think she "could always cuddle up to God." The early piety of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga he rejected as foolish and fantastic; but he was charmed when an American boy of seventeen expressed a desire to put his arms around God and kiss Him. This limited appreciation of the devout left Professor James at war with many foes. "Medical materialism" was his great adversary, because it declined all intrusions on the part of monkish saint or modern revivalist, because it would not have Billy Bray any more than it would have Saint Teresa. Professor James did not want Saint Teresa, but he clung to Billy Bray,—a slender anchorage in the deep waters of incredulity. "Religious emotion," says Anna Robeson Burr in her analysis of the world's great autobiographies, "may be cheap and transient, or it may be vital and distinguished." To prefer the cheap and transient to the vital and distinguished is to ignore the intellectual element of belief.

A few years ago a superintendent of district nurses in London wrote an earnest paper for the *Contemporary Review*,

to describe, so far as she understood it, the religion of the respectable London poor. It was a most depressing study, not because the respectable poor were destitute of religion, but because so little of external beauty gladdened their spiritual lives. The writer explained that many of these people no longer went to church or chapel because they had "long since received and absorbed the truths by which they lived,"—a cold storage process which fails to take into account either the weakness of humanity or the consolations of faith; and she contended that the patient endurance of the poor, their boundless charity to one another, and their habit of accepting and fulfilling the duties near at hand, constituted religion in the highest acceptance of the word. That this is true, nobody is prepared to deny; but to such simple martyrs the sweetness of belief brings compensation, the "nobleness and amplitude" of a mother church softens their sad estate. It is not piety alone which throngs the churches of Bruges, week day and Sunday alike, with the "respectable poor" of that old and civilized city. It is the inalienable love of beauty which is the heritage of a people who have but to lift their eyes to see the beautiful, and to whom form and color are early and indelible impressions. Their lives are hard, their food is plain and unvaried, their labor is incessant; but their civilization includes a training of ear and eye and mind which makes possible for them an appreciation of the long and stately services of their Church. They do not stray in and out of the sacred edifices; they do not fidget, or whisper, or go to sleep; they are not pushed into remote corners to make room for wealthy pew holders; they are part of a great act of worship, believers in an ancient creed, heirs, in their poverty, of the inheritance of the ages.

The sense of Christian fellowship which springs from the Communion of Saints appears to have been somewhat bewildering to the superintendent of district nurses, who tells us, in evident amazement, that "even Roman Catholics have asked for my prayers." To her this request savored of indifference to dogma. That it was a matter of course among people who ask and give prayers as they ask and give any other communicable kindness, never dawned upon her mind. Those who conceive a prayer only as a mental attitude, an unspoken effort to recall oneself into God's presence (which is a noble and true conception), have little understanding of the value of

familiar phrases, hallowed by centuries of usage. There is something indescribably grateful to the Catholic mind in the mere repetition of words (the graceful and touching words of the Memorare for example), which thousands of lips are murmuring in every corner of Catholic Christendom, and which countless thousands of lips have murmured since St. Bernard bequeathed them to the world. It is true that all Christians unite in repeating the Lord's Prayer; but Protestant Churches have never knit together their members with the Lord's Prayer as the Catholic Church has knit together her members with the Rosary, men of every nation and of every tongue repeating this hallowed formula for one common cause, one universal "intention." If we are endowed with even a spark of imagination, it is no more possible to disunite the Rosary from humanity than to disunite it from the divine mysteries it celebrates. We meditate on the Nativity or the Resurrection, but we *feel* that the phrases we repeat are parts of a great chorus, strophe and antistrophe, never ending, never flagging, breathed simultaneously by Catholics in every quarter of the globe, and ineffably sacred with the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of mankind. I know few things more pious, and certainly few things more picturesque, than the little wayside shrines of our Lady of Ettal which we find again and again throughout Bavaria, and before each shrine a brass rod strung with eleven great wooden beads, so that the passing peasant may say a decade of the Rosary when he stops to salute the divine Child on His Mother's knee. The mere sight of these beads, worn smooth by handling, gave me a consciousness of kinship with the world about me. I was more than a mere tourist driving through a pleasant country. I was, what tourists seldom are, in secret and intelligent harmony with my surroundings.

The interior beauty which is inalienable from Catholic piety lends a distinctive charm to Catholic countries. The shrines of Spain and Italy, the saint-guarded bridges of Austria, the crumbling stone calvaries of Brittany, these are among the attractions which Baedeker gravely points out for the guidance and edification of tourists. Whole villages in Bavaria are so decorated that they look like illustrated bibles. Painted on the walls of one house is the stable of Bethlehem with the adoring shepherds; on the next, a muscular Judith hacks away the head of a weakly protesting Holofernes; and a third displays the sacrifice of Isaac, with an angel tumbling headlong

from an upper story to his rescue. Over the doorways stands St. Florian, bucket in hand, to protect the house from fire; and on pump and well-curb are statues of that sweet country saint whose name (may she pardon me) I have forgotten, but who holds a sickle in her hand to denote her humble avocation, and whose prayers keep the springs flowing in the summer droughts.

These things lift the rural mind out of the dead stretches of stupidity. One cannot be picturesquely pious and stupid, however great one's ignorance or one's knowledge. Sometimes, as in Brittany, the deep religious feeling of the people, combined with the free and artistic expression, have cast a glamour over the whole country. A brave, honest, surly, God-fearing, hard-drinking race are the Bretons, the best sailors in France, the best fishermen perhaps in all the world. Volumes, amounting to a library, have been written about them, pictures that would fill a gallery have been painted of them, and enthusiastic authors and artists have dowered them with a wealth of qualities which they are far from possessing. The "strong, silent Bretons" is a favorite epithet, whereas, in reality, they are as incessant talkers as was William the Silent himself. They have the Celtic quality of imagination, they have a capacity for friendship and for unstinted kindness (I speak from experience), and they are loyal sons of the Church; but they have no grace of manner, and they reject, once and for all, the insidious advances of cleanliness and sanitation. Even the impelling power of religion cannot make a Breton clean. His church is as heart-wholedly dirty as his home. I was in the fishing village of Saint-Jacut-de-la-Mer, in the Côtes-du-Nord, on the feast of its patron. The altar of St. Jacut twinkled with tapers, and was decked with a profusion of lovely flowers. A great procession (the Bretons regard processions in much the same light as did the ancient Egyptians) was organized in his honor. But no friendly hand removed from the statue of the saint its ancient layers of dust. There stood the good Bishop, his coating of grime shamefully revealed in the blazing candlelight, and I believe that mine was the only eye in the church which so much as observed his plight.

It is certainly uncivilized to be dirty, and it is certainly uncivilized to be rude; but to be alive to impressions of beauty—to the beauty of a wild seacoast, to the beauty of

song and legend, to the beauty of carefully preserved costumes, of venerable traditions, and of cherished beliefs, implies, on the other hand, a high degree of civilization. To feel at once the bright sureness of the religious life and its impenetrable mystery, is to have one's full share of intuition. "The stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form"—these are qualities incompatible with the humanizing influence of a Church which seeks by exterior comeliness to symbolize the sweetness of her spirit. From the earliest days of Christianity we perceive this conscious striving after expression, this absorption of beauty from without. There is in Mr. Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, an unrivalled paragraph which describes the dawning graces of the infant Church, its symmetrical growth, its liturgic spirit, and delicate adjustment of the religious elements of life:

And then, in this season of expansion, as if now at last the Catholic Church might venture to show her outward lineaments as they really were, worship—the beauty of holiness, nay! the elegance of sanctity—was developing with a bold and confident gladness. . . . The æsthetic charm of the Church, her evocative power over all that is eloquent and expressive in the better soul of man, her outward comeliness, her dignifying convictions about human nature—all this, as abundantly realized centuries later by Dante and Giotto, by the great church-builders, by the great ritualists like Gregory, and the masters of sacred music in the middle age—we may see, in dim anticipation, in that charmed space towards the end of the second century. Dissipated, or turned aside, partly through the great mistake of Marcus Aurelius, for a short time we may discern that influence clearly predominant there. What might sound harsh as dogma was already justifying itself as worship; according to the sound rule: "Lex orandi, lex credendi."

"The elegance of sanctity." Who but Mr. Pater would have ventured upon such a phrase? Who but Mr. Pater could have relished so keenly the vitality which he did not absorb, and the authority which he did not obey. If from his portrayal of the Mass, of that liturgy "full of consolations for the human soul, and destined surely one day, under the sanction of so many ages of human experience, to take exclusive possession of the spiritual consciousness," we turn to certain chapters of

certain modern reminiscences, it may help us to set a valuation on beauty as a religious asset. There is, for example Sir Leslie Stephen's highly ironical account of a Sunday morning in the London lecture hall of Mr. Moncure Conway. Stephen had been invited to give—as an intellectual Sabbath entertainment—a lecture on materialism. He consented, not without misgivings, and discovered too late that Sunday was Sunday still, even among the strenuously broad-minded. He wrote to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton:

They asked for a lecture, but I found that they aimed at a kind of service, singing Emerson, and taking the first lesson out of John Stuart Mill, and the second out of Wordsworth. It was a queer caricature, but I suppose it amuses some of them. I believe I succeeded tolerably, and though I assured them (politely, I hope) that they could not understand a word I said, they did not appear to object. The performance was rather comic.

Alongside of this genial substitute for religion may be placed Mr. Frederick Locker's description of the funeral services of Mr. George H. Lewes, which, as a friend of George Eliot's, he attended at Highgate Cemetery. "We were a very small party in the mortuary chapel," he writes in his "Confidences," "not more than twelve persons. I never before had seen so many out-and-out rationalists in so confined a space. A brief discourse was delivered by a Unitarian clergyman, who half apologized for suggesting the possible immortality of some of our souls."

Well, well, if, as Mr. Frederick Harrison affirms (being in the secret), "the religion of man in the vast cycles that are to come will be the reverence for Humanity supported by nature," we can but hope that this religion will achieve in time something a little more beautiful and a little more tangible than anything with which the capital H of Humanity has yet endowed it. Meanwhile, although picturesqueness is not and never will be piety, it is still indelibly impressed upon the spirit of saintliness, which from time to time winnows earth's harvest of souls. And it was one both wise and good who reminded us that "we should be fearful of being wrong in poetry when we think differently from the poets, and in religion when we think differently from the saints."

NOTRE DAME DE LA MISÉRICORDE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE wooden hotel in the Alpine village was full for the winter sports. There was nothing but talk of lug-ing and ski-ing and tobogganing. A good many of the people had come from England year after year. Elizabeth Sartoris, who had been at the Hotel Vernet three seasons running with her Aunt Christina, received a good many somewhat *empressé* greetings from her fellow-guests when she arrived. She acknowledged them with the air of a queen, but was so unconscious of her own pride that nothing would have shocked her more than to be called proud.

She had come for the winter sports. She was a tall, graceful, splendid figure of a girl, in her beautifully fitting gown of purple cloth, which had been made by a world-renowned tailor. Some of the women who were her fellow-guests speculated curiously about the value of her sables. She came down to dinner in a high-necked dress of thick white silk, trimmed with beautiful old lace. One would have said from her eyes, her lips, that she was very kind, very approachable, yet she seemed to withdraw herself from the eager attentions that were forced on her.

A new-comer from her own county recognized her and imparted the knowledge to an interested group in the *salon*, which was lit by splendid leaping fires of wood that gave off a resinous odor. Cold as it was without there was no excuse for any one to shiver at the Hotel Vernet.

"So you have the rich Miss Sartoris here," said the new-comer. "Oh, yes; I know her quite well, by sight. She doesn't go into society much. Such a lovely old house, Holmhurst Place, and plenty of money. But a Roman Catholic. Of course it makes a difference. She is never quite one of us."

"Why?" asked an uncompromising lady with a shrewd, humorous face. "Because you won't have her or because she won't have you?"

"Ah, well, you see, perhaps a little of both," Mrs. Dickenson had spoken so good-humoredly that the new-comer could not take offence. "She is so very Roman. She has a chapel and a chaplain at the Place; and about her gates there is a little colony of poor people who have been Roman Catholics since the old days. The Sartoris family were strong enough to protect them in days when the law was against the Romans. Naturally it can't be very agreeable for our vicar."

"No, of course not."

"You see it's rather a Low Church corner of the world. In fact some of us groan because we're under the heel of the Hardcastle Trust. The Hardcastles bought up the advowsons for seven miles round years ago, and have filled them with the Lowest of Low Churchmen ever since. It does seem rather hard on Elizabeth Sartoris. You see there are no Roman Catholic gentry."

"No one for her to marry, eh?" Mrs. Dickenson asked.

"Oh, my dear, not a soul she'd think of, though I dare say some would be glad enough to think of her. One couldn't imagine Miss Sartoris marrying a Hardcastle, and yet—one never knows. There's Hilary Onslow, the heir to the peerage. They do say . . . It would be a queer thing if Elizabeth Sartoris were to marry one of the Onslows."

A young man who had been sitting in a corner of the *salon*, apparently engrossed in a book, got up and went away quietly. No one took much notice of him. He was a plain-featured, very delicate-looking youth, with rather narrow shoulders and a hunched-up look as he sat or walked. People had said about him at the hotel that he had no business to be there at that time of year—Davos perhaps, but certainly not Grünedaal. They did not get many invalids at Grünedaal so late in the year as this.

The one redeeming feature of John Vanhomrigh's face lay in the eyes. The eyes were of a Southern darkness, somewhat at variance with the lantern-jawed face of a very ordinary English type. The eyes were capable of startling expression. Elizabeth Sartoris, glancing down the table towards where he sat, silent and solitary, was somewhat taken aback by the curious burning intensity of the glance she met directed towards herself. It startled and somewhat offended her at the first view. Then she was struck with a sudden pity. Poor boy, how ill

he looked! And the lines in his face were deeper than even bodily ill-health would account for. He looked as though he had been under the ploughshare of suffering all the days of his life.

There was nothing of the consumptive about him, no cough, no hectic flush, else his exceeding thinness would have made her suspect consumption. He was careless about himself, less well-fortified against the weather than most people—apt to leave off his furs. When she met him stepping up the mountain path, with no more protection against the rigors of the blue, frosty air than he would have worn in an English winter, she all but spoke to him as she passed, to warn him. Only her habit of shy reticence kept her from speaking.

Miss Christina Sartoris used to say humorously of her niece that Elizabeth was the most affable creature alive, if only people would recognize that her affability was that of a queen. From her looks one would have said that she was the last person in the world to take part in the gaieties of the hotel. The hotel enjoyed itself indefatigably. One might have expected that after its sports all day it would have been content to remain quiet in the evening. But far from it; it danced, it had concerts, bridge tournaments, theatricals, all manner of entertainments. Miss Sartoris put in an appearance at nearly all these merry-makings. She did not dance, but she was content to look on; she played and sang very well and looked so like a St. Cecilia as she sat at the piano that for spectacular effect she was a pure delight. She always had the air of sitting under a dais when she looked on at the dancers, ever ready to turn her beautiful smile to any one who spoke to her. Unexpectedly she did play bridge; and it was good to look at her as she sat considering her play, always beautifully dressed in her rich, plain gowns made high to the neck, the famous Sartoris pearls swinging in her ears; her eyes while she tried to remember what had been played looking as though they contemplated heavenly things.

"Proud?" said Mrs. Dickenson to somebody. "You call her proud? Why she is the humblest creature alive; or the proudest. Perhaps it is the proudest."

The one who said it passed by the paradox. Mrs. Dickenson was always saying such absurd things for a clever woman. She was obviously a clever woman.

Up to this time no more had passed between John Vanhomrigh and Elizabeth Sartoris than the little salutation with which she acknowledged his greeting when they met out-of-doors or in the passages of the hotel. He certainly was a most withdrawing person. He seemed to make friends with no one. Always while the gaieties went on he sat in a corner with a book and watched Elizabeth Sartoris.

The weather was beautifully open; no storms and rather milder than was quite desirable for the winter sports. Any morning early, before the other guests at the hotel were about, John Vanhomrigh might have been seen leaving the hotel muffled to the ears, climbing the narrow road that led to the road of the diligences by which one traveled through the pass into Italy. Miss Sartoris had been a few days at the hotel before she followed his example. The first morning she could see him climbing ahead of her when she started. A little way up one reached the road of the diligences and it was level traveling.

He was too far off for her to recognize him; but her heart lifted towards him as she saw him in the distance. So she had some fellow-guest at the hotel who was like herself, of the old religion. Living where she did in the country that was under the blight of the Hardcastles, as the one or two High Church families of the neighborhood were wont to call it, she had an eager fraternity for other Catholics. Holmhurst had so much the feeling of a fortress, a fortress which housed in its little chapel God Himself against an inimical and ignorant world, that another Catholic must always seem a friend to her. She was connected by family ties with most of the English Catholic aristocracy. So long had they suffered persecution for the faith that they must needs now form a body always apart, kindly perhaps, friendly perhaps, but with a certain gulf between them and those who were not of the Religion uncrossed, almost uncrossable.

Her heart lifted. So would it lift to the humblest of Catholics. There were secret signs, sympathies, understandings, which brought an Irish peasant closer to her than everything else that was not Catholic. Perched high on a rock overhanging the road of the diligence, with snow to its doors, buried sometimes in snow to its eaves, was the little chapel of *Notre Dame de la Miséricorde*. A little further on in the

Alpine village lived the *Curé*, a cheerful, freckled little man, who seemed to keep himself alive through the hard winter by sheer good humor, for there was little else to keep him alive.

She had lost John Vanhomrigh now. Entering the little chapel, full of the cold, blue morning light, she saw him kneeling on a *prie-dieu* at the altar-foot. He was going to serve Mass. There were one or two peasants in the chapel. The priests was vesting behind a screen at one side of the altar.

So, amid the kindly, ignorant people, with whom she was never in real touch, there had been one who was of the household, the fraternity. She wondered that she had not known by some sign, explicit or implicit, that he belonged to the Religion. There had been a sign if she had known its meaning. It was in the curious interest she had felt in the young man who was not on the surface of him particularly prepossessing. She had been drawn to him in some odd mysterious way.

After Mass she waited to speak to *M. le Curé* whom she met for the first time this year. He came out of the chapel, talking to John Vanhomrigh, and his face lit up as he saw her.

"Oh, it is the kind, the generous *Mees Sartoris*!" he said, and took both of Elizabeth's hands in his, patting them as though she were a small child; "the benefactress of *Notre Dame de la Miséricorde*. But what a pleasure it is to meet again!"

He looked from one English face to the other. Vanhomrigh had lifted his hat and Elizabeth had bowed.

"You are both at the Vernet," said the little man. "Both such excellent Catholics. You are acquaint? What, *not*? Then I have the pleasure to make two good Catholics acquaint. *M. Vanhomrigh*"—he made an incredible hash of John's name—"and *Miss Sartoris*. You will be the good friends at the Vernet. There are no other Catholics this season."

They walked down to the hotel side by side, John Vanhomrigh stepping as though he walked on air. He talked a good deal once he was started. Elizabeth said very little, only smiled at him in a way which was almost better than conversation. All the time she was thinking with a profound pity of how ill he looked. The blue light from the snow seemed to deepen the hollows of his cheeks and darken the shadows about his eyes and lips. They had a curious expres-

sion of patience, those lips, as though the owner of them had borne much and had learned to bear in silence.

Despite the hollows and the shadows she could see that he was very young, younger than herself, she judged it; perhaps not more than twenty-three. She was hardly aware of the kindness of her eyes, the caressing note in her voice when she spoke.

They breakfasted together and alone. The visitors at the hotel were not yet up. And after breakfast they sat by the roaring fire in the *salon*, which would be empty nearly all the day till evening, and talked. He did most of the talking. Once he was started it was extraordinary how eager he was to talk, how his face broke up out of its sombreness, how sparkle and gaiety came into it.

Miss Christina Sartoris had developed a cold. She kept to her own room and read by her fire with only the companionship of her maid who was mending some old lace. Lace was the elder Miss Sartoris' hobby; and she had a very fine and beautiful collection and had discovered a maid who had something of her own passion for it and could be trusted with the cobwebby things. Her niece was thrown on her own resources. She came and reported to Miss Christina that she had found a friend in Mr. Vanhomrigh—he was one of the Vanhomrighs of Dale, an old Catholic family like their own.

"H'm!" said Miss Christina, doubtfully. "If he is a son of Humphrey Vanhomrigh, I'm sorry for him. A sour fanatic. He married to keep the estates in the family and has believed ever since that God meant him to be a Trappist. You never met the Vanhomrighs. His wife was a distant cousin of his own. What a pity there is so much cousinship among us! The sweetest creature I ever saw, always excepting your own dear mother. No one can say I didn't adore my sister-in-law. Is it possible that plain-faced poor boy could be Eleanor Vanhomrigh's son?"

He was the son of Humphrey and Eleanor Vanhomrigh. Presently Miss Christina Sartoris came downstairs, where she would sit in the *salon* talking to John Vanhomrigh by the fire while her niece wrote letters, or worked at the altar-cloth she was making for *Notre Dame de la Miséricorde*, or played on the piano where it stood in its alcove across a quarter of a mile of polished floor, without disturbing the others. They

had somehow fallen into a little group. Aunt and niece were still friendly to the little world of the hotel; but they had found their one possible intimate. People wondered at and shrugged their shoulders over the odd intimacy; but those immediately concerned were quite unaware of it.

John Vanhomrigh was like what those mountains would be when the spring thaw came. Apparently the reserve of years had been broken up. Miss Christina Sartoris used to laugh and say he was an egoist. It was true that he talked incessantly of himself and his own experiences, horrible experiences often, for to have been a child of Humphrey Vanhomrigh's, and a delicate child, was to have been the child of crushing misfortune. No wonder he looked as though the ploughshares had gone over his face.

Elizabeth Sartoris used to sit and shudder as she heard him. Occasionally she would get up quietly and go away out of the room to conceal her horror, her tears. She could have cried out sometimes for a greater reticence as for a mercy. He would laugh over the horrors he recited, as is a man's way sometimes, pouring out in a quick eager flood, as he stood with his back to the fire looking down at them, tales of a child's torture, a father's unnatural hatred, till even Miss Christina would be moved to protest.

"He is enjoying for the first time the luxury of being pitied," she said to her niece. "He tells us too much. It is too appalling; but yet he has his reticences. Of his mother he says nothing. She died of the torture of watching her children suffer. Poor Eleanor! That madman adored her and killed her. She took away what little of comfort the children had. Humphrey Vanhomrigh ought to have been in a lunatic asylum years ago. He has no idea that he is not a model father, cursed by the worst children man ever possessed. This one is the youngest. So far as I can see the suffering did not even bind them together, as it often does. He seems to have no friends among his brothers and sisters."

Soon they knew all that was to be known, how his godfather, a Benedictine Abbot, had been instrumental in sending him to Davos, as he had earlier saved the boy's life and reason by persuading the father to send him to school.

"Dom Patrick is the one friend I possess," John Vanhomrigh said, with the queer nervous twitching of his face which

became more pronounced as he grew more excited. "Only for him my father would have killed me or driven me mad. I don't know why he thought it worth while to save my reason or my carcass, as though either was worth saving. Sheer goodness of heart, I suppose, and perhaps a desire to save my father from the wrath to come. Strange as it may seem my father has a friend. Oh, Dom Patrick had to play a Machiavellian part before he could persuade my father to send me to school. Without lying, he had to act as though he believed my father's statement of the case, urging that for a lad so incorrigible school was the only thing. They were the only good years I had. The dear black gowns! They were as kind as women!"

He broke off, laughing one of his queer laughs which somehow seemed to make his tragedy more terrible. If he had been tragical about it! If he had complained! But he always laughed.

"After all," he went on, "I'm not consumptive. The doctors at Davos assured me there was no trace of such a thing. I was a puny thing from the beginning, little credit to the Vanhomrighs. My father is a very handsome man. It was no wonder he detested me. Anyhow I'm going home cured. I'd have gone before now if you hadn't come. Think of my father's disgust, after the expense of sending me to Davos. He suggested that it was hardly worth while getting my initials on my trunks. It spoiled them for someone else. Dom Patrick will have to devise some new way of getting me out of reach of my father's hatred. I'm not strong enough to turn out on to the world, though I'm not consumptive. My father won't allow me anything. He will dislike me more than ever for coming back alive."

Horrible! horrible! One would have thought it a relief for Elizabeth Sartoris when another man came upon the scene. This was Hilary Onslow, Lord Hardcastle's son and heir. He had been a captain in a cavalry regiment, and had given up soldiering because his father was old and the estates required some management. He was an extremely handsome man of thirty-five, dark-haired and with a vivid color; some way back there had been a Spanish Jewess in the Hardcastle family. Hilary Onslow had inherited his ancestress' good looks; and the Oriental desire to please had given something of an agreeable suavity to his English manners.

The ladies in the hotel were immensely fluttered by his arrival, but it was soon obvious that he had no eyes for them; in spite of what they called his beautiful manners even the vainest was soon aware that she did not exist for him. Plainly Elizabeth Sartoris occupied all his thoughts.

He had swept poor John Vanhomrigh aside as though with a wave of his imperious hand. Opinions were divided as to whether Miss Sartoris acquiesced in his monopoly of her. There were times when she seemed to accept his claims upon her, when she was shy and radiant like any happy girl with a lover whom she loves; times again when she seemed to shrink from him.

The hotel—so many of its denizens as were in the secret—looked on with extraordinary interest at the little drama. Mrs. Dickenson had whispered it to one or two before she had left. Hilary Onslow had always been in love with Miss Sartoris. It was said that the religious question came between them. Hilary Onslow was very unlike his father and his uncles; very unlike all Onslows who had preceded him. He was liberal-minded and only conformed to a certain extent to please his father who grew more bitter as he grew older. Yet, bitter as he was, he would not have objected to his son's marrying Elizabeth Sartoris—Sartoris and Hardcastle together and the whole country would be theirs. Despite his liberality Hilary Onslow might be trusted to bring up his sons in the religion of his fathers. Indeed according to Mrs. Dickenson, there were people who said that you had only to scratch Hilary's skin to find Lord Hardcastle underneath.

And Elizabeth Sartoris? Well, people who looked on at the game were assured that Elizabeth Sartoris had given her heart to Lord Hardcastle's son. It was a case of heart and soul, the heart dragging her one way, the soul the other, terrified for the other souls that might be entrusted to it, perhaps, too, repelled by this lover in whose blood and bones it was to hate all she held sacred.

Sometimes the heart was insistent—almost dragged her over the edge. There were moments when Hilary Onslow almost swept her off her feet. She was terrified of her own weakness, of his knowledge of it plain to be read in his way with her, his flushed triumphant glances when she was all but swept into his arms.

"Trust me, Elizabeth!" he would say, and would pour ridicule on the narrowness and intolerance of his family. "You shall command me, my dear, once you are mine. Why, you might even convert me to your ways in time. Not while the old man lives though. I am quite open-minded, for, at the present moment, I only believe in Elizabeth, I only bow the knee to Elizabeth, I only adore Elizabeth. Who knows what the future may hold? If you keep me as infatuated as I am now, why—who knows—the old religion might come back to the Court. Not in my father's lifetime—he could leave me almost a beggar. You must seem to conform to his wishes, unreasonable as they are. But trust your slave for the future. . . ."

She had to take refuge in flight. There were moments when she did not know whether she loved or loathed him. He had a terrible secret attraction for her. On the other hand, something in her fought against his power over her with a strong repulsion. When he was not whispering his honeyed sweetness in her ear she saw clearly that the pagan of to-day was going to be the bigot of to-morrow. He would not be the first of his name to be the one thing and the other. When she had been happiest with him she would suddenly come out in the waste places, the faces of her angels turned from her, the stars in her heaven misted from her eyes.

In the trouble and turmoil through which she was passing she forgot John Vanhomrigh, or remembered him only fleetingly when a remark of her Aunt Christina brought him to her mind. If she encountered him by chance she smiled at him with an absent-minded kindness that was hardly aware of him. She had given up those morning climbs to *Notre Dame de la Miséricorde*. Guiltily in her own mind she was aware that, as she yielded to Hilary Onslow, she turned from the dear familiar things that had been with her all her days: the friendship of the Blessed Mother and the saints, the joy in her prayers, the service of the altar, the delight in assisting at Mass. She knew perfectly well what all this portended, but she turned away from its significance. She had been resisting Hilary Onslow and her own heart for so long that she felt exhausted, on the point of yielding, only too eager to cross a boundary from which there would be no turning back. After all, why couldn't she trust him? He was a gentleman,

a man of honor. He was ready to promise her everything. In his company, she felt her fears fade away; she was able to put them out of sight. Was it not a meritorious thing, a great thing, to win a Hardcastle by so much towards the Church? She said to herself that God would not have given Hilary Onslow so much power over her if He had meant her not to yield.

She was on the very point of yielding when something happened. She was climbing the mountain-path with Hilary Onslow, not beside her, for there was room only for one on the path. It was a bright beautiful afternoon with the colors of the frost in the sky. Already the distant peaks were turning rosy while the valleys were yet in crystal and silver. From *Notre Dame de la Miséricorde*, out of sight above them, there came a single toll of a bell, followed at a little interval by another and yet another.

"It is for an agony," she said, turning eyes suddenly solemn upon the flushed handsome face that already had the glow of triumph upon it. This last day or two Hilary had been playing with his felicity, prolonging the exquisite moment when she was his and yet not his. He was of the type of man to whom possession might mean satiety. The pursuit of Elizabeth Sartoris had been sweetened by its difficulty, the strangeness of it, that a devout Catholic and the heiress of so many centuries of Catholic tradition should marry with a Hardcastle. She was the more dearly desired while she was not altogether his: so he prolonged the moment even while his ardor almost forced him beyond the bounds he had chosen to set for himself.

"An agony? What is an agony, sweetheart?" he asked. "I don't like the sound of it."

Before she could explain—but he saw the red dye her delicate neck to the soft brown tendrils of hair that fell upon its whiteness—there came down the path the little *Curé* with a rapt face, his eyes looking straight before him, unconscious it seemed of their presence.

They had to make way for him or to collide with him. Elizabeth Sartoris stepped off the path into the new snow that had fallen in the night. She went down on her knees. Suddenly she was enveloped by an immense horror. Hilary Onslow had raised his arm to strike the *Curé*. Of course he

didn't know; but the horror of it overwhelmed her. She sprang at him and seized the outstretched arm. The *Curé* barely aware of them passed on down the mountain path, his eyes lowered.

"An insolent yokel!" said Hilary Onslow. "Why didn't you let me punish him as he deserved? He should have given place to you."

"Oh! oh!" she sobbed, tearless. "You don't know. Of course you don't know. He was carrying" All of a sudden she felt she couldn't explain, not to him,—“he was on his way to a dying bed.”

"And if he was he had no business to drive you from the path."

"Hush! hush!" she said. "He didn't drive me. I stepped out to let him pass,—as *you* would" she sobbed again dryly—"make way for the King of England, a man like yourself."

Hilary Onslow's hour was past, never to return. When he had parted from her in anger she went on to *Notre Dame de la Misericorde*. The incident had shaken her. She had a sense of having escaped from a deadly peril, the horror of which hung about her still, so that she could not yet be glad she had escaped.

She crept into the little mountain chapel where the shades had begun to gather. The stove had been lit and the place was warm. There was a faint sweetness from some frozen flowers on the altar that began to thaw in the warmth of the chapel. The sweetness mingled with the fumes of incense. She remembered that it was Benediction day, and she had not come. Benediction must have just concluded before the *Curé* left for his sick-call.

She knelt down and covered her face with her hands. Her senses yet reeled from the shock of what had happened. She was a little dizzy, a little sick. Hilary Onslow's anger had passed over her head like the buzzing of bees. She had hardly known what he said. Everything else was eclipsed, swallowed up, in the horror of what he had escaped, what she had escaped. Of course he did not know. By and bye she might pray for him that he be forgiven the sins of his ignorance. At the moment she could not endure the thought of him.

Someone whispered close to her. It was John Vanhomrigh. He had been in the chapel when she entered it but she had not seen him.

"It is growing dark," he said gently, "and there is no moon. The paths will be very slippery after last night's snow. It will be wise to get back to the hotel before the darkness."

She looked up at him. His face was pinched and blue with the cold: the cold light from the snow outside put dark shadows about his eyes and his mouth. His eyes were very unhappy. They looked at her with a kind concern as from a great distance. Not at all as they had been used to look at her.

"I am coming," she said, getting to her feet.

Outside the chapel she slipped on the snow and he steadied her, holding her for a moment with his arm. He gave her his alpenstock after that and walked beside her, watching her with a serious and distant kindness lest she should slip again.

"You had nearly given up *Notre Dame de la Misericorde*," he said. "I had given up looking for you there. I go back to England to-morrow."

To England! To the home, the welcome, he had painted for them, laughing oddly as he talked! An immense compassion overwhelmed her. Her eyes filled with tears. She softened and glowed. The horror of the afternoon receded from her. She turned and looked at him with such an expression in her beautiful eyes that he gasped.

"You look at me like—*Notre Dame de la Misericorde*," he said, beginning to laugh in the old way. "The picture in the chapel, I mean. A poor daub,—yet the fellow who painted it had seen that look—in the eyes of his mother, perhaps. Or—his wife."

The mists were off her eyes now. Wave after wave of tender pity was flooding her heart till it overflowed with its own sweetness. This pale boy, who had endured martyrdom,—who was returning to it . . . why, this was the real thing, not that other. That other was . . . she must not think of it. This was the real thing.

John Vanhomrigh uttered a strange little sound.

"Elizabeth!"

The name was like a cry. She turned about on the mountain path with a most heavenly smile and took the dark, boyish head in her arms.

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF HAMILTON.

BY CHARLES H. MACCARTHY, PH.D.



ADDITIONAL information concerning the career of Alexander Hamilton is certain to be warmly welcomed by all who are interested in American history. An ample biography based upon letters by Hamilton himself, by members of his family and by not a few of the most eminent among his contemporaries can scarcely fail to be received with enthusiasm. In a modest preface General Hamilton's distinguished grandson tells us that in his collection are to be found the originals of many letters now published for the first time. To a considerable extent, indeed, this splendid volume is a documentary history of Alexander Hamilton and his times. It is not designed to supersede but rather to supplement existing biographies. In general they emphasize his public services. This endeavors to set forth his familiar life. In it, among other things, we catch glimpses of his courtship and marriage, of his efforts to build a home, of his success at the bar and finally we get a concise account of his tragic meeting with Aaron Burr. This is related with perfect impartiality. Burr is treated with more kindness than has been accorded him by authors in no way related to his illustrious victim. In this section there is marked fairness, indeed there is undoubted evidence of generosity.

In addition to the many valuable letters contained in the volume there is not a little sound and temperate criticism. It matters little whether one agrees with all the opinions of Dr. Hamilton, for these are not obtruded, and besides there is furnished material enough to enable every reader to form conclusions of his own.

The purpose of the succeeding pages is to make clear to readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* the more important of Alexander Hamilton's services to this favored nation. At a time

** The Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton. By Allan McLane Hamilton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.*

when men's minds run much on the differences between political parties it may not be unprofitable to inquire briefly concerning their origin. With the beginnings of party government in America a portion of Hamilton's career was inseparably bound up. It is believed, however, that this part can be appreciated without considering either his pre-Revolutionary activity or his splendid military record in the war for independence.

The Revolutionary War was almost won before the American people were able to agree upon a constitution of government. In March, 1781 the thirteenth State had ratified the *Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union*. For a brief period that instrument had been tested in war. It was destined, however, to be subjected to a severer trial in times of peace. From neither ordeal did it emerge unscathed.

With the evacuation of New York and Charleston the leading patriots began to consider the situation of their country. Whether this was examined from without or from within the prospect was discouraging. If the American statesman looked abroad, he beheld the possessions of Spain cutting off the Confederation from the Mexican Gulf, and, beyond the Mississippi, stretching away to the distant Pacific. As a possible disadvantage, it is true, westward expansion was not only remote but was not then deemed even desirable. Not so the complete navigation of the Mississippi; concerning *that* right there might at any moment arise a situation charged with dangers.

More serious, perhaps, was the retention by the British of certain frontier posts that the definitive treaty had agreed to surrender. Chief among these were Mackinaw, Niagara and Detroit, which were still held by English garrisons. In case of quarrels among the States, of which there were expectations, these would afford rallying points for a re-conquest. Such motives the British authorities would, of course, disclaim. They had, however, a decent pretence for remaining. The United States had failed to perform all their engagements, and the posts might be fairly regarded as hostages.

Our statesmen knew also that large sums were due to France, and that the revenue of the Confederation was insufficient to pay even the interest on those generous loans. The public debt, increasing with dangerous rapidity, was begetting

contempt abroad and grave unrest at home. Though an account of the troubles of that critical era might appear to conduct us far from our theme, it is in reality the shortest way of gaining a clear understanding of Alexander Hamilton's place in American history.

Long before the commencement of the Revolution, Benning Wentworth, an enterprising governor of New Hampshire, encouraged the people of his province to take up the unsettled lands to the west of the Connecticut river. Massachusetts and Connecticut, too, furnished pioneers for that region. With these commonwealths the settlers had no serious controversy. New York was, however, more tenacious of what she regarded as her rights in that district, and over its inhabitants she endeavored to assert her authority. At the beginning of the war for independence this dispute concerning the title to the New Hampshire grants was assuming the appearance of a civil war. Constables from Albany were mobbed, and the militia of New York was defied. With the outbreak of the Revolution the dispute sank to rest but when independence was won, the quarrel was renewed.

With the State of Connecticut, New York had another sort of controversy. When citizens of the former commonwealth attempted to sell their productions in New York City, the authorities taxed them for the privilege. Connecticut sloops, too, were required to pay at the custom house such charges as were imposed upon vessels from Amsterdam or Liverpool. This embarrassment of trade was resented by a brave people, who had loyally supported the patriot cause, and at a great meeting in New London it was unanimously agreed by the business men present to suspend for a year all commercial intercourse with New York. In that era such meetings generally heralded war.

With its population of 30,000 New York City appeared to the farmers of New Jersey to be a convenient and profitable market. Like the citizens of Connecticut they, too, were taxed. Their legislature was, however, in a situation to make reprisals. The merchants of New York had but recently built on Sandy Hook a light-house for the benefit of their commerce. Upon this the Legislature of New Jersey promptly imposed a tax of \$1,800 per year.

Far more alarming than these commercial differences was a

dispute between Pennsylvania and Connecticut for the possession of the Wyoming Valley. By a judicial decision of 1782 this territory had been awarded to Pennsylvania, and in the decree of the Federal court the government of Connecticut appears gracefully to have acquiesced. This region, "fair Wyoming," had been the scene of the terrible massacre of 1778. It was just beginning to recover from that calamity, when, in the spring of 1784, owing to an unusual rise of the Susquehanna, drifting ice and swollen waters carried death and destruction through all that unfortunate region. Everywhere stones and gravel covered the land in such quantities as to make cultivation impossible. The wretched inhabitants were perishing from cold and hunger. In these circumstances President Dickinson urged the Legislature of Pennsylvania to send relief. That body was not only deaf to the humane appeal of the Governor but appears to have regarded the disaster as a visitation of Providence. The hated Yankees should have remained in Connecticut, where they belonged. The Lord had merely punished their trespasses. Partly by the neglect and partly by the connivance of the Legislature these unhappy people were proceeded against with extreme severity. A creature named Patterson, who commanded the military forces of Pennsylvania, attacked the settlement, "turned some five hundred people out of doors, and burned their houses to the ground. The wretched victims, many of them tender women, or infirm old men, or little children, were driven into the wilderness at the point of the bayonet, and told to find their way to Connecticut without further delay. Heartrending scenes ensued. Many died of exhaustion or furnished food for wolves."* Everywhere in New England the tidings of such acts of barbarism aroused the greatest indignation. This incident shows plainly the notions of inter-state comity that prevailed in the years succeeding the revolution.

The paper money craze was producing in Rhode Island almost every sort of mischief. Except the business of the bar-rooms, trade of all kinds was at a standstill in Providence and Newport. This was during the year preceding the calling of the constitutional Convention. More interesting, because of its consequences, was the dispute between Maryland and Virginia over the navigation of the Potomac. In order to ad-

* *The Critical Period of American History.* By John Fiske.

judicate it, commissioners from both commonwealths met in 1785 at Washington's home, Mount Vernon. Before separating they agreed to recommend to the legislatures of their respective States the calling of a convention to meet at Annapolis in the following year. On that occasion, however, only five States sent delegates.

With the proceedings of the Annapolis convention this essay is no further concerned than to observe that because of the partial attendance of the commonwealths it was concluded to attempt nothing more than the preparation of an appeal urging every member of the Union to send delegates to a convention to be held in Philadelphia in the month of May, 1787. This important document was drafted by Colonel Hamilton and was well received throughout the country.

As early as 1781 Pelatiah Webster's pamphlet had suggested a *Continental convention*. Still earlier, while he was acting as *aide-de-camp* to General Washington, Hamilton had sent to James Duane, a delegate in Congress from New York, a very remarkable analysis of the political system attempted in the Articles of Confederation. Most of his suggestions for the "general good" were afterward embodied in the Constitution, *Art. 1, Section 8*. In passing it may be remarked that even at that early date, 1780, Hamilton advised the establishment of a bank. This germinal idea developed and, in time, became a great fiscal agency of the new Government. Among the great statesmen of that era Hamilton enjoys the proud distinction of having been the first to propose the calling of a convention to form a national Constitution.

When Hamilton, at the age of thirty, was sent with Lansing and Yates to represent New York in the Constitutional Convention, he found himself entirely unable to agree with his colleagues. This fact, together with a modesty for which he has seldom been credited, accounts for his failure to participate actively in the earlier discussions in that body. His ardent patriotism, his fine military record and, above all, his papers on finance made him known to every member of the Convention. Gouverneur Morris, perhaps his most intimate friend, has said that Hamilton had little share in forming the Constitution. Nevertheless, he was responsible for introducing into it many of its most important provisions. Neither partisan antipathy nor personal rivalry can affect this fact. It is not necessary in

this place to examine the brief outline of a new frame of government offered by Hamilton to the Convention. The greater part of this sketch was embodied in the Constitution. Madison's Journal has preserved this tentative scheme and also a much more ample plan, which, at a later stage in the discussions, Hamilton submitted to show the system that he preferred.

It was in presenting to the Convention his sketch of a frame of government that he praised so highly the British Constitution. For this, Hamilton has been accused of a love of monarchy and a hatred of republican institutions. Edmund Burke, a contemporary, has recorded repeatedly his admiration of the British Constitution, and in terms far stronger and far more eloquent than Hamilton had done.

In June, 1788, the New York Convention, with sixty-five members in attendance, met to deliberate upon the new frame of government. George Clinton was unanimously chosen its President. It was known that many would oppose ratification. Indeed this opposition had shown itself in the Constitutional Convention, from which Lansing and Yates retired before the instrument of government had been adopted. Others, who remained till the close of the deliberations, refused to sign it.

Thus, even before the Constitution was submitted to Congress, was begun a contest over its adoption. Richard Henry Lee, Melancthon Smith, and others, were beginning to influence public opinion by their writings. It was then that Hamilton conceived the idea of preparing a score or more of essays that would meet the most plausible objections to the proposed plan. With him in this undertaking were associated Madison, then in New York as a member of Congress from Virginia, and John Jay, a distinguished jurist from his own State. So pleased was General Washington with these essays that he caused them to be reprinted in Virginia. The magnitude of the questions at issue and the interest that they excited led their authors to modify the original plan of publishing about a score of articles. On March 17, 1778, were published thirty-six of the earlier essays with a preface by Hamilton. A second volume that appeared in May of the same year included the remainder of the eighty-five numbers that make up the *Federalist*. Washington was one of the few men of that time who perceived in these letters to the newspapers something more than a succession of party pamphlets of merely transient interest. The prin-

ciples that they discussed, said he, would be interesting to mankind "so long as they shall be connected in civil society." For the respective shares of Hamilton and his collaborators the reader is referred to any good edition of the *Federalist*.

Hamilton's place in literature may, perhaps, be best suggested by contrast. When he was about twelve years old, and was himself beginning to attend to the messages of the muses, there appeared, January 21, 1769, in the *Public Advertiser*, of London, the first letter over the signature of "Junius." That anonymous writer singled out for criticism many of the leading members of Government and did not spare even the King himself.

In his own day "Junius" was almost universally admired, and for a generation afterward nearly every newspaper writer, in the style of his sentences, imitated his epigrammatic turn and his chaste diction. When, however, one has read and re-read many times these once popular essays, he will come at last to the conclusion that there is in them little except their form. *That* is brilliant and imposing. There is in "Junius" no rich vein of economic thought nor are there any important maxims of political science.

At the opposite pole stands the *Federalist*. The conception of these letters was Hamilton's; so likewise was the preparation of by far the greater number of them. The authors of this coöperative work had little leisure to polish their essays. There was no time "to strike a second heat upon the muse's anvil." Many numbers, it is known, received their final touches while the printer was waiting. Nevertheless, the style is admirable, and in philosophical worth they are far beyond the compositions of "Junius."

Some eminent authorities assert that the influence of the *Federalist* was not at all what our generation is accustomed to believe. If they are thinking of only its immediate effect, the statement may contain some grains of truth. As a matter of fact, however, its direct influence was considerable and its indirect influence immense. Still the *Federalist* is not to be venerated as a celestial message that recalled the erring voter. Of those who then exercised the suffrage perhaps few had seen so much as a single number, and fewer still were those who had mastered its contents. It was, however, the grand armory from which the natural leaders of society drew their weapons.

A perfect mastery of the principles embodied in the new Constitution was the natural result of preparing these essays. This apprenticeship in the pages of the New York newspapers made Madison, if not the ablest, at least the most useful member of the ratifying convention of Virginia; it likewise enabled Hamilton to overcome the very formidable opposition in that of New York. In the mind of the writer there has never been any sort of doubt that a majority of the political leaders in America opposed the Constitution at the time it was proposed, and that its final acceptance was the result of an intellectual victory. To this no one contributed so much as Alexander Hamilton.

After the adoption of the Constitution the influence of the *Federalist* did not diminish. Indeed, since that time it has been accepted as the great contemporary commentary on the Constitution, of equal importance with decisions of the highest judicial tribunal. In the world outside it is still admired and studied, and it is not improbable that nations yet to be will be benefited by adopting the enlightened principles of the great classic of the Revolution.

Of Hamilton's speeches in the New York convention we possess no perfect copy nor have we any adequate description of their effect. We know only the result. It is idle to speculate on all the arguments that he employed and useless to attempt to reconstruct his great speeches at Poughkeepsie. The outlines that have been preserved reveal to us all the great characteristics of the *Federalist*, the fairness in stating the position of an adversary, the ability to generalize and the astonishing mastery of detail. The ablest of his adversaries were not only disarmed but were actually moved to tears by his eloquence, and they finally permitted the Constitution to receive an unconditional ratification. Judged by the practical test of winning votes it is not certain that we have any record of political eloquence equally effective.

On the question, then, of accepting or rejecting the Constitution, we find the first difference of sentiment among the American people. Those who favored the *foedus*, or union, under the new system were known as Federalists, those who opposed it were known as Anti-Federalists. When, however, the Constitution was forced upon them, the latter were compelled to post themselves on some new ground. Thereafter

most of them became *strict constructionists*, while a great majority of the Federalists became *loose constructionists*.

Though but thirty years old, Hamilton had already achieved fame enough for immortality. Nevertheless, many believe that his greatest work was yet to come, and, perhaps, the subsequent portion of his career is that which is most familiar to the American people. However this may be, it was his future services that chiefly contributed to remove from the nation most of the dangers described in the preceding pages.

It would be but the repetition of a trite story to describe the starting of the Government under the new Constitution. The duty of the first President was to nominate, and, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint heads of departments. Washington's exercise of the appointing power showed great care and even greater judgment. He had but few appointments to make, it is true, but these were admirable in character. To direct the department of foreign relations Jefferson, our greatest political thinker, was chosen first Secretary of State. As the young Republic had not yet been recognized by many European powers, his duties could not have extended beyond an occasional exchange of notes with the French minister. America's greatest constructive statesman, Alexander Hamilton, was selected for the work of organizing the Treasury Department. Unlike Jefferson, who at that time found little to do, Hamilton was a part of nearly all the measures of that eventful administration. As often happens in the world of politics, and, perhaps, in some other worlds, he did his work too well, and, in consequence, aroused considerable envy. Success unprecedented attended all of his measures. No oriental magician ever attempted such feats as Hamilton actually performed. "He touched the corpse of public credit," says Webster, "and it sprang to its feet."

Our introductory pages have described a condition sufficiently cheerless. The situation must have been, indeed, discouraging, when even Congress, a body jealous of its powers, showed a willingness to entrust to the young secretary the solution of nearly all the problems that puzzled them. During their first session they were wholly occupied in organizing the Government. However, they declared, in a resolution, their sentiments on the importance of supporting the public credit, and they instructed Hamilton to report a plan at the next

session. This he did in a masterly state paper. It discussed the raising and management of the revenue, the temporary regulation of the currency and the needs of the coasting trade; it examined the great question of the public lands and the purchase of West Point; it considered the fundamental problems of income and expenditure as well as the intricate subject of claims against the Government. At the same time he drafted a bill concerning the post-office and suggested a scheme for establishing a judicial system. In a word, he promptly outlined for Congress a splendid system of public finance. In the meantime the indefatigable secretary had settled a multitude of other important matters, and, above all, he had ingeniously contrived to provide for the present needs of the Government.

It is a commonplace observation to say that this celebrated report marked a distinct epoch in American history. Henceforth Hamilton was the intellectual leader of a political party and he impressed with his genius a school of political thought that has exercised upon the material prosperity of this country and upon its constitutional system an enduring influence. The bonds of union were greatly strengthened, property was arrayed on the side of government, public order succeeded public prosperity. These prompt results proceeded from no happy accident of fortune, from no unconscious policy. Hamilton knew precisely what he wanted and exactly how to obtain it. He conceived no isolated measure. In the structure designed by this political architect each part had its appointed place.

In rapid succession he presented to Congress the principal parts of his great financial system. Years before, he had thrown out in a letter to Duane, a hint concerning the establishment of a bank. This has already been referred to as a germinal idea. Greater maturity of years and judgment, as well as an interested study of the subject, enabled him to lay before Congress a remarkable paper on the establishment of a United States bank. It is not necessary to discuss the social and the sectional opposition to this measure. To us it is chiefly of interest because it was on this occasion that Hamilton first developed the doctrine of implied powers. In its effects this principle was far-reaching. Concerning the exercise of those powers enumerated in the Constitution political

parties have not differed greatly. It is in the application of the powers derived from them that the Democratic party has been distinguished from rival organizations, whether Federalist, Whig or Republican. His report on the establishment of a mint reveals the same scientific grasp of principles, the same mastery of details. The grand policy of all his measures was to cement the Union. They were separately proposed and separately they were enacted into law. Each was opposed in turn, the method of funding the public debt as well as the other regulations. More than twenty-five years later, in the celebrated case of *McCulloch vs. Md.*, Chief Justice Marshall fully approved Hamilton's opinions on the bank. His report on manufactures still remains the classic argument for protection.

Hamilton's services did not end with an efficient performance of the duties of his own department. The confidence reposed in him by Congress and by President Washington gave him large employment besides. When the execution of the excise law provoked an insurrection in western Pennsylvania, Hamilton's genius imposed peace on that troubled region, and, what was not less important, gave an early proof of the vigor of the new government. It was he, too, who by the letters of "Pacificus" reconciled the people to the policy adopted in Washington's proclamation of neutrality.

After he had retired from the Cabinet, he defended Jay's unpopular treaty in a series of letters over the signature of "Camillus." He furnished both facts and phrases for his friends in Congress. Jefferson, who knew the power of Hamilton's pen, described him as a host in himself, the colossus of the Federalists.

Though Hamilton could create a commonwealth, he was greatly lacking in prudence, the first of political virtues. He had just attained to the acme of success. He had been more than vindicated by a Congressional inquiry. The publication soon after of the X, Y, Z correspondence had aroused in the ranks of the Federalists the greatest enthusiasm. Yet in a little while their leaders were engaged in bitter disputes among themselves. Many unstatesmanlike acts were performed by President Adams, many imprudent ones by General Hamilton. The grand climax was reached in the passage of Alien and Sedition Laws. It is not necessary nor does it seem pos-

sible to apportion among the Federalist leaders their respective shares in this blunder. It was destined to write much of the history of the United States. Rising out of it and towering above it were the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, the Hartford Convention, Nullification and Secession.

After Hamilton's resignation, in January, 1795, when he was no longer steadied by the constant opposition of Jefferson or the unerring judgment of Washington, many of his mistakes were more grave in character. Lack of space, prevents a consideration of his unprofitable and bitter altercation with President Adams. Indeed this quarrel was worse than profitless; it was fatal to the Federalist party. His rivalry with Aaron Burr was fatal to himself.

Nevertheless, that part of his career succeeding his resignation from Washington's Cabinet was not barren of useful service. To secure the approval of Jay's unsatisfactory treaty, Hamilton wrote the celebrated letters of *Camillus*, and, in the intervals between appearances in court, he turned into its admirable form Washington's *Farewell Address*.

Distinguished as a soldier, great as an author, endowed with rare eloquence and unrivalled as a constructive statesman, Hamilton had, nevertheless, some undoubted limitations. Gouverneur Morris to the contrary, Hamilton was often imprudent. An interesting illustration of this may be found in his connection with the enterprise of the gifted Miranda. William Pitt, it is true, had also endorsed the project of revolutionizing the South American provinces of Spain. This was to have been expected from the supposed necessities of his Government. In Hamilton's case, however, there was no such justification; besides it involves the element of ingratitude, for, in the hour of America's need, Spain rendered no slight assistance, and her colonies on the Gulf were still more friendly. Precisely why he was prepared to injure Spain in return for her late service it is not easy to perceive. Perhaps his attitude was not unconnected with visions of personal glory, or it may have been that in his mind the Catholicism of Spain diminished the merits of her friendship. Whatever may have been the convictions of his riper years, as a boy of eighteen he exhibited, in discussing the Quebec Act, a tincture of anti-Catholic feeling. Spain, indeed, was saved, but not by Hamilton's later reflections. That merit belongs to President Adams, who had

a rooted antipathy to every thing alien—foreign alliances as well as foreign wars. Other defects in the character of Hamilton have already been noticed. To us it seems that a lack of prudence was his principal limitation. "Vain and opinionated," are the epithets that his friend, Gouverneur Morris, applied to Hamilton. Few men had a better right to be attached to their opinions, and there probably was never a great man who was not perfectly conscious of his superiority. Perhaps no one has ever accused Shakespeare of having been self-sufficient, yet some of his contemporaries must have been shocked by his undoubted confidence in himself. Let the reader turn to Sonnet XVIII:

"So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

Nor was this his only offence against the grace of modesty. In No. LV. we have these lines:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

If the reader cares to pursue this idea, proofs still stronger may be found in Sonnet LXXXI.

It may be doubted whether any eminent political character in all our history has aroused equal admiration among the members of his own party or equal condemnation among the members of the opposition. The Federalists regarded him as an angel, the Democrats as a demon. He represented wealth, and, to them, he was the original inventor of tyranny. From his untimely death almost one hundred and seven years have passed, yet time has not softened Democratic asperity. In our time few Hamiltonian measures would command their suffrages. He stood for ideals with which they have little sympathy. Even in the usually peaceful commonwealth of letters his character has occasioned a like division of sentiment, and we may hang up in our memories either the odious picture in *The Rivals* or the noble one in *The Conqueror*. It matters little whether we choose the fair or the foul, the fame of Alexander Hamilton will endure with this Republic.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE NATIONS.

BY HILAIRE BELLOC.

EUROPEAN civilization, of which the Catholic Church is the spirit, is still one, though its unity now (as so often in the past) is suffering from a grievous wound. The wounds of the past have been healed; the modern wound we almost hope will be healed. But unity, wounded or unwounded, is still the mark of it.

That unity to-day falls into national groups. Those of the West in particular are highly differentiated, and Gaul (or France as we now call it), the Iberian Peninsula (though divided into several regions each with its language, of which one, Portugal, is politically independent of the rest) is another. The old European and Roman district of North Africa is partially re-occupied by European civilization. Italy has quite recently appeared as another united national group; the Roman province of Britain has formed one united kingdom and nation for a longer period than any of the others. How did these modern nations arise in the transformation of the Roman Empire from its old pagan condition to Christian civilization? We must be able to answer this question if we are to understand not only that European civilization has been continuous, that is, has been one in time as well as one in spirit and in place, but also if we are to know *why* and *how* that community was preserved.

Every reader will be familiar with a certain false aspect of the subject; a false aspect which gives him to understand that great numbers of vigorous barbarians entered the Empire, conquered it, established themselves as masters and ruled its various provinces.

We have seen, in the last article, that such a picture is fantastically false and, like all historical falsehood, connotes certain false modern views and false deductions with regard to modern Europe, which, when they are believed, warp a man's sense of European unity and therefore of the necessary unity of European religion.

We have seen that the great hordes of barbarians who burst through the defences of civilization at various times from before the beginnings of recorded history, through the pagan period before our Lord's birth, during the height of the Empire proper in the third century, again in the fourth, and with such terrible effect in the fifth, were in the natural course of things invariably conquered, absorbed or destroyed.

I say "in the natural course of things." Dreadful as the irruption of barbarians into civilized places must always be, the conquest of civilization by barbarians is always and necessarily impossible. Barbarians may have the weight to destroy the civilization they enter, and in so doing to destroy themselves with it (something of the sort, as we shall see later, threatened Britain for more than a century). But it is inconceivable that they should impose their view and manner upon civilized men, and to impose one's view and manner, *dare leges*, is to conquer.

Moreover, save under the most exceptional conditions, a civilized army with its training, discipline and scientific tradition of war, can always ultimately have the better of a horde, and I repeat, in the case of the Roman Empire the army of civilization did always have the better of the barbarian hordes. Marius had the better of the barbarians at Aix a hundred years before our Lord was born, though their horde was not broken until it had suffered the loss of 200,000 dead. Five hundred years later the Roman armies had the better of another similar horde of barbarians, the Goths in their rush upon Italy; and here again the vast multitude lost 200,000 killed or sold into slavery.

But we have also seen that within the Roman army itself certain auxiliary forces which may have preserved to some extent their original tribal character, and probably partially preserved their original barbaric tongues, assumed greater and greater importance towards the end of the imperial period; that is, towards the end of the fourth, and in the beginning of the fifth centuries, and in general round about the year 400. We have seen why these auxiliary barbaric forces continued to increase in importance within the Roman Army, and we have seen how it was only as Roman soldiers and as part of the regular forces of civilization that they had that importance or that their officers and generals, acting as *Roman* officers

and generals could play the part they did. The heads of these auxiliary forces are invariably men trained as Romans, ignorant of any life save that civilized life which the Empire enjoyed, regarding themselves as soldiers and politicians of the State in which they warred, and [in general succeeding or failing wholly within the framework of 'Roman things. They had no memory or tradition of barbaric life beyond the Empire, though their stock so often sprang from it; they had no liking for that life, and no communication with it; their energies were developed entirely within those boundaries which guarded paved roads, a regular and stately architecture, great and populous cities, the vine, the olive, the Roman law and the bishoprics of the Catholic Church.

Armed with this knowledge, which is accurate and scientific, and differs poles asunder from the legend of a barbaric "conquest" of Rome, let us set out to explain that state of affairs which a man born, say, a hundred years after the last of the great invasions was destroyed under Radagasius, would have observed in middle age.

Sidonius Apollinarius, the famous bishop of Clermont-Ferrand, lived and wrote his classical stuff so long after Alaric's Roman adventure and Radagasius' defeat, that the very long life of a man would hardly span the distance between them; it was a matter of nearly seventy years between those events and his maturity. A grandson of his would correspond to such a spectator as we are imagining; a grandson of the great bishop (who was married) might easily have been born about the year 500. Had he traveled in Italy, Spain and Gaul at the age of fifty, this is what he would have seen:

In all the great towns Roman life was going on as it had always gone on, so far as externals were concerned. The same Latin speech, now somewhat degraded, the same dress, the same division into a minority of free men, a majority of slaves, and a few very rich masters round whom not only the slaves but the mass of the free men also were grouped as dependents.

In every city again he would have found a bishop of the Catholic Church, a member of that hierarchy which acknowledged its centre and headship to be at Rome; everywhere religion, and especially the quarrels in religion, would have been a main popular preoccupation. And everywhere *save in North-west Gaul* he would have perceived small groups of men,

wealthy, connected with government, often bearing barbaric names, and sometimes acquainted with barbaric tongues, who were called *Arians*; heretics who differed in religion from the mass of their fellow citizens very much as a minority of Protestants in an Irish county to-day differ from the mass of their Catholic fellows.

The armed forces he might have met upon the roads as he traveled would have been rare; their accoutrements, their discipline, their words of command, were still, though in a degraded form, those of the old Roman army. There had been no breach in the traditions of that army or in its corporate life. Many of the bodies he met would still have borne the old imperial insignia.

The money which he handled and with which he paid his bills at the inns, would be mixed in character and value, but it would usually be stamped with the effigy of the reigning emperor at Byzantium, or one of his predecessors, just as the traveler in Canada to-day will handle coins stamped with the effigies of Edward VII., of his mother, and sometimes of William IV. or even of George IV. But mixed with these coins would be a certain number bearing in Latin the inscription, and stamped with the effigy, of the *chief of the local government*, and this phrase leads me to a feature in the surrounding society which we must not exaggerate but which made it very different from that united and true "Imperial" form of government which had covered all civilization 200 years before.

The descendants of those officers who from 200 to 100 years before had commanded the auxiliary forces of the Roman Empire, were now seated as local administrators in the capitals of the Roman provinces. The reader will do well to appreciate exactly what was the position of these men, for that fatal habit to which these articles have so often alluded, perpetually confounds and warps our appreciation of the time by lending to words then used meanings wholly modern, and by conceiving that materially declining and slowly changing world as though it were subject to the conditions of the highest civilization.

Let us suppose our traveler to be concerned in some great commerce which brought him to the centres of local government throughout the Western Empire. Let him have to visit Paris, Toledo, Ravenna, Arles. He has, let us say, success-

fully negotiated some business in Spain, which has necessitated his obtaining official documents. To obtain these he will be directed to the *Palace*.

When we say "palace" to-day we mean the house in which lives the ruler of a monarchical state. We talk of Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace, the Palace at the Hague, the Palace in Brussels, and so on. If one of these modern heads of a monarchical state, the Emperor of Germany or the King of Italy, has a private residence in the country, we usually talk of that also as a Palace. On the other hand we do not speak of the Palace at Washington, because the United States is not a monarchy but a republic. In other words, a palace simply means for us now in the English language a house in which anybody called a King, however insignificant or however powerful, from the little man at Monaco to the Czar of Russia, happens to live.

But *Palatium* in Roman society had a very different meaning. It signified the *official seat of Government*, and in particular the centre from which the writs for Imperial taxation were issued, and to which the proceeds of that taxation were paid. The name was originally taken from the Palatine Hill in Rome, on which the Cæsars had their house. As the mask of private citizenship was thrown off, and as the Roman commanders-in-chief became more and more true and absolute sovereigns, their house became more and more the official centre of the Empire. The term "Palace" thus became consecrated to a particular use. When the centre of Imperial power was transferred to Byzantium the word "*Palatium*" followed it and was applied to local *centres* as well as to the Imperial city, and in the laws of the Empire, in its dignities and honors, in the whole of its official life, *the Palace* means the machine of Government local or imperial. Such a traveler as we have imagined in the middle of the sixth century comes, then, to that Spanish *Palace* from which, throughout the five centuries of Imperial rule, the Spanish Peninsula has been locally governed. What would he find?

He would find, to begin with, a great staff of clerks and officials, of exactly the same sort as had always inhabited the place, drawing up the same sort of documents as they had drawn up for generations, using certain fixed formulæ, and doing everything of course in the Latin tongue. But he

would also find that the building was used for acts of authority, and that these acts were performed in the name of a *certain person* (who was no longer the old Roman governor) *and his Council*.

Let us look closely at that new person seated in authority over Spain, and at his Council: for from such men as he and from the districts they ruled, the nations of our time and their royal families were to spring.

The first thing that would be noticed on entering his presence would be that he had all the insignia and manner of Roman Government.

He sat upon a throne as the Emperor had sat, and the provincial delegates of the Emperor. On official occasions he would wear the official garments; the orb and the sceptre were his symbols we may presume, as they had been those of the Emperors and the Emperor's local subordinates before him. But in two points this central official differed from the old local Governor whom he exactly succeeded, and upon whose machinery of taxation he relied for power.

These two points were, first that he was surrounded by a very powerful and somewhat jealous body of Great Men; secondly, that he did not habitually give himself an imperial Roman title, but was called *Rex*.

Let us consider these points separately.

As to the first point, the Emperor in Byzantium, and before that in Rome or at Ravenna, worked, as even absolute power must work, through a multitude of men. He was surrounded by high dignitaries, and there devolved from him a whole hierarchy of officials, with the most important of whom he continually consulted. But the Emperor had not been officially and regularly bound in with such a Council. His formulæ of administration were personal formulæ. Now and then he mentioned his great officials, but he only mentioned them if he chose.

This person, who had substituted himself for the old Roman Governors, the *Rex*, was on the contrary a part of his Council, and all his formulæ of administration mentioned the Council as his coadjutors and assessors in administration, and above all (this is most important) in anything that regarded the public funds. It must not be imagined for a moment that the *Rex* issued laws or edicts, or, what was much more

common and much more vital, levied taxation under the dominion of, or subject to the consent of, these great men about him. On the contrary, he spoke as absolutely as ever the Imperial Governors had done in the past, and indeed he could not do otherwise because the whole machinery he had inherited presupposed absolute power. But everything is done "with" these great men; and it is of capital importance that we should note this. The phrases of the official documents of that time continually run in one of half a dozen regular formulæ all of which are based upon this idea of the Council and are in general such words as these: "So and so, *Rex*, ordered and commanded (*with his chief men*) that so and so . . ."

As to the second point: we note the change of title. The authority of the *Palatium* is a *Rex*, not a Legate nor a Governor, nor a man sent from the Emperor, nor a man directly and necessarily nominated by him. Now what is the meaning of that word *Rex*?

Centuries and centuries before, indeed a thousand years before, the word *Rex* had meant the chieftain of the town and petty district of Rome. It had in the Latin language always retained some such connotation. The word "*rex*" was often used in Latin literature as we use the word "King" in English: *i. e.*, to describe the head of a state great or small. But as applied to the local rulers of the fifth century in western Europe, it was not so used. It meant Chieftain or Chief officer of auxiliaries. A *Rex* was not then, in Spain, or in Gaul, a King in our sense of the word: he was a chieftain of particular armed men. There was no sense of equality or similarity between the word *Rex* and the word *Imperator*. You could perfectly well be a *Rex* and yet be a subject and even an unimportant subject of the *Imperator* or Emperor: the *Imperator* being, as we remember, the Commander-in-Chief of the Roman army, upon which institution the Roman state or Empire or civilizatin had depended.

When the Roman army began to add to itself auxiliary troops, drilled of course after the Roman fashion and forming one body with the Roman forces, but contracted for in bulk as it were, the chieftains of these barbaric and often small troops, were called in the official language, *Reges*. Thus Alaric, a Roman officer and nothing more, was the *Rex* of his

officially appointed auxiliary force; and as the nucleus had once been a small body of Goths, and as indeed he inherited his position as an officer of that auxiliary force precisely because he was a chieftain of the Goths, the word *Rex* attached to his Imperial Commission in the Roman army and there was added to it the name of that particular barbaric tribe with which his auxiliary force had originally been connected: The *Rex*, for instance, of the Goths. He was *Rex Gotorum* in Spain, not *Rex Hispaniæ*, or "King of Spain"—that was altogether a later idea; the *Rex* at Paris was not *Rex Galliæ*, or King of Gaul; in each case he was the *Rex* of the particular auxiliary troop from which his ancestors—sometimes generations before—had originally drawn their Imperial commission and the right to be officers in the Roman army. Thus you will have the *Rex Francorum*, or King of the Franks, in the Palatium at Paris.

In other words, the old Roman local legislative and taxing power, the reality of which lay in the old surviving Roman machinery of a hierarchy of officials with their titles, writs, etc. was vested in the hands of a man called "*Rex*" that is "Commander" of such and such an auxiliary force; Commander of the Franks for instance, or Commander of the Goths. He still commanded in the year 500 a not very large military force on which local government depended and in this little army the barbarians were certainly predominant because, as we have seen, towards the end of the Empire the stuff of the army had become barbaric and the armed force was mainly of barbaric recruitment. But that small military force was also and as certainly very mixed indeed; there was no attempt to preserve the blood of any of the old tribes who had enlisted in the service of the Roman army. They intermarried freely with all around. Many a slave or broken freedman would enlist; no one cared in the least whether the members of the armed forces which sustained society were of one origin or another.

Again, there was no conception in the mind of this *Rex* of rebellion against the Empire. All these *Reges* without exception held their military office and power originally by a commission from the Empire. All of them derived their authority from men who had been regularly established as Imperial functionaries. As the central power of the Emperor had as a

fact broken down, the *Rex* as a fact administered the whole machinery without control; but no *Rex* ever called himself a local Emperor or dreamed of calling himself so: in theory the Empire was still under one control.

There, then, you have the picture of what held the levers of the machine of government during its degradation and transformation after the breakdown of central authority. Clovis, in the North of France, the Burgundian chieftain at Arles, Theodoric in Italy, Athanagild later at Toledo in Spain, were all of them men who had stepped into the shoes of an unbroken local Roman administration, who worked entirely by it, and whose machinery of administration wherever they went was called by the Roman and official name of *Palatium*.

These men were of barbaric stock; had for their small armed forces a military institution descended and derived from the barbaric Roman auxiliary forces; often, and usually in the early years of their power, spoke a barbaric tongue more easily than Latin; but every one of them was a soldier of the declining Empire and regarded himself as a part of it, not an enemy of it.

When we appreciate this we can understand how insignificant were those changes of frontier which make so great a show in historical atlases.

The *Rex* of such and such an auxiliary force dies and divides his "kingdom" between two sons. What does that mean? Not that a nation with its customs and its whole form of administration was suddenly divided into two, still less that there has been what to-day we call "annexation" or "partition" of states. It simply means that the honor and advantage of administration are divided between the two heirs, who take, the one the one area, the other the other, over which to gather taxes and to receive personal profit. It must always be remembered that the personal privilege so received was very small in comparison with the total revenue to be administered and that the vast mass of public work as carried on by the judiciary, the officers of the Treasury and so forth, continued to be quite impersonal. This governmental world of clerks and civil servants lived its own life and was only in theory dependent upon the *Rex*, who was in turn in theory the successor of the chief local Roman official.

The *Rex*, by the way, called himself always by some de-

finite Roman title, such as *Vir Inluster* or *Princeps*; and often, (as in the case of Clovis) not only accepted directly from Imperial authority a particular though purely honorific Roman office, but observed even the old popular Roman customs such as, largesse and procession, upon his induction into that office.

Now why did not this man, this *Rex*, in Italy or Gaul or Spain, simply sink into the position of the Roman Governor whom he had succeeded? One would imagine, if one did not know more about that society, that he should have done this. The small auxiliary forces of which he had been chieftain rapidly merged into the body of the Empire, as had the infinitely larger mass of slaves and colonists, equally barbarian in origin, for century after century before that time. Though the civilization would have continued to decline, its forms would have remained unchanged and the theoretic attachment of each of these subordinates to the Emperor at Byzantium would have endured indefinitely. As a fact, the memory of the old central authority of the Emperor was gradually forgotten; the *Rex* and his local government as he got weaker also got more isolated and the idea of "kings" and "kingdoms" took shape at last in men's minds, Why?

The reason that the nature of authority greatly changed, that the last links with the Roman Empire of the East gradually dissolved, and that the modern *nation* arose around these local governments of the *Reges*, is to be found in that novel feature, the standing council of great men round the *Rex*, with whom everything is done.

This standing Council expresses the two great forces, the one negative and blind, the other positive, creative, and of the clearest vision, which between them were transforming society. Those two forces were: first the economic force of the great landowners, and secondly the organization of the Catholic Church.

On the economic or material side of society, the great landowners were the reality of that time.

We have no statistics to go upon; only one statement which tells us that at the beginning of the fifth century six men were the ultimate freeholders of the whole of North Africa. But the facts of the time and the nature of its institutions are quite as cogent as detailed statistics. In Spain, in Gaul, in

Italy as in Africa, economic power had concentrated into the hands of exceedingly few men.

As to the descent of these men none asked or cared. By the middle of the sixth century few perhaps were of pure Roman blood, and certainly none were barbaric. Lands waste or confiscated through the decline of population or the effect of the interminable wars and the plagues, lay in the power of the *Palatium*, which granted them out again, strictly under the eye of the Council of Great Men, to new holders.

The few who had come in as followers and dependents of the "chieftain" of the auxiliary forces benefitted largely, and we get more than once vague phrases such as their demand for "a third" of the land; but the thing that really concerns the story of civilization is not the origin of these immense owners—which was mixed—nor their sense of race, which simply did not exist—but the fact that they were so few. It explains both what happened and what was to happen.

That a handful of men, for they were no more than a handful, should thus be in control of the economic destinies of mankind, is the key to all the material decline of the Empire. It should furnish us, if we were wise, with an object lesson for our own politics to-day.

The Imperial power declined largely because of this extraordinary concentration of economic power in the hands of a few. It was these few who in every local government endowed each of the new administrators, each new *Rex*, with a tradition of imperial power, not a little of the dread that went with the old imperial name, and the armed force which it connoted; but the *Rex* had also to reckon with the mere blind strength of highly concentrated wealth.

There was, however, as I have said, another and a much more important element; it was the Catholic Church.

Every city of that time had a principal personage in it, who knew its life better than anybody else, who had, more than anyone else, power over its morals and ideas, and who in many cases actually administered its affairs. That person was the Bishop.

Throughout Western Europe at that moment men's interest and preoccupation was not race nor even material prosperity, but religion. The great duel between Paganism and the Catholic Church was now definitely decided, after two hard centur-

ies of struggle, in favor of the latter. The Church, from a small but definite and very tenacious organization within the Empire, and on the whole antagonistic to it, had risen to be the only group of men who knew their own minds; next to be the official religion; finally to be the cohesive principle of the vast majority of human beings.

The modern man can distantly appreciate the phenomenon, if for "creed" he will read "capital," and for the "Faith," "industrial civilization." For just as to-day men principally care for wealth, and in pursuit of it go indifferently from country to country, and sink, as unimportant compared with it, the other businesses of our time, so the men of the fifth and sixth centuries were intent upon the unity and exactitude of religion. That the religion to which the Empire was now converted, the religion of the Catholic Church, should triumph, was their one preoccupation. For this they exiled themselves; as minor to this they sunk all other things. The Catholic hierarchy with its enormous power at that moment, civil and economic as well as religious, was not the creator of such a spirit, it was only its leader. And in connection with that intense preoccupation of men's minds, two factors appeared: the first is the desire that the living Church should be as free as possible; hence religion and its ministers everywhere welcome the growth of local as against centralized power. They do so unconsciously but none the less strongly. The second factor is Arianism.

Arianism, which both in its material success and in the length of its duration, as well as in its concept of religion, is singularly parallel to the Protestant movement of recent centuries, had sprung up as the official and Court heresy opposed to the orthodoxy of mere Faith. The Emperor's Court had indeed at last abandoned it, but a tradition survived till long after that Arianism stood for the "wealthy" and "respectable" side of life. Moreover, of those barbarians who had taken service as auxiliaries in the Roman armies, the greater part (the Goths as the generic term went, though that term had no longer any national meaning) had received their Christianity from Arian sources, in the old time of the fourth century when Arianism was "the thing." Just as we may imagine that in the eighteenth century Ireland settlers and immigrants would tend to accept or to dignify Protestantism, so the *Rex*

in Spain and the *Rex* in Italy had a family tradition; they, and the descendants of their original companions, were of what had been the "court" and "upper class" way of thinking. They were "Arians" and proud of it. The numbers of these powerful heretics were small, but their irritant effect was enormous.

Now it so happened that of these local administrators *one* only was not Arian. That one was the *Rex Francorum* or chieftain of the little barbaric auxiliary force of "Franks" which had been drawn into the Roman system from the banks of the lower Rhine, and which, at the time when the transformation took place between the old Imperial system and the beginnings of the nations, had its capital in the Roman town of Tournai. A lad whose Roman name was Clodovicus, and whom his parents probably called by some such sound as Clodovig (they had no written language) succeeded to the chieftainship of this small body of troops at the end of the fifth century. Unlike the other armed chieftains he was pagan. When with other forces of the Roman Army he had repelled one of the last of the barbaric invaders close to the frontier at the Roman town of Tolbiacum, and succeeded to the power of local administration in Northern Gaul, he could not but assimilate himself with the civilization wherein he was mixed, and he and his little band of three thousand were baptized. He had already married a Christian wife, the daughter of the Burgundian *Rex*; but in any case such a conclusion was inevitable.

The important historical point is not that he was baptized; for a barbarian in such a position to be baptized was as much a matter of course as for an Oriental who becomes an American citizen to wear trousers and a coat. The important thing is that he was received and baptized by Catholics and not by Arians.

He came from a remote corner of civilization, his men were untouched by the worldly attraction of Arianism; they had no tradition that it was "the thing" or "smart" to adopt the old court heresy which was offensive to the great mass of Europeans. When, therefore, the *Rex Francorum* was settled in Paris—about the year 500—and was beginning to administer local government in Northern Gaul, the weight of his influence was thrown with popular feeling and against the Arian *Reges*

in Italy and Spain. The armed force of the *Rex Francorum*, continuing the old Roman tradition of civil war, carried orthodox Catholic administration all over Gaul. They turned the Arian *Rex* out of Toulouse, they occupied the valley of the Rhone. For a moment it seemed as though they would support the Catholic populace against the Arian officials in Italy itself.

At any rate, their championship of popular and general religion against the irritant small administrative Arian bodies in the *Palatium* of this region and of that, was a very strong lever which popular opinion and the Bishops at the head of it could not but use in favor of the *Rex Francorum's* independent power, and was therefore indirectly a very strong lever for breaking up the now decayed and almost forgotten administrative unity of the Roman world.

Under such forces—the power of the Bishop in each town and district, the growing independence of the few and immensely rich great landowners, the occupation of the *Palatium* and its official machinery by the chieftains of the old auxiliary forces—Western Europe slowly, very slowly, shifted its political base. For three generations the mints continued to strike money under the effigy of the Emperor. The new local rulers never took or dreamed of taking the Imperial title; the roads were still kept up, the Roman traditions though degraded were never lost in the arts of life: in cooking, dress, architecture, law, and the rest. But the visible unity of the Western or Latin Empire not only lacked a civilian and military centre, but gradually lost all need for such a centre.

Towards the year 600, though the civilization was still one, as it had always been, from the British Channel to the Desert of the Sahara, and had even extended a few miles eastward of the Rhine, men no longer thought of it as an area within which they could always find the civilian authority of one organ; and what is more, men no longer spoke of it as the *Respublica* or common weal. It was already beginning to become a mass of small and often overlapping divisions. The things that are older than, and lie beneath all exact political institutions, the popular legends, the popular feelings for locality and countrysides, were rising everywhere; the great landowners were appearing as semi-independent rulers, each on his own estates (though these estates were often widely separated),

and the speech of men was already divided into an infinity of jargons. Some of these were of Latin origin, some of Teutonic; some, as in Brittany, were Celtic; some, as in the eastern Pyrenees, Basque; in North Africa we may presume the indigenous tongue of the Kabyles resumed its sway; Punic also may have survived in certain towns and villages there. But men paid no attention to the origin of such diversities. The common unity that survived was expressed in the fixed Latin tongue, the tongue of the Church, and the Church now everywhere supreme in the decay of Arianism and of paganism alike, was the principle of life throughout all that great area.

So with Gaul and with the little addition to Gaul that had risen in the Germanies to the East of the Rhine; so with Italy and Dalmatia, and what to-day we call Switzerland, and a part of what to-day we call Bavaria and Baden; so with what to-day we call Spain and Portugal; and so (after local adventures of a parallel sort, followed by a reconquest by the Emperor proper) with North Africa and with a strip of Andalusia.

But *one* province did suffer a much more violent change: in *one* province there took place a real revolution. It was a revolution much more nearly resembling a true barbaric success and the results thereof, than anything which the Continent can show. In that province there was a breach of continuity with Roman things, and therefore in the fate of that province those who desire to deny a continuous life of the Roman Empire and of civilization, and those who would pretend that the Catholic Church is not the soul of Europe, are driven to find their chief argument. That province was Britain; and we have next to ask: "*What happened in Britain when the rest of the Empire was being transformed, after the breakdown of central Imperial power?*" Unless we can answer that question we shall fail to possess a true picture of the continuity of Europe and of the perils in spite of which that continuity has survived.

The reply to that question, "What Happened in Britain?" I shall attempt in my next article.

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.



It was God's primal purpose to take His "delights . . . with the children of men" (Prov. viii. 31). Frustrated of His purpose by our first parents' abuse of this privilege, He yet grants us a divine relish in our exiled state by interior communications of love. A great authority affirms that this interior joy is often more than enough to compensate for the loss of the earthly paradise (Thomas of Jesus, *Sufferings of Christ*, ix. 7). He sometimes reveals His goodness so vividly as to set men on fire with longings for Him and Him alone. We do not refer to the ecstasies of the saints, but the ordinary jubilations of generous souls. The pains of this life are made sweet and its pleasures bitter by the constant recurrence of what is known as sensible devotion of the more refined sort. The Lord goes before us "to show the way by day in a pillar of cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire; that He might be the guide of their journey at both times" (Exod. xiii. 21), so that He is a gift of peace in trouble and of thanksgiving in joy.

I.

St. Justin the Martyr declared to his pagan friends, that he learned to believe in Christ from observing the cheerful faces of Christian martyrs amid their awful sufferings. He was proficient in philosophy, but the truths shining in the pages of Plato were eclipsed by the brightness of Christian faith shining in the faces of men dying for Christ's sake. It was Justin's privilege to feel and exhibit that terrible joy himself, when in due time he suffered martyrdom. So had it been with St. Paul: "Gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may dwell in me. For which cause I please myself in my infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ. For when I am weak, then am I powerful" (II. Cor. xii. 9, 10).

This joyous atmosphere of devotional sentiment is not to be mistaken for mere emotion. It is fervor, it is intensity of

purpose, and it is enthusiasm. It is that earnestness which made the saints pray like the Psalmist: "I cried with my whole heart, hear me, O Lord" (Ps. cxviii. 145). On occasions they are almost beside themselves—their prayer seems to others a panic and their zeal fanaticism. So we must say with St. Teresa, that devotional feeling

does not consist in a greater sweetness of devotion, but in a more fervent wish to please God in all things, in avoiding as much as we possibly can, all that would offend him, and in praying for the increase of the glory and honor of His Son and for the growth of the Catholic Church" (*Interior Castle*, IV. *Mansions*, Ch. I.).

Devotional sweetness has its perils; but this it does; it sickens us of the joys of our fleshly appetites. We may go to excess in our joyous imaginings about God and heaven, and thereby practise spiritual gluttony. But this will at any rate tend to cure us of every kind of bodily self-indulgence. Sensible devotion is often a form of sentimentalism, but a spiritual form, and it cures us of the sentimentalism of human love, and reveals the delusions of worldly pleasure. It is this interior happiness that the apostle prayed God to grant his converts: "That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His Spirit, with might unto the inward man" (Ephes. iii. 16).

II.

The danger already referred to lies in the human admixture principally from thinking of the good works we perform (we are interpreting St. Teresa, *Interior Castle*, IV. *Mansions*, Ch. I), and the diligence we give to prayer and meditation. "On consideration," says the saint

we shall find that many temporal matters give us the same pleasure—such as unexpectedly coming into a large fortune, suddenly meeting with a dearly loved friend, or succeeding in any affair that makes a noise in the world. Again it would be felt by one who had been told her husband, brother or son was dead, and who saw him return to her alive. I have seen people weep with such joy, as I have done myself. I consider these joys and the ones we feel in religious matters to be both natural ones. But the spiritual ones spring from a more noble source—they in short begin indeed in ourselves, but they end in God. But what I have called spiritual con-

solutions are far different. They on the contrary arise from God, and our nature feels them and rejoices in them as keenly, and indeed far more keenly, than men do in earthly riches.

Seeking for God here below is, indeed, a pilgrimage of sadness, for our tendencies are those of a corrupted nature, and our journey is beset with many dangers. Yet the same Lord who placed His pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day to guide His children in their desert wanderings, never fails to do the same with us, so that we say with the Psalmist: "Thy justifications were the subject of my song, in the place of my pilgrimage" (Ps. cxviii. 54).

A graphic picture of a mind quite overflowing with spiritual joy is St. Augustine's account of his feelings in the first fervor of his conversion.

I could not enjoy enough during those days the surpassing joy of musing upon the depths of Thy wisdom in the salvation of the human race. What tears did I shed over the hymns and canticles, when the sweet sound of the music of Thy Church thrilled my soul. As the music flowed into my ears, and Thy truth trickled into my heart, the tide of devotion swelled high within me, and the tears ran down and there was gladness in those tears (*Confessions*, Bk. ix. Ch. 6).

This was a sort of holy inebriation, felt by a mighty soul as he heard the welcome of the angels on his entrance into that heavenly society, God's Church, of which the Lord had said: "Behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and the people thereof joy" (Isaias, lxxv. 18). What company is so happy as a family of pious Catholics, what silence is so sweetly soothing as the *magnum silentium* of a religious community, or the peaceful days and nights of a retreat.

Yet we distinguish between the sensible influence of grace, felt in joy, or fervor, or holy awe, and the actual spur to good works—between the aroma of the fruit and its nourishing substance. God bestows joy very often without our co-operation; it is not so with acts of virtue. These need our good will. This is a distinction of much importance, seldom duly considered or even known, especially by beginners. When both sentiment and act are inextricably combined, the ideal condition is reached. St. Augustine in that same wonderful book of *Confessions*, says that while he was preparing to be baptized, "I read the Psalms with my soul on fire;" and in

the same chapter he speaks of earnest characters as men who read or speak "with their heart in their eyes" (Bk. ix. Ch. 4).

III.

Sensible devotion is usually, and often exclusively, taken to mean the sweetness that is incident to God's service, especially in prayer. Yet not sweetness but bitterness is the most precious devotional sentiment, the overflowing of our emotional nature during moments of regret for sin—into tears and sighs, horror and pain. Sensible bitterness of contrition is for most of our moods a far-higher gift of God than the sensible sweetness of affection for Him. The Council of Trent places the essence of effectual repentance in "pain of soul and detestation of past sin" (Sess. XIV., Ch. iv), surely a bitter state of mind, and yet the most desirable of all devotional feelings. The gladness of holy faith and hope and love let us receive with a welcome; the sadness of grief for sin let us receive with a double welcome. A shade of suspicion hangs over all joy in this life even religious joy, for we are in a state of banishment and atonement. That shade vanishes and joy becomes immune from suspicion only when its happy thrills are received with reserve, and we welcome it with the sign of the cross. "My brethren," exclaims the apostle, "count it all joy when you shall fall into divers temptations" (James i. 2). What a strange joy is this! Surely we must readjust our views of joy and sorrow. Surely it takes a stalwart character to be a true Christian.

Make hay while the sun shines—a maxim whose wisdom is best known in a rainy climate. So with souls of a gloomy temperament, or those whose lives are saddened by constant suffering. These often outstrip their sunnier brethren in the race of perfection, because adversity is a supreme test of friendship whether for God or man. "A friend shall not be known in prosperity" (Ecclus. xii. 8). In aridity we show God our truest love, particularly if we continue faithful to our regular devotional exercises.

All sensible sweetness in prayer beyond merely appreciative feelings is to be accepted with calmness, enjoyed with moderation, and surrendered with gladness. And if it roll and surge in the heart with overmastering force it is even to be suspected of diabolical origin. Sensible devotion should be treated with that rational hospitality, which welcomes the coming, and

speeds the parting guest. It is true that it always makes prayer easier. But does it make virtue easier? After prayer is over and done, does the force of love reach higher results as a consequence of devout feelings? As a rule it does not. One comes from semi-ecstasy in prayer and presently loses control of his temper—he is quite the same man as before. He meditates on our dying Savior's thirst with tearful sympathy, and at the next meal he is powerless to restrain his appetite for dainties—just as before. Plain reasoning in meditation with incandescent resolutions is a better ideal than the pulsations of a high spiritual temperature, which sometimes knock out of one's head the simple duty of the hour. "And as soon as she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for joy, but running in she told that Peter stood before the gate" (Acts xii. 14). Thus did joy hinder the damsel Rhode from duty's task, as it has hindered not a few others ever since.

The consolations of a devout life should not savor of the ordinary feelings of self-content. We seek even in pious exercises the comforts of mind craved by unregenerate nature. "Thou hast found honey, eat what is sufficient for thee, lest being gluttled therewith thou vomit it up" (Prov. xxv. 16). In childhood we prefer the sweet things of a meal to the substantial food. Now it happens that in the spiritual life we, for the most part, continue to be children to the end—even unto old age we glut ourselves with the sweetness of prayerful feelings, instead of nourishing our souls with the strong but tasteless food of patience and humility. Sensible, practical resolves for the day's work and suffering, dependent wholly on the deep flowing realizations of divine things, let these be our aim. As to sensible devotion the question ever demands answer: Are these feelings the fruit of religious conviction, or of religious enthusiasm? Are we dependent on taste, or on reason and grace? Too often we fall under the Psalmist's admonition: "In the evening weeping shall have place, and in the morning gladness. And in my abundance I said: I shall never be moved" (Ps. xxix. 6, 7).

IV.

God sometimes takes His consolations from us, but His mercy ever remains. "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a moment

of indignation have I hid my face a little while from thee, but with everlasting kindness have I had mercy on thee" (Isaias, liv., 7, 8). The rainbow is to be admired as a beautiful token of God's love, rather than worshiped as something god-like.

We readily forget that this life is a vale of tears, and all its brightness not that of an ever unclouded sky, but rather the occasional gleams of sunshine between the showers of an incurably bad climate. "The heaven of heavens is the Lord's: but the earth He hath given to the children of men" (Ps. cxiii. 16). Let us who are of the earth be content with the earth; it is God's gift and it is good. Heaven with God will be ours in due time; the earth with God is our present destiny. Later on we shall rejoice as the angels do, but now we are but men and our joy is of the earth, that of wayfarers in a land of exile, a joy of patience, a joy even of tears. But how holy is our sorrow and how powerful an instrument of God's providence, since it uncovers the deeper springs of eternal joy. Therefore "Is any of you sad? Let him pray. Is he cheerful in mind? Let him sing" (James v. 13).

God sends upon your soul the south wind and sunshine and warmth, with the flowers and fruits of devotional feelings. Praise Him with joy and thank Him with alleluias. But the same God sends the chill of winter, short sunlight, weeping skies. Praise Him with fear and thank him with sadness. "Cold cometh out of the north, and to God praise with fear" (Job, xxxvii., 22). Whatever changes He causes in the weather without or our feelings within, there is no change in Himself. He is always equally worthy of love, sometimes joyful love, sometimes fearful—always love with thanksgiving. Praise God for a cold heart, for if it means a dreary winter it will be followed by a genial summer.

Beethoven composed several of his greatest pieces long after total deafness had rendered him incapable of hearing a single note of music. His soul was so sensitive to musical beauty, and so ready and sure in its choice of harmonies, that the dim memory of sound was sufficient guidance to his genius. So should our faith be ready and sure in trusting God in dark days, and in brighter times not unprepared for the inevitable return of the clouds. "In the day of good things be not unmindful of evils: and in the day of evils be not unmindful of good things" (Ecclus. xi. 27).

V.

Shall we pray for sensible devotion? Most assuredly **yes**. It enables us to meditate oftener and longer, to recall our good purposes in an atmosphere of joy. "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and strengthen me with a perfect spirit" (Ps. l. 14). But shall we petition for ecstasies in prayer? Most assuredly **no**. Yet the saints bid us ask of God some humble share of the higher graces of contemplation, just as we ask for heaven itself. Ejaculatory prayer here has a perpetual utility. St. Bernard says of St. Malachy that his heart was like a bow always bent and continually shooting short prayers up to heaven. Let us bear in mind the Lord's teaching, that importunity plagues men and pleases God (Luke xi. 7).

Our Lord says in the Apocalypse: "Behold I stand at the gate and knock. If any man shall hear My voice, and open to me the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Apoc. iii. 20). Aye, Lord—I can answer—I bid Thee come in; but the door of my heart is locked on the outside by my carnal nature. Thou alone hast the key—unlock my heart from the outside, enter in and we shall feast together, and "let my soul be filled as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips" (Ps. lxii. 5).

Another lesson from the Resurrection morn. Magdalen persevered seeking Jesus, though the empty tomb baffled her. She sought Him dead and found Him living because she continued resolutely on in her search. What a burst of light and love when at last He said: "Mary!" and she answered "Rabboni (which is to say, Master)." (John, xx. 16). So we, if we are as persistent in seeking Him in gloom as in sunshine shall finally find Him. Jesus is for the most part disguised in one form or other because it is by faithful seeking that our love is tested by faith and strengthened by hope. Like Mary, we too shall seek Him dead and find Him living, indeed there is no other kind of seeking and finding Jesus. And it is from that kind of meeting that we receive our mission for leading others to Jesus: "Go, tell My disciples," He said to Mary.

This is true, also, of our Lord's seeking after us, for we are constantly avoiding and evading Him. Therefore does St. Augustine say: "If God sought me when I fled from Him, how can He fly from me when I seek Him?"

We have not touched upon the mysterious desolation of spirit experienced by the saints, which generates what is known as disinterested love of God. To love God hell or no hell, heaven or no heaven, let none of us venture on this perilous and heroic spirituality, nor so much as ask for such a trial. *Strictly* disinterested love is not compatible with truth, nor is it even in a modified form anything to be longed after. A certain class of souls experience it as a fiery visitation of the Holy Spirit, souls far above our own class.

Yet in a devout fancy we can profit by certain yearnings after God, mentally prescinding though not totally ignoring heaven or hell as motives of our love. Bishop Camus tells us that St. Francis de Sales was fond of quoting the following incident from Joinville's *Life of St. Louis*. A certain holy woman presented herself before one of the king's chaplains, bearing in one hand a lighted torch, and in the other a pitcher of water filled to the brim. "What are you going to do?" she was asked. And she answered: "With this torch I am going to burn up Paradise, and with this water I am going to put out the fire of hell, in order that henceforth God may be served with disinterested love." St. Francis then explained that such a love was so noble that it served God from no mercenary spirit; not from fear of punishment or hope of reward. He added that he wished that story to be told on all possible occasions (*Spirit of St. Francis de Sales*, p. 64).

TO THE SAVIOR.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

How blind, who say they cannot find Thee
In all the glorious world we see!
When all the golden gates of sunset
Through fields of roses lead to Thee!
When all the stars of Heaven mind Thee,
In order strung like chiming-bells,
And on his harp of golden lightning,
The thunder, Lord, Thy Glory tells!

How strange, who say they cannot know Thee,
When morning lifts the veil of mist,
And shows afar the shining city,
The towers and domes of amethyst !
When autumn, with his frosty fingers,
Pinches the maples rosy red ;
And with their hands aflame with jewels
The sumachs praise Thee overhead !

How cold, who say they cannot love Thee !
When like a bird of paradise
Dropping below his golden feathers
The sunshine of Thy Splendor flies !
When joy sits like an angel ringing
Good will to all, to all delight,
And like a thousand loving altars
The lighted cities flame at night !

O God ! when on their flutes of silver
The breezes of the morning play,
When summer like a loving maiden
Upon the rosebud-beads of May
Delights to praise, and give Thee glory,
Inspire our hearts with love of Thee,
That all our lives may show the splendor
Of ships that sail the sunset-sea !

Let morning at the open window,
An oriole, of Jesus sing :
Let all the lamps that shine in Heaven
And on their chains of silver swing,
Let all the rich and mighty music
That falls in golden notes of light,
To men proclaim the name of Jesus,
And glorify Him, God of Might !

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION ON STATE AID TO CHURCH SCHOOLS.

BY MICHAEL H. LUCEY, PH.D.



IN the early years of the last century, before the public school system of this state had been founded, the Catholic parish schools, in common with other church schools of New York City, received their proportionate share of the common school fund. In recognition of this aid the state reserved to itself certain rights in the supervision and in the administration of these schools. This condition of affairs came to an end in 1825, owing to irregularities in the disposition of the public funds by certain non-Catholic church schools.

The entire common school fund for New York City was then turned over to the schools of the Public School Society, a semi-public corporation, which retained its exclusive privileges until the bitter warfare waged against it by Archbishop Hughes. As a result of this controversy the present common school system of New York City was founded.

The Catholic parish schools did not, however, profit directly by this victory. It is true that a few years later certain individual schools received small appropriations from the state and from the city, but the entire amount did not exceed a few thousand dollars.

About this time efforts were being made at Poughkeepsie, at Troy, and at a few other places in the state, toward solving the vexed question on a rational basis. The pastors of the churches in the places mentioned turned their school buildings over to the Boards of Education in the respective towns. While the public officials, of course, were under no necessity of doing so, yet they invariably retained as teachers those who were already serving in the schools, and who possessed state licenses.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Constitutional Convention met at Albany in the summer of 1894. At this Convention there was no clear-cut demand for state support for parochial schools, hence we have not the expression of

opinion of members of the Convention on this proposition on its own merits. There were various reasons why this demand was not made. This was a time in which there was a bitter warfare being waged in church circles over the future method or means of imparting religious education to children. There were those high in authority who were opposed to any measure of state control, and who feared that state aid would inevitably lead to this. There were others who feared that a too rigid insistence on state aid for church schools would jeopardize the appropriation for the charitable institutions maintained by the churches.

But nevertheless, in the debate on the proposed educational article, much light was shed as to the views of the various members of the Convention on the need of religious training as a part of a well-rounded education, the means of giving this training, and the relation of the state to the schools giving it.

On August 31, the Convention having resolved itself into a committee of the whole, proceeded to a consideration of Article 9, relating to free common schools. Section 4, as reported by the committee on education, was as follows:

"Neither the state nor any sub-division thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used directly or indirectly in aid or maintenance other than for examination or inspection of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.

This section shall not apply to schools in institutions subject to the visitation and inspection of the State Board of Charities.

The committee on education, in its report, stated that the first sentence of the above article needed no explanation or defence, and then proceeded to give both. It stated that in the opinion of the committee there was no demand from the people of the state upon the Convention so unmistakable, widespread and urgent, none, moreover, so well grounded in right and reason, as that the public school system of the state should forever be protected by constitutional safeguards from all sectarian influence or interference, and that public money

should not be used directly or indirectly to propagate denominational tenets or doctrines. The arguments in favor of the proposed provision were, in the opinion of the committee, conclusive, and the objection that it would result in making the schools "godless," or that it would imply on the part of the people enacting it, hostility or even indifference to religion seemed, to the committee, to be both groundless and absurd. On the contrary, the committee held that by adopting the proposed section the Convention would most effectively aid in all that is highest and best in religion; for by establishing the principle that state education must necessarily be secular in its character, the field was left open beyond question or misunderstanding for religious teaching in the family, the Sunday-School, and the Church.

There was much opposition to the proposed section from two quarters. There were those who opposed it on account of what they conceived to be its unwarranted attack on religion; and on the other hand there were those who believed that the elimination of religious teaching from the schools had not gone far enough, and who were, therefore, strenuously opposed to the part exempting schools in charitable institutions from the general ban.

This latter party, under the able leadership of Messrs. Choate and Root, opened fire as soon as the report was presented. Mr. Choate moved that the sentence reading, "This section shall not apply to schools in institutions subject to the visitation and inspection of the State Board of Charities," be stricken out, upon the ground that it was a violation of an implied understanding agreed upon before the meeting of the Convention when the discussion took place at public hearing; that it defied the universal public sentiment of the state as it had been expressed in all quarters, and finally that it was a flagrant derogation of a sound and universal principle, that none but public schools should receive the support of public moneys, and that the people of the state, or any section of the state should not be taxed for the support of education of a sectarian nature in any schools whatever.

Mr. Peck, speaking for the majority of the committee, and against Mr. Choate, referred feelingly to the needs of the wards of the state—the children of the poor, dependent orphans, the deaf, the dumb, the blind. As for the matter of excluding religious

education, for his part he would rather have a child taught to venerate the Great Spirit of the American Indian than have it taught no religion at all. He did not want the homes of the dependent children of the state to furnish the breeding places of the anarchists and socialists of the future.

Mr. Lauterbach was also strongly in favor of granting funds to asylums, and like charitable institutions for school purposes, and moved as an amendment "This section shall not apply to orphan asylums or correctional institutions in which education is incidental only." He pointed out that according to a state law dependent children should, so far as possible, be put under the guardianship of those families or institutions whose religion was the same as that of their parents. The state, therefore, recognized the fact that every child who became its ward should receive religious education.

Many of the opponents of Mr. Lauterbach declared themselves as not opposed to the principle advocated by him, but believed that provision should be made for it in the Charities Article. They held that the common school fund should be sacredly guarded from any denominational invasion. Their platform was, as one member put it, "to appropriate, not millions of dollars, not thousands of dollars, but not one single cent for the purpose of a sectarian school."

Mr. Root, in closing the debate said that he, in common with many of his fellow-delegates, came to the Convention expecting to vote to prohibit all state aid to any sectarian institution, whether educational or charitable. He regretted that he found the impression gaining ground that the attempt to prohibit such aid to sectarian charitable institutions had better be abandoned. He, for one, believed in that great principle—separation of church and state: "It is not a question of religion, it is not a question of creed, or of party; it is a question of declaring and maintaining the great American principle of eternal separation of church and state."

On being put to vote Mr. Choate's motion to strike out was carried, and Mr. Lauterbach's substitute which, in the meantime had been amended to read: "This section shall not prohibit secular instruction to the inmates of any orphan asylum or of any institution to which children may be committed by judicial process, in which education is incidental only," was defeated by a vote of 55 to 51.

While this successful attack, under the leadership of Mr. Choate, was being conducted on the second clause of Section 4, Mr. Cassidy led an equally vigorous attack against the first section, for which he moved the following substitute: "Neither the state nor any sub-division thereof shall use its property or credit, or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination and inspection of any institution of learning not wholly owned and controlled by the state or a sub-division thereof."

Mr. Cassidy, in support of his substitute, said that he was opposed to the original form because it was unconstitutional, that is, opposed to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States; it was a surrender to bigotry and fanaticism, and at war with the generally accepted doctrine of church and state. It merely sought to outlaw some of the agencies of the state because of their religious character. The principle involved in the separation of the church and state, is that the state, of right, exists merely for civil ends, that it should have nothing whatever to do with religion. The principle contended for was that as the state should not make a grant to a school simply because it is a religious school, so it should not refuse a grant on that ground. The state ought never to consent to run with bloodthirsty dogs, eager to chase down their religious prey.

Mr. Cassidy went on to declare that a Church, though primarily a religious body, is also a civil body, that the State may make grants to it for civil reasons the same as to a peculiarly secular organization; that when a church school renders the state a secular service by giving secular instruction, it may receive grants from the regents funds just the same as any purely secular school. He, however, disavowed any intention of seeking public money for parochial schools.

Mr. McDonough ably seconded the efforts of Mr. Cassidy. Said he: "Why, if you said that there should be no state aid in any schools in which socialism is encouraged, or in any school in which nihilism is encouraged, or in any school in which anarchy is encouraged, and you embodied that in a proposed amendment to the Constitution, and went to the people with it, every one would say that your work amounted to a condemnation of anarchy, of nihilism, of socialism. What do you do now? You go to the people and say: 'Not a dollar

of aid to any school in which religion is taught.' That is a condemnation of religion."

Mr. Gilbert opposed Mr. Cassidy's amendment on the ground that it was not within the province of the state to extend any of its money to the promotion of whatever is peculiar to any sect or denomination. But by excluding the teaching of denominational tenets he contended that religion was by no means excluded. When all the doctrines peculiar to each sect or denomination were swept away there still remained the great truths of religion—belief in God, belief in responsibility to Him, belief in the brotherhood of man, and the reciprocal duties of men. All these might be taught—the schools would not then be "godless," and no room would be left for anarchy.

The debate being finished, Mr. Cassidy moved that the committee of the whole rise, report his amendment formally, and recommend its passage. This motion was carried, the vote being 68 to 59.

This victory was short lived, however. Mr. Root immediately moved that the Convention disagree with the report of the committee of the whole, and recommit the report to the committee with instructions to report the amendment as originally given, with the exception of the sentence referring to schools in charitable institutions, which had already been stricken out. Mr. Cassidy objected to this on the ground that the matter had just been settled. He was overruled, however, and the Convention accepted Mr. Root's motion by the vote of 71 to 68, and the section was advanced to its third reading.

Its opponents now made a final but a fruitless stand. Mr. McKinstry opposed the educational amendment, saying that he was not one who considered the gravest danger menacing this nation, the union of church and state. He had heard some complaints that some local authorities had seen fit to employ Sisters of Charity to teach in a primary department, but this aroused no fear in him. Even if they should intimate to some ragged little boy that there is a life beyond, that there is a higher responsibility than forced obedience to some human teacher, that there are other faculties to be cultivated than those which master arithmetic and spelling, still the condition would not be alarming.

Mr. Cassidy likewise opposed, saying that the proposed

article did not shut out the state from using its money for private schools that were not denominational. It might support a Masonic Academy, for instance, or a Redmen's Academy. Inasmuch, however, as it was the evident intention of the Convention to exclude all possibility of religious education from the schools, then they ought to make their position emphatic. To this end he introduced an amendment which, with other amendments made was voted down, and the Convention adopted the entire educational article, Section 4, which at present forms part of the fundamental law of the state, reading as follows:

Neither the state nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used directly or indirectly in aid or maintenance other than for examination or inspection of any school or institution of learning, wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.

The effect of this section was to put an end to all the compromises by which public officials and parish school authorities in several parts of the state were attempting to settle the vexed school question. The State Superintendent of Education, in the matter of the employment of the Sisters of Charity, ruled that the wearing of an unusual garb, worn exclusively by members of one religious sect, and for the purpose of indicating membership in that sect, by the teachers in the public schools, constitutes a sectarian influence which ought not to be persisted in.

In the well-known "Lima" case the authority thus exercised by the Superintendent of Public Instruction was held by the Court of Appeals to be a reasonable and valid exercise of the power conferred upon him. This was so, the Court ruled, not because the wearers of such apparel should be excluded from teaching in our public schools on account of their religious connections or membership in religious orders, since if otherwise qualified, and by their acts as teachers they do not promote any denominational doctrine or tenet, there is no reason morally why they should be disqualified, but because the influence of such apparel is distinctly sectarian, even if the wearing of it does not amount to the teaching of denominational doctrine.

A MASTER OF LANGUAGE.

BY EDWARD F. CURRAN.



COUPLE of years ago I came across a short story by Joseph Conrad, and as I read, the thought came flashing up that at last I had found a writer after my own heart; one who could produce pure idiomatic language as well as construct a good story. Up to then I had thought that I knew all the writers of English who were considered to be worthy of any consideration, and I innocently pictured to myself the future of Mr. Conrad; what he could and probably would do. I felt no slight discomfiture when I discovered somewhat later on that he had already done some remarkable work; that already under his name in the scant details of a literary guide there were some eight volumes credited to him. But I felt some consolation for my ignorance when at a future day the bookseller to whom I gave the order for these volumes had also apparently never heard of the author, and again, when I turned to the *Catholic Who's Who* for 1908 and could not find his name; an omission, however, that was supplied last year. But all this only goes to show what the quiet in-obtrusiveness of those whose work stands on the highest plane is in comparison to the noisy bids for popularity and publicity of the lower grades of authorship.

To any serious student of English literature acquainted with those writers who are extolled by the commonality of critics and reviewers the writings of Mr. Conrad will be a revelation. There is on every page an indefinable air of distinction. Nothing is commonplace, nothing cheap, nothing that savors of the vulgar. And yet Mr. Conrad treats in his best work of the sea, of the grossest specimens of seamen, of brutes, bullies, cowards, of men who, in his own words, believe in a hereafter solely for the purposes of blasphemy. We see all this, but we see at the same time an infusion of that feeling of the ties of kinship, that milk of human kindness, that sympathizing, tender compassion which lies hidden away in the hearts of all men, and only occasionally breaks forth in the most unforeseen circumstances, and then under the strongest forms.

Mr. Conrad paints with the sure touch of a capable artist. He makes use of all schools, but belongs to none. He is the founder of his own school. And his disciples must work hard indeed to come within even many degrees of obtaining the mastership that he possesses. It is not too much to say that he stands head and shoulders over all the writers of fiction of the present generation.

Having spent a large portion of his life on the sea, he naturally writes of it, and when he does he is supreme; no writer known to me can handle a nautical story like Mr. Conrad; no one can put the same life into it. Take up *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* and page after page of the most perfect kind of sea painting meets the eye. Some of us were taught in youth that the account of the wreck by Dickens in *David Copperfield* was one of the finest descriptions of a storm on the sea. For those who visit the seashore during the summer months and watch the ocean gently lapping the sands this description may appear wonderful; but to any person living near the ocean, and knowing all its many changeful moods, the essay of Dickens is as tame as any theatrical stage storm; we hear the wind-cloth shrieking over the cogs in the wings, and the peas rattling in the rain-box, and our eye is caught by the painted sea-cloth with a toy ship undulating at the back of the stage, and all that is wanting to make the perfect puny stage storm is the flashing of lycopodium and the shaking of sheet iron. The whole thing—so far as the sea is concerned—is unreal and theatrical. But now if we turn to the storm depicted in *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* covering some sixty pages, we can live in a veritable storm. We can watch the monster seas hurling themselves on the ship; we can feel ourselves pitched in the waterways, and grappling with the desperation of drowning men anything that our chilled hands can seize; we can bear without flinching the kicks of our companions who are flung headlong over us as we hang on for life; their heels are in our backs, our feet are on the face of somebody else. We are on board, are carried by a creature made by man—a struggling wooden animal spoken to and of by our captain as some mighty, incomprehensible, powerful being who must be humored, who must be coaxed to battle for life, and not to give up the fight. The elements of air and water have met to fight with each other, and both combine to crush out of existence man and his crea-

tions that may dare to poke themselves into the fray. There is that seemingly eternal darkness of an eternal night, with the grim captain, like the spectre pilot of another age, in command, and the weather-beaten sailor clinging to the wheel; two weird uncanny figures fighting in stolid silence, the uproarious, anarchical sea and wind, whose apparent desire is to destroy all in their path, and then view later on in subsequent calm the useless wreckage of their outrageous, insensate anger.

And if you get inoculated with a passion for the sea; if its salt gets into your blood, and its roar is the music of all music to your ears, and its rhythmic swell and heaving billows dim your eye with mesmeric effect, and you desire to rush and go down with men in ships, you can revel in Mr. Conrad's work. For hours you can cruise with him in fair winds, you can lie becalmed in the deadliest of tropical heats; you can feel under you a trembling ship battling through a typhoon. In a short work called after this wind we get another marvellous description of a storm. It is the story of the *Nan-Shan* fighting her way with her north-of-Ireland captain standing to his post in the midst of disaster, and maintaining, under the most exceptional circumstances, discipline and order. This story and *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* show that only a sailor like Mr. Conrad could write of the effective manner used by ships' officers to command and subdue men. In *Typhoon*, the work effected by the extraordinary orders of Captain MacWhirr occupies pages of uncommonly exciting reading. In *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* after a terrific fight for life lasting over a day during which there was no food to be had, we come upon the fierce attitude of the sailors; the ship has just been got out of the worst part of the storm, but she must be worked to be saved, and the orders of the captain to Mr. Baker are, "Don't give the men time to feel themselves." All are beaten out with the cruel usage of the storm, but

Mr. Baker, feeling very weak, tottered here and there, grunting and inflexible, like a man of iron. He waylaid those who, coming from aloft, stood gasping for breath. He ordered them, encouraged, scolded. "Now, then—to the maintopsail, now! Tally on to that gantline. Don't stand about there!" "Is there no rest for us?" muttered voices. He spun round fiercely, with a sinking heart. "No! No rest till the work is done. Work till you drop. That's what

you're here for," A bowed seamen at his elbow gave a short laugh. "Do or die," he croaked bitterly, then spat into his broad palms, swung up his long arms, and grasping the rope high above his head sent out a mournful, wailing cry for all to pull together.

And, in another place, Donkin rises out of the scuffle with Mr. Baker minus a tooth, to the great delight of any appreciative reader who follows carefully the vagaries of the Cockney cad.

There is only one saint amongst Mr. Conrad's sailors, and he is a manifest sham; the halo of quiet humor with which he is surrounded by the author makes him just bearable. The others are very far indeed from the narrow and difficult path, if strong, vivid, picturesque language be recognized as that associated with the wide and easy road. In danger as well as in security, in storm as in calm, even with death staring them in the face, these men fire off volleys of scarlet adjectives; and the officers are their superior in this as in other things, with the inevitable result that efficacious work is performed. It can be said to Mr. Conrad's credit that he is wholly free from anything approaching feminine prudery. He does not attempt to create a new place of eternal punishment in the next world and call it h—l; he is sufficiently reactionary to accept the teaching of centuries as regards the reality of an abode called Hell, and does not hesitate to write it so; neither is he afraid of being guilty of *lèse majesté* by avoiding the mundanely polite and non-committal d——l, and by daring to call the hob black. In these and some other small points he scouts convention; that sham convention which tries to hide the existence of another life under a series of letters and dashes, and yet blazons out in big type the filth of this one. But be it noted, that he is a Catholic (apparently a good one, if one may judge from his novels), and no word that can sully the purest ear is ever breathed in his sea stories. In one society story he handles a modern theme that perhaps would have been better never touched, but even there, though the subject is common enough in real life, and objectionable, he does not offend.

Over some of his novels there is a grim fatality, but it comes out more prominently in his shorter stories. As the scenes are laid for the most part in the Malay Archipelago and in East Africa this peculiar characteristic assumes magnetic qualities and attracts us bodily to these far-off lands. Mystery and awe surround us; the strange terrors associated with a strange

land and an uncivilized people beget in us a longing to visit such quaint corners of the earth. Mr. Conrad does not picture a people possessed of supernatural abilities and dwelling in resplendent palaces, as a very much self-advertized author does when laying a scene in Africa. He draws what he has seen, and he possesses that ability to make us see as he has seen, a real, living, barbarous people. His king squats over a few bamboos, with the walls of his hut half rotten, and the effluvia of offal rising from beneath the floor. Sane realism predominates in his books.

In analysis of character few writers can equal him, and perhaps only Meredith excels him. Mr. Conrad's work in this particular sphere is little short of the marvellous. For the past decade we have been surfeited by criticism in the press on the psychological methods of this and that author. When we come to examine this much vaunted work we find that this so-called psychology consists in nothing more than the wildest and most impossible dreams of the motives urging on the characters to perform some act around which the plot may turn. With Mr. Conrad there is none of that nonsense. He develops fully and minutely, and this perhaps more than anything else will deprive him of that class of readers who skip everything except conversation. One word uttered by a character provides him with material for pages of delicate analysis wrapped up in the perfection of language. He tosses his characters up and down, sympathizes with them for the rough treatment, feels as they feel, dwells in their brain, wanders with them in their imagination, lives with them and in them, becomes part and parcel of their existence, and then exposes their virtues and their vices to us; yet all the time there is no Conrad in evidence; all we can see is a weak Almayer, a braggart Nostromo, a wandering, changeful, moody Jim, a blind Captain Whalley, sacrificing all for love of a child, a decivilized Kurtz, a cowardly, brutal Donkin; these live for us as we read. Pages and pages of characterization are to be met with in his works, but no person dare skip a word. Every word is required; every word has its value; every word fits into its context with the precision of the constituent parts of a finely devised mosaic.

Besides that, we must be on our guard to follow the story. Mr. Conrad takes us by the hand and leads us into a beautiful avenue, seemingly endless, decorated with all the perfection that art can create, but just as we are beginning to appreciate

our walk, we find ourselves in a side alley amidst squalor. We cannot determine exactly how we came there, nor can we discover how we shall regain a glimpse of the beauty so suddenly lost. Then before we can experience any method of transit we are out in the sunlight again; and if we look back along the avenue we cannot see either entrance or exit. How deftly Mr. Conrad takes us from place to place; introduces, takes away permanently, or hides temporarily a character; can only be understood by those who read him. He must certainly cause a mild degree of madness in those gentry who have set themselves upon rostra to teach story-writing by the rule of three for he mercilessly breaks all their smug laws, and is a living contradiction of their theories for success in literature.

At first sight Mr. Conrad's style would seem to lend itself easily to imitation, and to offer no difficulty to the plagiarist. But on closer acquaintance he becomes as elusive as Newman. His vocabulary is extensive, his choice of words full of care, his periods perfectly balanced. No analysis will make him yield up the secret of his power. His sentences may be picked to pieces, but the delicacy of their balance will hide itself from profane eyes; his paragraphs may be shaken asunder, still we do not discover what gives them such perfect contour. There you have your master craftsmanship in all its finality making us admire and wonder how everything comes out so admirably.

It would be difficult to select one of Mr. Conrad's works, and style it his best, for, where so much is good, trouble is experienced in making a preference. But in all probability *Lord Jim* will stand foremost as a great work in its own line—an excellent study in characterization. In it is told the story of a sailor—a mate—branded with the mark of Ishmael. A wanderer; but one moving and flying onwards solely from the workings of his own imagination. One fearful of hearing the history of his own frailty, the one act that brought disgrace—his leap from the bridge of his damaged steamer when he should have stood by her. A man forced to a certain mode of life because of the vague, shadowy ideals found only in the phantoms of his inordinate egoism. Just the mention of the steamer's name in his hearing is enough to make him gather his belongings and betake himself off in hiding. The manner in which Mr. Conrad treats of the central incident in the book—Jim's jump from the ship's bridge into the boat—is altogether out of the beaten paths in constructive literature. At every

sentence we expect the outcome of the event, but like a will-o'-the-wisp it eludes us. From that onwards we follow Jim's career, sometimes with bated breath, until after seeing him as Lord Jim of a strange people, and shivering at his weakness and want of stability we come to the end which is dramatic in the extreme. If Mr. Conrad had done nothing else than create Lord Jim that much would be sufficient to make his name live in the history of English literature.

But fortunately for the lovers of that literature his name and fame does not rest on *Lord Jim* only. It is very doubtful if that book will not have companion volumes in *Nostromo*, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* and *Almayer's Folly*. Personally I do not care for *Nostromo*, but that dislike is merely subjective; still I imagine that other readers of it will suffer a like sense of antipathy, or, perhaps, I should say of disappointment. There is no strong central *motif* in the book; there are too many actors with equal prominence, and the one giving the title to the book is a nonentity. Nearly every person who speaks in its pages is lauding the value, power, and great natural traits of Nostromo, but when he himself comes on the scene, and we are permitted to draw our own conclusions we find it hard to make out anything great about the man; on the contrary we feel that we have to exercise patience in a heroic degree and bear with a supine, blustering braggart, a fellow full of the basest and most repulsive forms of vanity. This is just what Mr. Conrad evidently wanted to show and impress upon his readers. In *Nostromo* we have a splendid example of the empty reputation of the ignorant though popular anti-clerical leader; the man who amidst universal corruption was considered incorruptible, but who yields to temptation and becomes a thief. The blooming forth of that Central and South American hardy annual, Revolution, is delightfully done, and one cannot rise from the story without feeling a strong desire to punch the heads of some of its actors. If what the author writes be true, a few good missions would not do Catholicity much harm in the regions south of the United States.

When I come to mention *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* my heart warms, for of all Mr. Conrad's books, it is my favorite. Its realism is its perfection. Life on the *Narcissus* is no make-belief drawn from the imagination of one who knows next to nothing about the sea; it is a plain (varnished if you will)

tale of a voyage told by one who knows what he is talking about. His limning of Singleton, the weather-beaten seaman "who boasted with the mild composure of long years well spent, that generally from the day he was paid off from one ship till the day he shipped in another he seldom was in a condition to distinguish daylight," is as accurate as the most critical could desire. It is this poor bibulous old salt that afterwards takes the *Narcissus* through the storm, standing for over thirty hours at the wheel, and then falling senseless when all danger was past and the ship was safe. He is only a sample; all the other hands on board, Belfast, Donkin, Archie, are most skillfully drawn; and the Nigger, no! about him not a word; I will not lift the veil, for it would spoil the pleasure of prospective readers. All I may say is that his character will prove a fairly good enigma to the shrewdest of readers. The book is one continuous source of delight to anybody knowing and loving the sea. Its closing paragraph will give an idea of Mr. Conrad's style:

A gone shipmate, like any other man, is gone forever; and I never saw one of them *i. e.* the crew of the *Narcissus* again. But at times the spring-flood of memory sets with force up the dark River of the Nine Bends. Then on the waters of the forlorn stream drifts a ship—a shadowy ship manned by a crew of Shades. They pass and make a sign in a shadowy hail. Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Good-by, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy fore-sail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale.

An entirely different setting is given in *Almayer's Folly*. Here we are led to the Malay Archipelago, and shown life there by one who knew it at first hand. There is a strange, weird atmosphere hovering over every page of this story which tells of the life of a Dutchman who had married a Malay girl. There had been an attempt made to reclaim this girl from paganism, and she received the faintest trace of Catholic teaching from some nuns, but nothing could squeeze out the old leaven, and she returned with her heart full of hatred for white humanity, retaining but one relic of Christianity, a small brass crucifix which she regarded as an amulet. The whole book is pathetic. Almayer's weak character—Mr. Conrad has a bent for unstable humanity—is a revelation; no literary work

could be done better. Throughout the book Almayer's frailty is obtruding itself, and as an offset we have the determined conduct of the wife and daughter, the latter a flower of Protestant teaching and a hater of whites: "I hate the sight of your white faces. I hate the sound of your gentle voices." This girl Nina, and her Malay lover supply all the amorous and romantic portions of the story; and, perhaps, it is better to say in passing that one of these scenes may be thought by some parents too ardent for young persons to read. Another scene describing Almayer awakening out of a drunken slumber, "returning, through the land of dreams, to waking consciousness," will claim close attention. The short, clippy, nervous sentences, followed by a few made up of long, smooth-sounding words produce a splendid effect. And then on awakening follow a succession of hysterical queries by which Almayer is trying to find out where he is and what has happened. This scene anticipates the end of poor Almayer.

I should imagine that *The Secret Agent* will eclipse the others in popularity. But, to my mind, it lacks the great strength of the books already mentioned. There is not in it that air of unity and solidarity which one expects from Mr. Conrad. Nevertheless it contains excellent writing and skilful work, particularly in the latter portion when Mrs. Veloc becomes the chief actor. In one chapter there is a description of a cab-horse that will cause those who know the by-ways of London to rub their hands in delight. It is too good not to quote.

The conveyance awaiting them would have illustrated the proverb that "truth can be more cruel than caricature," if such a proverb existed. Crawling behind an infirm horse, a metropolitan hackney carriage drew up on wobbly wheels and with a maimed driver on the box. . . . Stevie was staring at the horse, whose hind quarters appeared unduly elevated by the effect of emaciation. The little stiff tail seemed to have been fitted in for a heartless joke; and at the other end the thin, flat neck, like a plank covered with old horse-hide, drooped to the ground under the weight of an enormous bony head. The ears hung at different angles, negligently; and the *macabre* figure of that mute dweller on the earth steamed straight up from ribs and backbone in the muggy stillness of the air.

Who is it that hasn't seen such another worn-out cab-horse with its ancient "growler"?

It is not easy to classify Mr. Conrad's shorter stories which are too short for individual publication in book form, and too long to be termed—in the strict sense—short stories; but as there is a diversity of opinion as to what constitutes a short story the term will not be considered inappropriate here. Mr. Conrad's shorter works are contained in four volumes, and while we feel that he is not seen to the best of advantage in these, it must be readily declared that none are ill done. The story to which I referred in my opening sentence, *An Outpost of Progress*, is, or was, in Mr. Conrad's own estimation his best story. I prefer *The Brute*, a delightful story of a ship that is continually causing trouble, as an evener and better balanced piece of work; whilst *The Lagoon*, if its brevity be taken into consideration, is better than either. These three are all good; but, would that Mr. Conrad had never written *The Return*; it is unworthy of him. In the same volume containing this latter there is a masterpiece of sarcasm entitled *The Duel*, the best caricature of French duelling that I have met; the absurdities of the stupid custom are clearly and rather humorously demonstrated.

After reading these we shall have a faint idea of Mr. Conrad's method of handling short fiction. It is evidently acceptable to a large reading public, for three of the volumes have gone into a third edition, and the remaining one into a second. Indeed it is consoling to any person anxious for the welfare of fiction to see how successful Mr. Conrad has been. Nearly all his works have gone into second editions, and several into a third, whilst *Lord Jim*, the most difficult to read, has reached a fourth. This spells success. It means that Mr. Conrad's work will live. Not that similar success does always carry such a meaning; but there is absolutely nothing of the catch-penny order about anything Mr. Conrad has written. His work appeals to cultured readers rather than to delvers of erotic fiction. It is too heavy, too solid for the young, and I fear that even a large section of young men and women will scarcely appreciate its value at sight. Some degree of maturity, and a moderately wide knowledge of works of imagination are necessary to assay the richness of Mr. Conrad's books, for that reason when he does not gloss over a situation he will not be misunderstood by those for whom he writes. The more closely he is compared with contemporaries the more clearly will be seen his literary power and superiority.

HOW IRELAND KEPT THE FAITH.

BY H. P. RUSSELL.



THE writer of this article was once asked whether he had visited the south of Ireland, and, having replied in the negative, was told that in that case he did not know what a Catholic country was like. On another occasion, whilst on a visit to an ancient *schloss* in Saxony, his host, a Catholic Count, drew him into conversation on the subject of English misrule in Ireland. "The English are of a different race and a different religion," observed the Count by way of explaining England's failure; and it became quickly apparent that, though a "foreigner," he knew a great deal more about England's treatment of Ireland than the vast majority of Englishmen do.

"The Irish are a Celtic people," observes a writer in a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review*. "The whole of their country has been confiscated three times over for the benefit of an alien race. The Irish are a Catholic people. From the accession of Elizabeth till towards the close of the eighteenth century the endeavor of England has been to force Protestantism, upon them by every manner of tyranny, their sacred edifices and religious endowments being conferred upon an alien Church. And under the Tudors began the commercial invasion of Ireland."

The union of the two countries is historically traceable, indeed, to the initiative of the Holy See; "not once or twice only has the Holy See recognized in Ireland a territory of the English Crown. Adrian IV. indeed, the first Pope who countenanced the invasion of Henry II. was an Englishman; but not on his bull did Henry rely for the justification of his proceedings. He did not publish it in Ireland till he had received a confirmatory brief from Alexander III. Nor was Alexander the only Pope who distinctly recognized it; John XXII., a hundred and sixty years afterwards, refers to it in his brief addressed to Edward II." The Irish in the twelfth century were "lapsing back to barbarism," and "it was surely incum-

bent on the power which had converted them to interpose." The *object* of the Holy See in annexing Ireland to the English Crown was "a *religious* one," while "the circumstantial evils in which it had no real part were *temporal*;" and it is remarkable that the Holy See "is in no respect made chargeable by the Irish people with the evils that resulted to them" from the union.

Doubtless, their good sense understands well that, whatever be decided about the expedience of the act of annexation itself, its serious evils did not begin until the English monarchy was false to the Pope as well as to Ireland. Up to that date the settlers in the conquered soil became so attached and united to it and its people, that, according to the proverb, they were *Hibernis hiberniores*. It is Protestantism which has been the tyrannical oppressor of the Irish; and we suppose that Protestantism neither asked nor needed letters apostolic or consecrated banner to encourage it in the war it waged against Irish Catholicism.*

And as England's misrule of Ireland is due for the most part to her lapse from the faith, so not until she becomes Catholic again can we hope for "a good understanding between two nations so contradictory the one of the other—the one an old immemorial race, the other the composite of a hundred stocks; the one possessed of an antique civilization, the other civilized by Christianity; the one glorying in its schools and its philosophy, the other in its works and institutions; the one subtle, acute, speculative, the other wise, patient, energetic; the one admiring and requiring the strong arm of despotic rule, the other spontaneously developing itself in methods of self-government and of individual competition." Naught but the one faith which has the power to unite nations and races most various, the world over, in unity of religion, justice and charity, can serve as a bond of union between England and Ireland. Matthew Arnold says:

What they (the Irish) have had to suffer from us in past time, all the world knows. And now, when we profess to practice "a good and genial policy of conciliation" towards them, they are really governed by us in deference to the opinion and sentiment of the British middle class, and of the strongest part of this class, the Puritan community. . . .

* Newman's *Hist. Sketches*; Vol. III., p. 257. Cf. Newman's *Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland*.

Our Puritan middle class presents a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners. And yet it is in deference to the opinion and sentiment of such a class that we shape our policy towards Ireland. And we wonder at Ireland's antipathy to us!*

In truth, amends are due from England to Ireland—a reconciliation is needed before an attempt at "conciliation" can succeed; and it would appear that with the loss of the faith England has lost the power to effect anything of the kind. The better to realize this it may be well briefly to review the story of Ireland's struggle.

The Irish are "an old immemorial race, possessed of an antique civilization." Their conversion to Christianity as a nation was due, indeed, to St. Patrick, who, commissioned by the Pope, landed in their country in 432, and attended the assembly of their kings and chieftains on the hill of Tara in that same year. But an active commercial intercourse already existed between the Irish and the Christians of Gaul, the ports of Ireland being frequented more than those of Britain by foreign merchants; and, in their predatory descents upon the coasts of Gaul, the Irish had carried hence many Christian captives home. Thus was the faith brought into Ireland and nourished there; and, accordingly, we learn from Prosper's *Chronicle* that Pope Celestine, being informed that many Christian communities existed in the country, consecrated and sent to them Palladius, St. Patrick's immediate forerunner; and St. Columbanus, Ireland's great missionary of the following century, writes to Pope Boniface: "the Catholic faith is held unshaken by us as it was delivered to us by you, the successor of the holy Apostles." That Ireland, moreover, merited her title "the Isle of Saints" we have, amongst other testimonies, the testimony of a *Catalogue of Irish Saints*, of about the end of the seventh century—found and published by the protestant Usher—in which some seven hundred and fifty bishops and priests, from St. Patrick's time until towards the close of that century, are recorded as having merited the saintly title. Of these, many in the latter half of the sixth century were probably abbots and monks, since Ireland at this time was likewise famed for her monasteries.

* *Mixed Essays.*

Another Protestant, the historian Mosheim, assures us that the Irish of those early times also "cultivated and amassed learning beyond the other nations of Europe," that "they traveled over various countries of Europe, for the purpose of learning, but still more for that of teaching," and in the eighth and ninth centuries "were to be met with everywhere in France, Germany and Italy, discharging the functions of teachers with applause;" that "Irishmen were also the first who taught scholastic theology in Europe," and so early as the eighth century "applied philosophy to the explanation of the Christian religion," holding "the first rank among school teachers."* Ireland in truth, from the time of her conversion to the faith was everywhere famed for her learning; her literature, composed partly in the vernacular and partly in Latin, but for the most part in Gaelic, flourished very abundantly, and, despite the terrible vicissitudes through which she has passed century after century, still in large measure survives. The early historian, Venerable Bede, bears witness also to the general belief in the excellence of her schools, in which the interpretation of Holy Scripture received such special attention that, as an instance, in the middle of the seventh century Agilbert, a French bishop, resided a long time in Ireland "for the sake of reading the Scriptures;" while, as illustrating the proverbial hospitality of the Irish, a few years later, Northumbrian Thanes who visited their country for the like purpose, going from place to place to attend the cells of masters, were everywhere provided by the generous natives with "their daily food free of cost, books also to read, and gratuitous teaching."†

Of Ireland's missionary zeal suffice it to say that, commencing with a small island off the coast of Mull as a basis, it extended into Scotland, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy. St. Columbanus in 563, founded the monastery of Iona with a view principally to the conversion of the Picts of the north of Scotland. From thence Aidan, at the invitation of King Oswald, went into Northumbria and founded, in 633, a monastery in the island of Lindisfarne, of which he became the first bishop, and to him and his successors was in large measure due the conversion of the northern English; St. Fursey assisted Felix the Burgundian in the conversion of East

* *Ecc. Hist.* Vol. I. p: 506, n.

† *Hist. Ecc.* III. 7, 26, 27:

Anglia; Maidulf founded the great convent of Malmesbury in Wessex. In France, Fridolin restored the religion of Poitiers, and recovered the relics of St. Hilary; St. Fiacre settled in Paris; St. Fursey, again, founded a monastery at Lagny, and St. Columbanus the monastery of Luxeuil in Burgundy. In Germany, Fridolin, again, the hero of many a tender *Volksleid* and wild legend, was probably the first apostle of the Alemanni in Baden and Suabia. In Switzerland, the town and canton of St. Gall preserve the name of an Irish anchorite who in the seventh century dwelt in a forest south of the lake of Constance and, like St. John the Baptist, by retiring from the world drew the world out to him. In Italy, Bobbio was the last foundation and resting-place of St. Columbanus. And, while a great number of Irish monks inhabited the various monasteries of the Continent, others possessed monasteries of their own in several countries, these being especially numerous in Germany where they were erected by the people of that nation in gratitude for the great work wrought by the Irish monks in the process of their conversion. These Irish monasteries in Germany served also as schools for the German youth, as well as hospices for Irish pilgrims journeying to Rome.

"And thus Erin became the *Island of Saints*, the home and refuge of learning and holiness, and the nursery whence missionaries went forth to carry the light of faith to the nations of the European continent. Her seats of learning, her monasteries and nunneries, and her charitable institutions were unsurpassed, either in number or excellence, by those of any nation of the world. Her children preserved the faith of Christ as pure and entire as it came from the lips of her apostle; heresy and schism were unknown to them; and loyalty to the successor of St. Peter was one of their most distinguishing characteristics."*

The missionary zeal of the Irish after the closing years of the eighth century was in a measure occasioned by the Danish invasion of their country, when, for the first time, Ireland's churches were desecrated, her monasteries and libraries destroyed, and her priests, monks and poets massacred. The invaders, however, from time to time heavily defeated, failed to subject the island to their rule, and by degrees became Chris-

* Alsog's *Univ. Ch. Hist.* Vol. II. p. 43.

tians, intermarried with the Irish, and adopted their language. But, unhappily, the invasion "cooled down the fervid devotion of the native chiefs," and "distracted and broke up the long-established reciprocity of good offices between the Church and State, as well as the central executive controlling power of the nation," and "the chief and the noble began to feel that the lands which he himself or his ancestors had offered to the Church, might now, with little impropriety, be taken back by him, to be applied to his own purposes, quieting his conscience by the necessity of the case."* Dublin became a Danish town; and shortly before the middle of the eleventh century, the Danes of Ireland, being by now nearly all of them Christians, obtained a bishop of their own with Dublin for his see. The first to occupy this see was Donatus, the next was Patrick, who although an Irishman, was, in 441, consecrated in England by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom, as well as to his successors, he promised canonical obedience. Since no other Irish see was ever suffragan to an English one, it is probable that the Danes of Dublin sought this alliance on account of their relationship by reason of a common descent with the Normans, who were then dominant in England.

So greatly did religion suffer in the following century from the wars of the Irish kings and chieftains among themselves, and the moral disorder and disregard of the ecclesiastical discipline so widely prevalent, that the Popes, aided by the Irish hierarchy, were compelled to institute reforms by means of legates and admonitory letters.

Ireland was invaded by Anglo-Norman Knights in 1172. The districts occupied by the invaders were designated the "English Pale," and were confined to a strip of country on the east coast, its boundaries varying with the fortunes of the English arms. From the inhabitants of the Pale were selected the members of the so-called Irish parliament. Throughout the rest of Ireland the native princes continued to rule, often, however, recognizing an over-lordship in the English kings, subordinate to the Papacy.† Anglo-Norman proprietors, who lived as chieftains and adopted the Irish laws, language, dress and customs, were likewise to be found outside the Pale. It was to hold these English settlers in subjection to English

* O'Curry's *Materials*, etc.

† Mosheim's *Ecc. Hist.* Vol. III., p. 209, and note.

rule, indeed, that the statute of Kilkenny, 1367, made it treasonable for anyone of English descent to marry, enter into fosterage, or contract spiritual affinity with the Irish, or to submit to Irish law; and forfeiture of property was the penalty for the adoption by such of an Irish name, the Irish language, dress, or customs. This statute, however, proved inoperative, and up to the time of Henry VIII. there were two parties in Ireland constantly opposed to English rule—"English rebels," and "Irish enemies," the demarcation between them being maintained by the English civil government, and introduced, unhappily, into matters ecclesiastical also, so far, for instance, as to render it almost impossible for an ecclesiastic of Irish race to obtain preferment within the Pale. Nevertheless, throughout this period of contention and disunion the two races were one in faith and were alike animated by religious zeal—to so great an extent, indeed, that during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries not far short of three hundred monasteries were founded by them. And meanwhile nothing further was accomplished by the English towards the conquest of Ireland, English over-sea enterprise being devoted instead to conquests in France.

Under Henry VIII. was mapped out the scheme for expelling the Irish from their country and peopling it with English.*

Henry VIII. resolved to be not merely "King of Ireland," but also "supreme head" of Ireland's Church. The latter claim was strenuously resisted by clergy and people alike, excepting a few of the former who were actuated by sordid motives, and by some of the chieftains who were won over by bribery. Of these clergy who submitted, George Brown, an Englishman, was the leader. At one time a Lutheran, subsequently provincial of the Augustinians in England, he had been appointed Archbishop of Dublin by Henry's disreputable minister, Cromwell, when that see became vacant in 1535. He was opposed by George Cromer, Primate of all Ireland, who, having summoned the episcopate of the country together, resolved in union with them to resist to the last Henry's endeavor to open a schism in Ireland's Church. When after the accession of Edward VI. to the English throne, the Prayer Book of the Church of England—though not "in a language understood of the people," since the Irish knew no

* See Mrs. Green's *Making and Unmaking of Ireland*; also O'Curry's *Materials*, p. 355.

English—was ordered in the king's name to be used in all places of worship in Ireland, only Brown of Dublin, another English bishop, and two Irish bishops conformed, these being supported by another Englishman, who in reward was by royal authority advanced to the episcopate, but very soon was driven from his see by an outraged people. A few Irish priests, three only being named in authentic records, likewise conformed and were likewise made bishops. George Dowdall, who had succeeded Cromer as the Catholic Primate of Ireland, was driven from his see of Armagh, and an Englishman was installed, the title of Primate of all Ireland being at the same time transferred to Dublin by way of reward to Brown. In Queen Mary's reign, George Dowdall, being reinstated in the primacy, called together a national synod, which nearly all the bishops attended; Brown and his fellows were deposed; and the Parliament of Dublin passed an act declaring that the title "Supreme Head of the Church" could not "be justly attributed to any king or governor," and that the Holy See should "have and enjoy the same authority and jurisdiction" as had been lawfully exercised by His Holiness, the Pope, during the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.

But soon Elizabeth succeeded to the English throne. Alzog* writes:

during this and succeeding reigns, a violent persecution was carried on against the Irish Catholics, so cold blooded, systematic and atrocious that, since the time of the Pharaohs, the world has seen nothing comparable to it. . . . Such, with the exception of short intervals of peace, occurring at long intervals, was the normal condition of Ireland for three centuries. To hold that country dependent on England, the people were kept in a chronic state of insurrection, and the ministers of Elizabeth did not attempt to conceal that they practised so infamous a means for so iniquitous a purpose. When, goaded to desperation, the people rose in rebellion, they were put down by fire and sword, and the work of destruction was completed by the ravages of famine. But while this policy carried ruin and death to the people, it secured no solid advantage to Protestantism, in whose interest it was inaugurated, notwithstanding that Catholic bishops and priests were driven from their sees and parishes, their goods confiscated, and they themselves either banished the country or put to death.

* *Univ. Church Hist.* Vol. III., p. 351.

Only two of the bishops could be induced to acknowledge Elizabeth's supremacy, though the conduct of four others appears to have been somewhat suspicious; and, except in Dublin, where the see was vacated owing to the impossibility of occupying it, the succession of Catholic bishops in all the Irish sees was resolutely maintained throughout the long and cruel persecution. So signal, indeed, was Elizabeth's failure to prevail with the Irish that, as the Protestant Mosheim is forced to admit,* "hence arose a necessity for that violence which planted Ireland, in the seventeenth century, with an aristocracy alien in blood and religion to her indigenous population, filling the country with claims, prejudices, and animosities that distract it up to the present hour." In the reign of James I. the whole province of Ulster was confiscated and planted with Protestants from England and Scotland; and under Charles I., who at the bidding of the Protestant bishops revived the statutes against Catholics in Ireland, the whole province of Connaught was declared the inheritance of the Crown and parceled out, accordingly, among the favorites of the court. The terrible rising of 1641 was the commencement of an eleven years war by the Irish for their religious freedom and the recovery of their confiscated property. Cromwell's army landed in Ireland some three years before its close and eventually completed the conquest of the island. What the Irish clergy and people suffered during, and still more after, this war, by massacre, exile, exposure, famine, starvation, no pen, as Protestant and Catholic historians alike agree, can portray. Yet, despite all, and although death was the penalty for all Catholics found outside the province of Connaught, which had been laid waste by war, and though the Puritan soldiers slew every priest they could find, so strong was the tie that bound priests and people together that even when the persecution was at its worst upwards of a hundred and fifty priests were to be found in each province. All the bishops were exiled, save one who was too old to be moved. St. Vincent de Paul is a name honored with gratitude in Ireland, since he it was who received and provided for the destitute Irish clergy and people when they were cast upon the shores of France. Nor will the solicitude and succors of the Holy See during many years after the Cromwellian invasion be for-

* *Ecc. Hist.* Vol. III., p. 134.

gotten in a land so consistently and devotedly attached to the Vicar of Christ.

During some four years of the reign of Charles II. of England, the Catholics of Ireland were left in peace; bishops returned from exile, churches were reopened, provincial and diocesan synods were held, and the old worship was everywhere in evidence. Then the Puritans gained a majority in the English House of Commons and the storm again broke. Peter Talbot, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was cast into prison and died there; Oliver Plunket, Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, was sent to London, since it was feared that by reason of the general esteem for his sanctity not even a Protestant jury would convict him in Ireland; and in London he was sentenced to be hanged, emboweled, and quartered, at Tyburn, and so gained the martyr's crown. So did the persecution continue in Ireland until the accession of James II. to the English throne, when freedom of worship and the removal of civil and military disabilities were once more vouchsafed; and the Irish in gratitude fought for this king when, soon after, he was driven from his throne by William of Orange. They were defeated, alas, and all was again reversed; the blasphemous oath against the Most Holy Sacrament and Sacrifice of the Mass, against invocation of Blessed Mary and the saints, and abjuration of papal authority, were reimposed; Catholic archbishops, bishops, vicars-general, deans, Jesuits, monks, friars, were ordered to quit the country and declared subject to the penalties of high treason if they returned; parents who sent their children to the Continent to be brought up in the Catholic faith forfeited all rights and possessions, as also did Protestant heiresses who married Catholics; and, as though these, with other persecuting enactments, were not enough, considerably more than another million acres of land, added to the millions already seized, were forfeited to the Crown, the revenues being employed to defray the expenses of the war by which a new class of adventurers had been introduced into Ireland, consisting chiefly of Dutch and German Protestants, whose descendants in Munster are still known as "Palatines."

Of the enactments of the twelve years of the reign of Queen Anne, Alzog* justly observes that they cannot be equalled in inhuman atrocity and a satanic disregard for the

* *Univ. Ch. Hist.*, III., 364.

rights of mankind by the records of any legislative body that ever disgraced a civilized world. They are absolutely without a parallel. Space does not permit us even to begin to enumerate the iniquitous provisions of the enactments.

Their character is well described by the statesman Edmund Burke: "It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Mosheim admits that its measures were "designed for extermination." Elsewhere, with reference to the Cromwellian invasion, he admits that "the country, probably, was inaccessible to Protestantism in any form."* This, as experience had proved, was undoubtedly the fact; there remained therefore but the endeavor to exterminate!

On the accession of George I., of the House of Brunswick, to the English throne, the Scotch revolt in favor of the Pretender afforded fresh occasion for imprisoning Catholic nobles, seizing priests at the altar by means of bribed informers—these "priest-catchers" being mostly Jews who for the purpose feigned conversion to the faith,—and additional penalties against Catholics generally, on the pretext that in heart they favored the Pretender. And in the following reign the rumor of an intended French invasion was the pretext for proclaiming increased bribes for information against Catholic ecclesiastics and all who harbored or protected any Catholic bishop.

"Driven from their churches, the priests would gather the faithful about them on some green hillside or in a secluded nook of a pleasant valley, and there, on a rude altar of stone in the temple of nature, offer up the everlasting Sacrifice to nature's God. Such are Ireland's witnesses to the faith"; and so has her green isle, fertilized by the blood of her martyrs, been everywhere consecrated.

In 1798 came the Irish rebellion and the atrocities of its suppression. Protestants participated with Catholics in the rising; and the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, as a body, did their best to quell it. Three years later was effected the legislative union of Ireland with England, Catholic emancipation being virtually promised as its condition, but not conceded until nearly a generation later; and such measures of justice

* *Ecl. Hist.*, Vol. III., p. 522, cf. p. 403.

as have followed have with difficulty been obtained, Protestantism being always opposed to them.

At last, in 1869, came the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant Church of Ireland. "One of the most stupendous grievances with which a people was ever inflicted," and—in the words of Mosheim concerning Protestantism generally—"linked with a galling sense of pecuniary pillage," never had it in any sense, as its title would imply, been the Church of the country. Its very name is execrated by a people who, as though it was not enough to have despoiled them of their cathedrals, churches, abbeys, convents, church property and charitable institutions, have been compelled, out of their poverty and hard earnings, to pay for the support of this alien church and its detested clergy. The Protestant Church of Ireland remains at this day but a sorry relic of the accumulated wrongs and wicked legislation of three centuries of effort and ignominious failure to force the Irish to apostatize from their ancient Faith. Nor have the Irish stood alone in their execration of this English Protestant endeavor. "Go into the length and breadth of the world," exclaimed Gladstone in his effort to make reparation for Ireland's wrongs, "ransack the literature of all countries, find if you can a single voice, a single book, in which the conduct of England towards Ireland is anywhere treated except with bitter and profound condemnation."

Meanwhile Ireland's true Church, to the joy and admiration of Catholics throughout the world, fought the good fight, and has triumphed, and step by step has regained the rights of which she was robbed. The fair face of her island is covered with churches, cathedrals, convents, colleges, repaired and built almost entirely by the weekly contributions of her poor and impoverished people, whose generous devotion likewise supports her devoted clergy. So consistently united with her Divine Head in His sacred Passion, her long and triumphant passio-tide is the earnest of a faith and devotion that will never fail, and of victories yet in store, to gladden, not herself alone, but other lands beyond her seas, whither so many of her children have been exiled, to spread through the world the triumphs of the Cross.

New Books.

THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF THE LADY SAINT CLARE. Translated from the French Version of Brother Francis Dupuis (1563) by Charlotte Balfour; with an Introduction by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI. By Very Rev. Léopold de Chérance, O.S.F.C. Translated by R. F. O'Connor. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1 net.

What a splendid story it makes, this legend of St. Clare, for which we English-speaking Catholics have waited more than six hundred years! One takes it up, complacently, with the simple thought of learning something more about that winsome but elusive Clare—half hidden, half revealed, in the early Franciscan chronicles—whom we have vaguely known as the beloved disciple, friend and counselor of St. Francis of Assisi. And straightway, in its first few pages, there is unrolled before us a divine adventure—a high-spirited girl, nobly born and delicately nurtured, forsaking “all this world and all the glory of it” to follow Christ in His Poverty. Is is a tale that grips the heart; abounding in dramatic interest, full of the tenderest pathos, inspired by a love which never falters, instinct with an undying loyalty.

The Golden Legend of the Saints contains few pictures fairer than that of the virgin Clare leaving her father's house secretly at night and, with a few intimate and trusty companions, hurrying through the streets of Assisi down to the little chapel of the Porziuncola just beyond the city walls. There St. Francis and his first friars came out to meet the little company, with canticles upon their lips and lighted torches in their hands, and forthwith were celebrated the mystic espousals which consecrated Clare to Christ her Lord.

Again we see her, when the cloister at San Damiano was invaded by marauding Saracens, leaving her sick bed with a stout heart and, in the face of the enemy, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament borne before her, turning to her Lord with words of humble, loving familiarity: “Doth it please Thee, my Lord, to deliver Thy defenceless handmaids, whom I have

nourished with Thy love, into the hands of the pagans?" And we hear, quite naturally, "a voice as of a little child," saying: "I will protect thee always."

Once again we see her, in that memorable interview with Pope Gregory at San Damiano. The good Pope, regarding absolute poverty as impossible for a cloistered community, urged St. Clare to accept such possessions as were prudent and necessary under the conditions of their life. "If it be thy vow which hindereth thee," said the pontiff, "we absolve thee from it." "Holy Father," replied the saint, "absolve me from my sins if thou wilt, but I desire not to be absolved from following Jesus Christ." So the pages of the legend pass, glowing with light and color like a jeweled pageant; crowded with heroic figures of God's poor and lowly ones, simple friars, knights and ladies, bishops, cardinals, popes, saints, and angels, unto the perfect end, when the Blessed Mother of God comes, "with a multitude of virgins clothed in white garments," to give Clare the celestial kiss and enwrap her with "a mantle of wondrous beauty," with which, adorned as a bride, she passed from this life into perfect joy.

It is not our purpose here to give even the broadest outline of St. Clare's life. The story has been told once for all, with consummate skill, in the contemporary biography ascribed to Thomas of Celano, written on the very morrow of her death (1255-1261), at the request of that Pope (Alexander IV.) who, in 1255, inscribed Clare's name in the Calendar of Saints. All our modern lives of St. Clare are based upon, or translated from one or another text of this "primitive legend." Apart from Caxton's quaintly archaic compendium of it in the *Golden Legend* (1483), the first English translation of Celano's *Life* was that made by Father Marianus Fiege, O.M.Cap. and published by the Poor Clares, at Evansville, Ind., in 1900. This was a faithful and praiseworthy translation of the Bollandist text. The work is now out of print. In 1909 Father Paschal Robinsen, O.F.M., gave us a translation, in smooth and limpid English, of the oldest known copy of Celano's *Life*, written at the end of the thirteenth century and now in the municipal library at Assisi. In the opinion of scholars this practically represents the contemporary biography of St. Clare as it left the hands of the author. To his translation of the *Life* itself, Father Paschal added a critical introduction and

an abundance of illuminating notes, which so round out our knowledge of the saint and her legend that this work may fairly be said to be the definitive edition, in English, of the "primitive legend" of St. Clare.

Of the two recently published lives of St. Clare now to be briefly noticed here, that which bears the name of Charlotte Balfour (Mrs. Reginald Balfour) on its title page claims our attention as possessing features of special interest. It gives us a charming English translation of a French version of Celano's *Life* made in the sixteenth century by one Frère François Dupuis, who, we are told, had before him a purer text of the "primitive legend" than that given by the Bollandists in the *Acta Sanctorum*. The advantage here is that Brother Dupuis' version closely follows that oldest known text already referred to as preserved in the municipal library at Assisi, with, however, a peculiar beauty of diction all its own. It is largely to Mrs. Balfour's credit that she has preserved this charm in her English version, which runs smoothly and is pleasant to read. The Legend is, moreover, prefaced with an introduction by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. in which the learned Capuchin gives an able analysis of the significance of St. Clare's share in the beginning of the Franciscan movement. This adds immensely to the value of the book and should be carefully read before taking up the Legend which follows it. The third part of the book gives passages from several of the early Franciscan sources concerning St. Clare and four of the Saint's letters to blessed Agnes, daughter of the King of Bohemia. A last word of praise is due to the happy inspiration which gives us the excellent reproductions of Collaert's engravings of incidents in the life of the Saint as the illustrations of the volume.

Turning now to *St. Clare of Assisi*, translated from the French of Father Léopold de Chérance by R. F. O'Connor, we have to deal with a work altogether different in character from those previously mentioned. Readers familiar with Father Chérance's "St. Francis of Assisi" need only to be told that his life of St. Clare is written in similar style: somewhat grandiloquent in phrasing, redundant, graphic in description, vivid in interest, always picturesque. Basing his narrative upon the Bollandist text of Celano's legend, Father Chérance tells us many things about which Celano says nothing, these details being

supplied from various Franciscan sources. There are chapters, too, such as those dealing with the contemplative life and the Franciscan idea, which are edifying rather than biographical in interest. One misses the carefulness of statement, the simple brevity and the eloquent silences of Celano. Nevertheless, from a popular viewpoint, Father Chérance has provided what is perhaps the best monograph on St. Clare at present available. May it fulfill his desire to make St. Clare more widely known and loved. The translation, as we have learned to expect from Mr. O'Connor, is thoroughly well done and deserves the highest praise.

There are little slips, inaccuracies or discrepancies in statements of fact and other minor defects in both these volumes, which we have passed over without mention. They will be obvious to critical students of the Franciscan Legend, but are of little interest or importance to the general reader, and will doubtless be remedied in future editions.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS. By Morris Schaff, with Maps and Plans. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

Here we have a book on one of the great battles of the Civil War by an officer of the staff of General Warren, who commanded the Fifth Corps in that momentous if indecisive engagement. Inasmuch as a staff officer is almost his chief's confidant, we are favored with many liftings of the curtain of secrecy enclosing the minds of the principal federal commanders—a most interesting book for its descriptions of men and happenings, and a curious book on account of a certain imaginative quality of the author's character.

Grant started to ruin Lee's army the first days of May, 1864. He doubled the Confederates in his numbers, and was much superior to them in his equipment. His first disadvantage was in the dilution of the martial flavor of the federal troops by the conscripts and substitutes that had been injected into the Army of the Potomac since Gettysburg; and his second was that there interposed between his troops and his iron will and clear perceptions subordinate commanders of uncongenial temperament and of more than subordinate power. It is just to Grant to say that these drawbacks sufficiently account for his failure to defeat Lee in battle, and that they, and

not Lee's genius, forced Grant to assume McClellan's original though thwarted purpose to make a success by the shorter line south of the James River.

The object of Lee was to repeat the glory of Chancellorsville. He would force Grant back of the Rappahannock as he had done Hooker, precisely one year before. In that he failed, although he had on the whole the best of the Wilderness fighting—and he had all the glory of drawing first blood and forcing his antagonist to fight on a field chosen by himself. Another advantage he earned by his forcing so early a battle. He made it an equal fight as to numbers, because the federal superiority was not available in the tangled woods of the Wilderness. Give Lee the glory of a marvellously daring initiative on the best possible field; and give his army the glory of a bravery as dogged and persistent as that of Gettysburg had been fierce and impetuous.

Another glory of Lee is that when both armies were exhausted with three days sanguinary battling, he unhesitatingly invited Grant to further conflict by standing before him within sparring distance with not a single sign of retreat. Never before had Grant declined a challenge to fight. He did so now, and resorted to manoeuvring; nor was it the last time he was destined to take counsel of discretion when Lee's men were before him behind earthworks. Would that he had done so invariably. The useless slaughter at Cold Harbor would have been avoided.

This volume, besides being a reliable chronicle, is full of the life of the Wilderness battles. The color and movement and dreadful melody of those three days of most strenuous endeavor mutually to slay and slaughter on the part of almost two hundred thousand men, alternately fascinates and distresses the reader to the end. The author's singular emotionalism seems somewhat redundant, especially as he is now far past seventy years old. But the redundancy of the terrors and the majesty of the issue of the great battle are sufficient excuse. And the author redeems his occasional excursion into theatricals by his invariably painstaking narrative. It is true that some of his descriptions are a little perplexing to a civilian, but on the other hand a perfect wealth of personal incident is everywhere lavished on the reader.

EYES OF YOUTH. A book of Verse by various authors, with four early poems by Francis Thompson. London: Herbert and Daniel. 3s 6d.

THE SMALL PEOPLE. A Little Book of Verse About Children for their Elders. Chosen by Thomas Burke. London: Chapman and Hall. 2s 6d.

In *Eyes of Youth* we have a collection of lyrics which give most full and varied expression to what our liturgy most fitly calls *suspiria juvenum*. There is the passionate call of love sounded forth in an "Arab Love Song" by Francis Thompson:

Light of my dark, blood of my heart, O come!

Leave thy father, leave thy mother

And thy brother;

Leave the black tents of thy tribe apart!

Am I not thy father and thy brother,

And thy mother?

And thou—what needst with thy tribe's black tents

Who has the red pavilion of my heart?

Then we have Mr. Padraic Colum in quite another strain in "I shall not die for you."

O woman shapely as the swan,

On your account I shall not die.

The men you've slain—a trivial clan—

Were less than I.

Mr. Shane Leslie captures my personal preference with his beautiful "Forest Song," or again with his delightfully different miniatures "The Bee" and "Fleet Street":

Away the old monks said,

Sweet honey-fly

From lilting overhead

The lullaby

You heard some mother croon

Beneath the harvest moon

Go hum it in the hive,

The old monks said,

For we were once alive

Who now are dead.

Other poems, again, give us youth more tragically, as do those of Viola Meynell and Ruth Lindsay. The whole sheaf is most Catholic in its range and sentiment, very happy in its selection, and altogether full of promise and quality.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are putting us under further obligations by standing sponsors to another anthology as good in its different way as was the *Mount of Vision*, reviewed in a previous number. *The Small People* is full of good things, old favorites and new, which will make the elderly forget their age in a feast of youthful memory and feeling. What mother can hear Richard Rowland's "Lullaby" without being moved to tears of joyful recollection?

Upon my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest,
Sing lullaby, my little boy;
Sing lullaby, my only joy! (p. 61).

There is plenty of true sentiment but not too much. We have Laurence Alma Tadema's delightful little old maid who "when I'm getting really old, at twenty-eight or nine, will buy a little orphan girl and bring her up as mine." Then there's "Wee Willie Winkie" and Pet Marjorie's dear little people and most pleasing of all "Little Orphant Annie" (p. 168) with her wise counsels of perfection to all and sundry young people:

You better mind yer parunts, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns' 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

CATHOLIC THEOLOGY. By D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. St. Louis:
B. Herder. \$1.75.

Because of the social conditions in which at the present day all of us must live, there is most urgent need that every Catholic should be trained and trained most thoroughly in the

dogmatic teachings of his faith. With a self-sufficient air the non-Catholic world puts Christian dogma aside as superfluous, but it is awaking to a sense of its dire poverty, and beginning to claim that it has some dogmatic teachings. The Catholic, both from the point of view of his own personal salvation, and from that of his work among his fellows, should have a well-digested knowledge of the truths of his religion. He should know what they mean; he should be able through reflection and prayer to gain from them that spiritual help and inspiration which, because they are truths from God, they contain; he should be able to unfold them attractively and intelligently to his children and explain them to an inquirer.

It is to be regretted that many a Catholic, save for what he may hear in a sermon, or read in an occasional article, never, after he leaves his catechism class of his very young days, partakes of this solid and most nourishing food of Catholic doctrine. Books that serve him are not wanting. THE CATHOLIC WORLD speaks of such books continually. And again it is our pleasure to recommend one that will serve him most excellently. It is called: *Catholic Theology*; its author is the Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. Abbot Gasquet contributes a brief preface. Father Lanslots set himself the task of writing a commentary and explanation of the Baltimore Catechism. He has done his work well, and by quotation from the Tridentine and Vatican decrees, by taking as his principal guide St. Thomas Aquinas, by historical quotations and references; by the use of the latest decrees and instructions of Pius X., even to some words on the scapular-medal, he has made his work very sound, trustworthy, practical and "up-to-date." Here the Catholic will find the latest legislation of the Church on such matters as Matrimony and Holy Communion.

We would like to see such a book as this a household book among Catholics: a book that would always be visible, always within reach so that it might be taken up and read at any time, and that its contents might be made the subject of family conversation. The volume will be of value to priests and religious—to all who have the work of catechetical instruction and the care of converts. We believe that a detailed index would make a valuable addition to the book. There is no index to the present volume. And we trust its sales will be extensive enough to permit the publisher to lessen its price.

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN EUROPE IN ONE SUMMER.

By Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: John Lane Company.

The impression left upon the reader is that Mrs. Bryant would be a delightful companion in the galleries that she describes. Even when conveyed through the denser medium of printed text and engravings, her suggestions widen one's vision. It is perhaps inevitable that she should slight some of our favorites, but if she does slip into the first pitfall she warns us against—covering too much ground in too short a space of time, she certainly never evidences any lack of intellectual preparation for her visit to the masterpieces. In the Louvre she mentions but one Murillo—the Immaculate Conception. We should have chosen two others as more deserving of a notice. And in the Uffizi, what about The Annunciation of Simone Martini?

CHRISTIANITY AND THE LEADERS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

By K. A. Kneller, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.80.

The recent statement of Mr. Edison denying the immortality of the soul served as a passing sensation for the "Sunday Supplement." Mr. Edison is an inventor and a mechanic but not a scientist. His words, however, may have had some effect in certain quarters where it is taken for granted that the scientific mind cannot be in any way religious. Happily the sciolists who champion such an ignorant attitude are rapidly passing away, or at least the popular mind is wiser and soberer in this matter than it was twenty-five years ago.

One of the best practical methods of answering the question whether or not religion is opposed to science is to review the inner lives of the greatest of the scientists, to examine their religious beliefs; to see experimentally for ourselves whether their scientific attitude of mind, their researches and discoveries interfere in any way with their belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, in the truth of Christ's revelation and the teachings of the Catholic Church.

This method has been followed with much fairness and with much erudition by Father Kneller in his work: *Christianity and the Leaders of Modern Science*. To put it briefly, with an evidence that none may question and with a thor-

oughness that is absolutely convincing, the author has demonstrated, *first*, that there is no justification for stating that science is intrinsically and necessarily hostile to religion, and *secondly*, that many men of scientific genius accepted the teachings of Christianity with fervor and simplicity of mind.

The volume is translated from the second German edition and has a preface by Father Finlay, S.J. It is of great practical value to the lay Catholic as well as to the priest, for many of the former class find daily opportunity to speak to friend or acquaintance on the matter, and to set many an inquirer right. The inquirer still asks about science and religion and the daily press still publishes attacks on the latter in the name of the former. This book is in line with the excellent work that Dr. James J. Walsh has been doing, and it will give to the reader a store of valuable ammunition.

To our mind it goes even beyond the claims made for it by the author. It shows that science honestly pursued really leads to God, and teaches us in the words of Andrea Von Baumgartner "to recognize the universe as the temple of the Almighty."

MODERN THEORIES OF CRIMINALITY. By C. Bernaldo de Quiros. Translated from the Spanish by Dr. Alphonso de Salvio. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. \$4 net.

CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Hans Gross. Translated from the German by Dr. Horace M. Kallen. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. \$5 net.

Modern Theories of Criminality by C. Bernard de Quiros, who interestingly enough, considering the commonly accepted notion that Spain is backward in such studies, is a Spaniard, and *Criminal Psychology* by Prof. Hans Gross, are the first two volumes in the Modern Criminal Science Series published under the auspices of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. At its National Conference in June 1909 the Institute decided that "it was exceedingly desirable that important treatises on criminology in foreign languages be made readily accessible in the English language." This series is the result. These two volumes are to be followed by works of Lombroso, Professors Ferri, Tarde, Garofalo, Aschaffenburg and others.

The first volume on *Modern Theories of Criminality* makes an excellent review of everything noteworthy written on the subject during the past two generations. In spite of its comprehensiveness and the extent of the field it is a book of only some 250 pages, probably less than 75,000 words. The most interesting feature of all of the modern theories of criminality is the attempt to explain responsibility without admitting free will. Heredity, environment, and meteorological conditions are supposed to explain all crime, yet poor man is held responsible for crime. Prince Kropotkin said, it is quite possible, given the amount of sunlight, the number of dark days, and barometric pressure and hydropic records of a year, to foretell the number of homicides. We will quote a typical instance of the explanation of free will and responsibility. "Henceforth we will not say that man is responsible for his actions because he possesses a will or because he is free; but because, having been created by the power of natural laws which trace for him the way of true humanity, he acquires, in the relations which he establishes and changes through human intercourse, rational and human aptitudes which make him responsible for all his actions." There is just one difficulty with most modern writers on criminology—they do not listen to their own consciousness of freedom to do or leave undone their acts.

Professor Gross's volume, with its five hundred pages, includes a very large amount of material. It contains a mass of information gathered from all sources with quotations unplaced and with authoritative and unauthoritative expressions jumbled together. Literary men, poets, specialists in mental diseases, publicists, historians, physicists, philosophers, are all quoted from, almost as if they were all of equal value. The general effect is likely to be confusing rather than helpful. Above all, the work makes for that unfortunate sentimentality in the treatment of criminals that has hurt our modern law courts as institutions for lessening crime. There are many excuses that can be made for criminals. Some criminals are quite irresponsible. The great majority of them, however, even when there is an element in some degree excusing their acts, will only be deterred from repetitions of it by appropriate punishment. Professor Gross's treatment of Women Criminals particularly, is quite absurd in its general condemnation of them. One is prone to wonder whether these men forget that much of the

good of the world has been done by women, and that such women constitute a vast majority. Apparently these men have studied the criminal women so much that the goodness of her far more numerous sisters has escaped them.

HEROES OF CALIFORNIA. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2 net.

In his latest volume, *Heroes of California*, Mr. George Wharton James gives us brief, careful biographies of the many Californians famous along varied lines of achievement. He begins with the lives of the first explorers, scouts, and pioneers of the Golden State; passes to the civic and patriotic heroes of a later period; gives a chapter to the builders of the Central Pacific Railway; and finally brings us down to Bancroft, Luther Burbank, and the very modern Edwin Markham. Mr. James might profitably have given more space to the work of the Mission Fathers in the early days of the state; his biographies of the two Franciscans, Junipero Serra and Francisco de Sarria, are most interesting, and are written with a warm and intelligent appreciation. The style of the book is, as we expect of Mr. James, scholarly rather than popular. The book itself is particularly handsome and has many fine illustrations.

HINTS FOR CATECHISTS ON INSTRUCTING CONVERTS. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

The opening words of the Archbishop of Westminster in his preface to *Hints for Catechists* are well worth quoting. The Archbishop says: "There is no more consoling fact at the present day in England than the number of those in every rank of life who without any temporal attraction and often in actual danger of temporal loss, desire to be admitted within the one true Fold of Jesus Christ."

In order to help those who have the labor of instructing such souls, Madame Cecilia has written this volume. It is intended not alone for priests and religious but also for such of the laity as undertake the work of catechetical instruction.

Madame Cecilia writes with a knowledge and zeal born of extensive reading and wide experience in the treatment of different classes of converts. She treats of the qualifications

necessary for a catechist; of the method of teaching and gives some brief notes on certain points of Christian doctrine. There are added a list of books on different subjects and some excellent illustrations of the vestments, sacred vessels, etc. We note in passing that a quotation attributed to Flaubert really belongs to Joubert.

Madame Cecilia has done her work well and has given us a volume that will form a valuable addition to the books useful in the growing work of instructing non-Catholics.

SICILY IN SHADOW AND IN SUN. By Maud Howe. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

Somewhat disappointed because Messina fills up three-quarters of this pretentiously titled book, we must yet grant that the author's account of the relieving and the reconstructing of the ill-fated city is both worth telling and well told. At the center of American affairs in Italy, she describes intimately the persons and the methods which so creditably conducted our expedition of charity. The three hasty chapters that describe other parts of the island will perhaps measure up to the demands of the average American traveler.

But when will our American publishers come to regard misspelled Italian words as a blotch upon their work?

OUTLINES OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE. Edited by the Most Rev. S. H. Messmer. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50 net.

The question is oftentimes asked: "What book will give me an intelligent introduction to the Bible; help me to understand its different books; its many references; the history of its peoples; the purpose of its different authors, etc.?" Up to the present it was impossible to answer that question satisfactorily; impossible to mention a single volume that would not ask either too much time or too much previous knowledge on the part of the reader. Now it is beyond dispute that the Holy Scriptures should be read and read far more extensively than they are by Catholics. Perhaps the Bible has been more or less of a closed book to many because they have never had an introduction to it. Our gratitude goes, therefore, to Archbishop Messmer who has been impressed with this want of our people and has satisfied it.

The Archbishop's volume entitled: *Outlines of Bible Knowledge* is a book that was much needed, and we cordially recommend it to all our readers. The volume treats in a clear, simple manner the general questions of biblical history and literature and then takes up every one of the books, giving its origin, authorship and purpose. A third part treats of the places, ceremonies, officials and customs with which one must be more or less familiar in order to understand the sacred text. An appendix includes the encyclical of Leo XIII. on the study of the Scriptures.

May the volume be welcomed in many homes and do much to cultivate a love of God's word. It will make an admirable text book for the higher catechetical classes.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Richmond Henderson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$2 net.

To the student desiring a general survey of the different systems of workmen's insurance in the United States, no book is quite as useful as Professor Henderson's English edition of the work he originally contributed to Dr. Zacher's German series on *Arbeiter-Versicherung*. Industrial insurance is a response to generally felt needs, but the systematization of it involves problems economic, administrative and legal which as yet have not been fully solved. American conditions of life seem to indicate that the need of some universal method of providing for various forms of disability will increase rather than lessen in the coming years. The problems presented are therefore urgent subjects of study and such study is greatly facilitated by our author's comprehensive display of existing plans and tendencies.

SHELBURNE ESSAYS: Seventh Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The criticism which Mr. More has given us in this seventh volume of his *Shelburne Essays* is an honor to English literature in America. In the editor of *The Nation* we have a writer dowered with the critical equipment of scholarship and taste, and with a beautiful definiteness of thought-standards all too rare among modern critics. His subjects range from

the poetry of Wordsworth and Thomas Hood to the socialism of G. Lowes Dickinson and the "pragmatism" of William James, and the series includes an admirable treatise upon criticism itself. In this last, the amount of implied Catholicity would, perhaps, surprise the author: for his protest against the logical outcome of soulless culture—his plea for a philosophy capable of reconciling, nay, of "binding together" the moral and the esthetic sense—is thoroughly sound. Very welcome to Catholic readers, also, is his recognition of the essential superficiality of pragmatism, that plausible and uncostly philosophy which "would find the limits of truth in what we think it expedient to believe." The denial of reason as an all-sufficient solution of the mysteries of life is, as Mr. More points out, both as old as Plato and as persistently youthful as the Christian saint: although in the "smart contemporaneity" of the late Professor James this resemblance was conspicuous mainly for its difference. For while the Christian substitutes the higher faculties of a spiritual faith, the pragmatist utilizes the immediate and transient experiences of to-day, dismissing once and for all the idea of an absolute truth.

Mr. More's essay on Shelley is as sane and balanced a study as the subject has inspired for many a day; in this sense, indeed, a not valueless complement to the poet Thompson's radiant and sympathetic appreciation. Distinctly Patmorean in his insistence that *bad morality is bad art*, our critic points out that the Skylark poet's essential obliquity of temperament was distinctive, in the last analysis, of "that self-knowledge out of which the great creations and magnificent joys of literature grow."

In the pages upon our own Francis Thompson, it would seem that Mr. More's "personal equation" toward order, toward a somewhat classical restraint and moderation, were less happily conspicuous than in any other part of the volume. The poet's gorgeous anarchies, his temperamental but poignant perversities of style, are something which no one need trouble to defend; which his admirers must even accept as the rind of the fruit is accepted. But here are other and more serious charges. For an instance: is the close of "The Hound of Heaven" an inversion of its powerful opening figure? Nay verily; for is not the act of flight a most effective denial (or

driving away) of the pursuer? Surely the torn soul may both hunger for and reject its own ultimate Good,

(For though I knew His love Who followed,

Yet was I sore adread

Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)

and even here is the root of that dualism in our finite life which the critic rightly misses amid the "prettiness" of Victorian art. For humanly speaking, the regnant peace of the unitive life is attained only "when the battle's lost and won": it was the glory and the pathos of Francis Thompson to press toward this with the close-gripped certainty of Catholic faith.

We commend these critical studies most definitely to our readers; not because we agree invariably with their conclusions, nor yet because we find their premises infallibly satisfying. But they are the sincere word, closely reasoned, of a sound and cultured intellect. And throughout Mr. More's criticism (as in so much of the best criticism throughout the world to-day) we perceive the constructive reaction against modern vagueness, mutation, materialism; the reaching out toward a Voice, not yet recognized, which shall speak, in life as well as in art, "with authority and not as the Scribes." He has himself said the thing—"Submission to the philosophy of change is the real effeminacy; it is the virile part to react."

THE STORY OF OUR LORD'S LIFE, TOLD FOR CHILDREN.

New York: Cathedral Library Association. \$1 net.

The author of this volume has kept in mind the well known fact that children love to hear and to read stories of angels and of saints and those taken from Sacred Scriptures. Many a child learns a story from a picture long before it can read. Stories thus learned are never forgotten. Who could forget his nursery rhymes or simple stories like Jack and the Bean Stalk, or the Little Red Riding Hood—yet some of us learned these from pictures, and before we could read.

It seems to us that this educational fact has been overlooked by many parents and teachers, when considering the early religious training of young children. Fairy stories and legends from the Norse and Roman mythologies are given to them, yet how few religious teachers think of the Life of Christ with pictures for children. Yet it is a Life written with such

VOL. XCII.—53

majestic artlessness in Holy Scripture, that it would be a perennial source of wonder and delight to the imagination of the child. The author of the *Life of Our Lord for Children* appreciates this truth and has woven the Scriptural text with the telling of the story, in an unusually successful manner. We commend the book to Sunday-School teachers, parents, and all those who direct the religious education of very young children.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS. By J. P. Kirsch. Translated by J. K. McKee. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.35.

In his somewhat lengthy preface to this book of less than three hundred small pages the translator assigns a reason for presenting to some Anglican readers of to-day a work which is not recent. That reason, with another which shall be given, should recommend Dr. Kirsch's painstaking, erudite, and scientific little volume to all who care to have a clear conception, by the relation of historical facts, of a doctrine at once fundamental and fertile. Many Church of England Protestants, it appears, have awoke to the fact that history does not warrant their hereditary belief that the Catholic practice of supplicating the saints was an innovation. Dr. Kirsch produces the documents, in the Greek and Latin of the Fathers and other writers of the first five centuries, and shows beyond question that Catholics did then, as now they do, venerate, invoke, and beg the intercession of the saints. Such a showing of historical facts cannot fail to interest and illuminate the minds of Protestants and of Catholics, in America as in England. Moreover, no one can contemplate these moving pictures exhibiting the doctrine of the Communion of Saints in living operation among the early Christians without a warmer appreciation of what it is to be one of the multitudinous members compacted by love into the mystical body of Christ, comprising angels as well as men living and departed.

OUR CATHOLIC HERITAGE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE IN PRE-CONQUEST DAYS. By Emily Hickey. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

"Apples of gold on beds of silver" would form a fit legend for Miss Hickey's exquisite rendering of fragments from

"Great Tellings" "Elene," "The Dream of the Holy Rood," "Judith" and the rather more widely known Caedmonic verses woven into "talk about beautiful things said and done in old days; things which to have learned to love is to have incurred a great and living debt."

The little work is not intended as a textbook, but as supplementary or reference reading for Catholic teachers and students. It throws into bold relief a truth which is systematically obscured in professedly neutral textbooks—to wit; that the Church has been, from her beginning, "the source of fine literature, of true art, as of noble speech and noble deed."

We have searched the volume carefully for some hint that it is only a Part I, and is to be brought down to the present day. Why not? Who is better fitted than Miss Hickey to help Catholic teachers show their students how Faith yet gave color and majesty to thought and speech through the Elizabethan epoch; how literature paled and faded and dwindled in England as religion died within her borders; how a budding Renaissance has coincided with the consecutive steps taken in religious freedom during the Victorian reign?

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD AS MIRRORED IN THE PERFECTIONS OF MARY. New York: Benziger Bros. 90 cents net.

The author of this work has in view the training of children in a deep knowledge of God. He aims to make them fly high. Of themselves children could never reach such an altitude; but the author has given parents the aids by which children might attain thereto. All the chapters of the work deal with the Attributes of God. We must, at the beginning, find fault with the author's failure to establish clearly in all the chapters the perfection of Mary as a Mirror of God's Attributes. There is altogether too much evidence of pious ejaculatory praise of the Blessed Virgin, and too few direct statements of her perfection in relation to the subject of the chapter. Apart from this, the book is to be highly commended. It will be of considerable value to religious, either for spiritual reading, or as an assistance to them in preparing instructions for children.

Out of the eighteen chapters that on the Mercy of God strikes us as being very good; that on the Providence of God combines the qualities of being well done and useful at the same time; and that on Generosity is to some degree practical,

though it has the color of a charity sermon "boiled down." We are of opinion that a sentence in the chapter on the Omnipotence of God is liable to be misunderstood, and may breed false and rash judgments in imperfect souls.

We refer to the assertion on page 40 concerning the pain felt by certain persons when in sinful places, "or where worldly people congregate." In theory, and when properly understood, this is correct; but it may easily lead to Pharisaism of a revolting kind among those whose virtue is not solidly grounded. The author puts forward the same idea, but more intelligibly, further down on the same page; there he cannot be misunderstood. In the same chapter there is a brief anecdote about the clever answer of a child. We have had some small experience among children, but we can vouch that we never yet met such a juvenile Aquinas. Our experience is that children commit the rankest of heresy when taken off their guard by a previously unheard-of question.

A novel addition to the book are six short notes by the Censor. Every time we opened the volume we instinctively turned to these to discover if possible what brought four of them there. And now as we close it—we trust not for the last time—we are as much mystified as ever.

PROBLÈMES ÉCONOMIQUES ET SOCIAUX. Par Max Turmann.

Paris: Libraire Victor Lecoffre. 3fr. 50.

M. Turmann needs no introduction to the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. Neither do they require to be reminded of the growing importance of the subjects and the method which have come to be identified in great measure with his name. The bearing of economic science upon social activity of every sort and the profit to social workers of being well grounded in the rudiments of economics are lessons that people are learning better and better each year. Exact information and a fairly definite social programme are indispensable to the proper direction of one's sympathy and one's energy. For ability to guide in this respect, Professor Turmann is notable. Problems of Organization, American Trusts, American Factories, States as Employers, Commercial Education, The American Panic of 1907, Feminism, Consumers' Leagues, Home-work, —are some of the interesting things discussed in the volume at hand.

THIS little volume of verse, *Forest and Town*, by Dr. Alexander de Menil (New York: The Torch Press. \$1.25 net) has been, we are told, long collecting on the author's desk and in his heart. The subjects treated are of considerable variety, and one is glad that several youthful and previously-printed pieces—such as "The Blue Bird," and a translation of elusive charm from "Hégésippe Moreau"—are again included.

THIS modest little volume, *Mere Hints, Moral and Social*. By Rev. John E. Graham (\$1), includes a number of short essays of decided merit. They are of a practical nature and seek to inspire the reader with high ideals and direct him in the social duties incumbent upon us all. The essay on "Love of One's Work" is especially cheering, and we must also give a special word of praise to the chapter on "Literary Influences." The book is published in Baltimore by the author.

A BOOK that deserves popularity with boy-readers is *Famous Scouts* by Charles H. L. Johnston. It gives biographical sketches, attractively written, of many of our American scouts, pioneers, and soldiers, from Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton down to the ever-interesting Buffalo Bill. Truth is stranger than fiction, and Lewis and Clarke are, in this volume, at least, more healthily exciting than any dime-novel "Diamond Dick." School boys will surely find keen enjoyment in reading the stories of Famous Scouts, and Mr. Johnston is to be congratulated on his work. The volume is remarkable, as well, for unusually fine illustrations. It is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

THE CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO AND YEAR BOOK, Edited by F. C. Burnand, which, since its first edition, has been a useful and a delightful volume, is even more useful and just as delightful in its edition for 1911. The compilers have added the addresses of all or almost all mentioned within its covers. The book gives the names of all the prominent Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland, and of some Catholic Americans, with a sketch of their education, their work, etc., etc. The present volume includes a paper by the Archbishop of Westminster on the Montreal Eucharistic Congress. (London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.)

WE recommend, particularly to priests engaged in the care of souls, as a very useful and handy volume, the latest *Rituale Romanum* published by Fr. Pustet of New York (price \$2). The ritual is of pocket size, yet it is unabridged; includes the ruling of Pius X. on the Sick and Holy Communion; has a well-arranged index and a supplement for the United States which includes an English translation of the litany and prayers to be said for a soul departing.

A DELIGHTFUL volume of extremely practical essays comes to us from Australia. It is entitled: *Within the Soul* and is written by Father Watson, S.J. Father Watson has taken for his subjects those small yet great matters that enter into all our lives and the spiritual powers, prayers, good reading that we should employ to better ourselves. The book shows an abundance of literary allusions and a wide acquaintance with the best of spiritual writers. The brevity of each essay is an attraction in itself for it will occupy but five minutes of the busy man's time. The volume is published by William P. Linehan of Melbourne.

LA VIELLE MORALE À L'ÉCOLE (par Joseph Tissier. Paris: Pierre Téqui) is composed of readings by which the author seeks to indicate the means best calculated to attract young minds to the heights of moral beauty. It is divided into four parts which treat respectively of the Principles of Moral and Christian Education; of our blessed Lord as a model to be followed; of notable school events as subjects of Practical Lessons and lastly of Christian Watchwords.

THE Abbé Duplessy conceived the novel idea of searching the works of Victor Hugo to find therein an antidote to the very poison that Victor Hugo himself had distributed so liberally. The present volume *Victor Hugo, Apologiste* (Pierre Téqui, Paris, 1 fr.) proves that his search was not in vain. It makes astonishing reading, for the compiler has found that in more than four hundred passages Victor Hugo accurately explains Catholic teaching both dogmatic and moral.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (14 Jan.): "America and Arbitration." The latest plan suggested as a means of settling international disputes and preserving peace among the nations is to establish an Arbitral Court which would have the character of an actual Court of Law. This court would handle all disputes whether they involved honor, territory or money, and "would gradually, by its decisions, consolidate its own code of international law with its own rules of interpretation and procedure."—"Condemnation of Cardinal Luçon." The Court of Rheims has fined the Cardinal 500 francs damages for his action in signing the Joint Pastoral of the French Bishops on the rights and duties of parents in regard to the education of their children. —(21 Jan.): The attitude of the Vatican towards the coming Anti-clerical celebrations in Rome has been summed up by one correspondent as "a profound reserve, akin to mourning." No non-Catholic sovereign "who gives his official support to the despoilers of the Papacy by his presence in Rome on that occasion" will be received in audience by the Holy See. (28 Jan.): "The Churches of France." The transference of the churches and cathedrals from religious to secular hands was, for many of them, the beginning of the end. The civil officials have made no provision for their up-keep, nor will they empower the clergy to repair these old historic edifices.—A bill purposing to forbid the marriage between white and colored persons in South Africa has elicited a protest, in the form of a public letter from the Vicar-Apostolic of Kimberley. The Bishop bases his protest chiefly on moral grounds and states that no such law will excuse priests from the duty of blessing these marriages. (4 Feb.): "Canada's New Step" deals at length with the negotiations for a reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States.—"An Anglican Diarist in Rome in 1896" by Mgr. Moyes, D.D., is concluded. May Quinlan writes on "Personal Service." The Mission of the Catholic Social Worker becomes every day more urgent and more important. Given the necessary skill and the requisite knowledge, the on-

coming force of Socialism may even yet be directed, though it may not be stayed.

Expository Times (Feb.): The Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., in "The History of Religions," announces Dr. Lehmann's appointment to the Chair of the History of Religions in the University of Berlin—the first and only chair of its kind in the German Empire.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Jan.): "The Catholic Church in 1910"—Rev. James MacCaffrey. For the Catholic Church it (1910) has not been a year of peace. In Italy, Spain, Portugal and France anti-religious conditions were marked. In Germany and Austria the Catholic position is unchanged. In Belgium the elections have again been favorable to the Catholics. Two great events of the year were the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, and the Consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. In Ireland we can congratulate ourselves on the abolition of the Royal Declaration. It is a matter for rejoicing too that the difficulties threatening the progress of our National University have been amicably arranged.—In "The Communion of Saints in the Primitive Church," Rev. W. B. O'Dowd, writes that "The evidence, broken as it is, proves that the custom of praying for the dead existed from the beginning of Christianity."—"Spain and Its Religious Orders," Very Rev. M. J. O'Doherty.

Irish Theological Quarterly (Jan): In his article on "Modern Sociology" Rev. T. Slater, S.J. quotes numerous authorities to support his statement that "whereas fifty years ago the tendency was to exalt the rights of the individual citizen at the expense of the power of the State, nowadays the tendency is all the other way."—"The Revolution in Portugal," by Rev. J. MacCaffrey, traces the historic causes of the recent uprising giving special attention to why the revolution assumed such an anti-religious character.—Under the title "Budgets—Parliamentary or Local—and Conscience," Rev. D. Barry, S.T.D. discusses the moral obligation of tax paying.—"The Doctrine of Incarnation in Hinduism" is a study in "Comparative Religion" by Rev. Peter Dahmen, S.J., in which he concludes that the so-called mythological Christs are "rather a sign that the

ground He so carefully and so long prepared in the past is now ready to receive the true gospel."

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): "Mr. Gladstone's Letters on Church and Religion" by D. C. Lathbury. As a whole these volumes bear out the impression of supreme consistency which was left by the study of Lord Morley's life. It is more than ever clear that the clue to Mr. Gladstone's public action, whether it was the inspiration, the enigma, or the stumbling block of his contemporaries, is to be found in following the line of his religious development.—Laura E. Ridding writes "On Certain Aspects of Divorce."—Writing on the "Judaistic Controversy and the Apostolic Council" the Rev. Kirsopp Lake says: "The decision of the Council was not a compromise, for in a compromise each party concedes something." It was not a compromise but a triumph—a triumph of the most far-reaching consequences both for Christianity and for Judaism.

The Dublin Review (Jan.): Dr. Barry reviews Mr. Money-penny's "Life of Benjamin Disraeli." Summing up Disraeli's power, Dr. Barry, speaking of the Counter-Revolution in the House of Commons in 1837, says "what of Jews . . . in this commotion? If they held forth one hand to democracy they could not loosen the other from theocracy which had made and kept them a people. The crisis of principles among Jews which followed on the revolution is by no means at an end, but, whatever happens, Israel could not surrender to a philosophy which neither explains nor accounts for it. This is what Disraeli saw with the intuition of genius."—Cecil Barber gives an estimate of the musical productions of Sir Edward Elgar.—"The Decay of Fixed Ideals" by Meyrick Booth tells us that a powerful reaction has lately set in in Germany which is rapidly making materialism in that country look old-fashioned. Among the leaders of the movement is F. W. Foerster. During the last few years Foerster has come to take up a very orthodox, Christian position. This is of peculiar interest because the man was educated in non-religious surroundings, and has been led by his own observation to study and re-discover the truths of Christianity. The article reviews six of Foerster's works.—Father Herbert Thurston

writes on Christopher Columbus and the question of his beatification.—Hilaire Belloc writes on the economic axiom that the cheap article drives out the dear article.—Francis McCullough writes on the recent Portuguese revolution.—There is a posthumous poem by Francis Thompson entitled: "The House of Sorrows." The subject of the poem is the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): G. de Lamarzelle writes on the conditions of religious and secular instruction in France to-day.—"Chateaubriand and the Men of Letters of 1789," by André Beaunier.—"The Economic Life and the Social Movement," by A. Bechaux, is an article in seven chapters, treating of Taxes; Intellectual Culture; Study of Alcoholism; Woman's Suffrage; Comparison of European Countries Regarding Family Life and Income; etc. (25 Jan.): "The Question of the Colonial Army," by Pierre Khorat, is an article written in appreciation of the army in the French possessions and calling the attention of the French Government to its duty towards them.—"Social Inquiries," by Henry Joly, is a study of conditions in the Southern Italy of to-day, the causes and percentage of crime, emigration, disease, country life, and finally the reform of the seminaries begun by Pius X.—"Souvenirs of the Mexican War," by Viscount de Montfort is the third article of the series under that title. This article deals with a study of the Mexican soldier, the seizure of Garayamas, the death of Godinet, and the ascent of Popocatepetl.—"Louis XVI.," by De Lanza de Laborie, is a final word on the life and times of this monarch, due to recent publications on this subject.

Revue du Clerge Français (1 Jan.): G. G. Lapeyre chronicles "The Religious Movement in German-speaking Countries." He finds that in these regions Modernism after a period of hidden fight has thrown off the mask.—"The Social Evolution of Protestantism," by Ch. Calippe, presents a sketch of the shifting of Protestantism from the extreme of individualism to an attitude in which many of them see in Socialist principles the best application of the Gospel in the domain of Economics.—Eugene Ennard reviews among others the following: A number of poems by M. Gustave Zidler, M. Robert

Vallery-Radot, and M. François Mauriac, in which he recognizes signs of an idealist and religious reawakening in the literature of our time; and "The Barrier," by René Bazin, whose art he especially praises.—T. Birat contributes an article on the "Centenary of Montalembert."—J. Delbrel, S.J., discusses the "Theory of the Sacerdotal Vocation."

(15 Jan.): A. Villien gives a brief history of the Sacrament of Confirmation.—J. M. Vidal begins an account of the "Religious and Social Action of Italian Catholics under the Pontificate of Pius X." The author treats of the crisis of Italian Catholic action up to the reform of Pius X., the reform itself, and reviews Catholic social activity in Italy at the present moment.—P. Godet gives "A Word on the Origin of the Angelus."—"An Attempt at Corporate Reunion," an article by P. Thureau-Dangin is the story of the efforts set on foot by Lord Halifax during the pontificate of Leo XIII. for the reunion of the [Anglican Church with the See of Rome, and the attitude of prominent English Catholics of the time towards this reunion and its promoters.—"The Philosophy of a War," by M. Émile Ollivier, consists of a number of extracts from "a very interesting work recently appearing" on the war of 1870.

Études Franciscaines (Jan.): "In "Franciscan Silhouettes from the Divine Comedy," H. Matrod sketches "Piccarda" as an exquisite flower of sanctity grown upon the wild stock of the Donati.—"The Remarkable Extension of the School of Scotus," gives a summary of the various editions of Scotus' works from the writing of "The Oxford Commentary on the Sentences of Peter Lombard" until, in the seventeenth century Father Luke Wadding gave to the world a complete edition in sixteen folio volumes of his Philosophico-Theological Works.—Father Exupère has a study on the Gospel according to St. Matthew, to contravert the critics who find in this Gospel no authentic witness to the divinity of Christ.—"The Fourth Centenary of the Taking of Goa," gives opportunity for an interesting history of the feats of arms, etc., leading up to that event.—An account of Sister Marie-Gertrude, who died in 1908, "A Mystic of Our Own Day," is given by Father Jean de la Croix.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Jan.): "Our Grand Seminaries," by J. Guibert.—"Against Religious Dilettanteism," by M. S. Gillet. The author considers dilettanteism from three points of view. He regards it in the light of Religious Dogmas, Morals, and Worship. The general conclusion is that dilettanteism is only a refined form of sensualism.—Did there exist during the seventeenth century religious societies of women of the Blessed Sacrament? N. Prunel answers affirmatively in his article, and derives his data from a life of a celebrated Ursuline at Dijon, Mother Marguerite Coutier Chateau-Bomay.—"The Psychology of the Saints and Traditional Apologetics," by C. Alibert. The psychology of the saints is viewed from two aspects, *vis.*, the revealed knowledge of the saints, which is the theologians' concern, and the "phenomena," which belongs to the philosopher. The author briefly considers the method in which this "phenomena" is dealt with. The last point is the agreement of this form of apologetic with tradition.—L. de la Vallée-Poussin, in an article entitled "Religious History; Recent Publications of M. F. Goblet d'Ariella," refutes the statement that religion develops in parallel lines with civilization and that Christianity is an evolution from the beliefs and sentiments of Oriental countries.

La Revue du Monde (1-15 Jan.): The continuation of the Abbé Féret's article on "The Empire and the Holy See" tells of increased hostilities, the annexation of the Pontifical State and imprisonment of the Pope.—"The History of Marmoutier" relates the various vicissitudes through which it passed after the dispersion of the Benedictines until its purchase in 1847 by Madame Barat for a School of the Sacred Heart. The Grottoes of St. Martin and of the Seven Sleepers were then restored and in 1879 a complete restoration was begun by Madame Digby which was completed with a great celebration in 1897. In 1905 the Government again seized and closed Marmoutier. It was saved from partition by a rich Englishman, Lord Clifford, and was reopened in 1908 for the pupils of the College of St. Gregory of Tours and the Little Seminary.—The continuation of the "School Question in the Canadian North West"

advances conclusive proof that the so-called neutral schools existing under the present *régime* are a continuance of the Protestant Public Schools of the old *régime* and that the rights of the Catholics only have been violated by the new laws. Mgr. Tache's reply to the Open Letters of Mr. Tarte in the "Electeur" is given. —John Hughes, in a letter from "A Young Royalist to a Young Democratic Abbé," contends that the theologians who regard the Papal Encyclical on the *Sillon* as merely disciplinary, fail to recognize in the so-called "Christian Democracy" the offspring of the excessive individualism of Protestant rationalism, a promoter of "Free-Thought," and an unconscious tool in the hands of freemasonry.

Revue Biblique (Jan.): J. Labourt concludes his translation of the recently discovered "Odes of Solomon"; and Mgr. Battifol follows this translation by a learned historical commentary on the "Odes." —J. Lagrange, writes on the present state of the question about the census of Quirinius (Cyrinus).

Revue Bénédictine (Jan.): Dom Morin maintains that the treatise in the catalogue of Lorsch, entitled "On Eight Questions from the Old Testament," ascribed to St. Augustine, is at least not entirely the work of the Bishop of Hippo. —Twenty-one letters of the Benedictines of St. Maur written during the first quarter of the eighteenth century, are published by Dom U. Berlière, who justly claims that such correspondence gives the best possible insight into the religious conditions of the time.

L'Asione Muliebre (Jan.): "The Culture of Women in the Middle Ages," by Elena da Persico, is a refutation of the assertion, made by the Minister of Public Instruction, that all arts and letters were forbidden women in the Middle Ages. —"In the Field of Labor," gives an account of the pittance paid as wages to the seamstresses who work for the Italian Army. —"Our Women in Foreign Countries," reviews the condition of Italian working women in Germany. —"An Hour of Friendly Conversation" suggests the founding of clubs in country towns, to teach the peasants various branches of domestic science, as a means of preventing the girls from moving to the cities.

Biblische Zeitschrift (Jan.): Professor John Doeller discusses the answer given by the magicians to Moses (Ex. 8, 19). "This is the finger of God."—Charles Sigwalt proposes a new reconstruction of the text of the "Cantic of Canticles" arranged from a literary and æsthetical point of view.

La Civiltà Cattolica (4 Feb.): The "Oath against Modernism," is discussed at length in the first of a series of articles, in which it is pointed out that this method of guarding against error is nothing new in the history of the Church, being merely an application to modern heresies of a measure adopted by Pius IV. in the case of Trent, and Pius IX, in the case of the Vatican Council. Many similar instances are cited between these two Councils, especially that in the case of the bull *Unigenitus* against the Jansenists. The pretensions of the "modernists" are set forth; their attempt to distinguish between the "Church" and the "Curia" and their allegation that the oath confuses mere human opinions with dogma. These contentions will be refuted in subsequent articles. —L. Mechincan, S.J., continues his examination of the authorship and date of the Psalms and concludes in favor of David as the author of a large number of them, and as the first of the inspired Psalmists.—The late Leo Tolstoi is the subject of a critical and biographical study, the first part of which brings him to the period of the Crimean War.—"Sensuality and Mysticism of D'Annunzio" is a burning protest against the recent works of the Italian novelist and issues a call to Italian men and women to boycott in the most vigorous manner possible all his writings and plays.—"British Rule in India in 1910" is reviewed in a concluding article wherein the benevolent aims of Great Britain are fully recognized.—The "Orpheus" of Solomon Reinach is further criticized and it is pointed out that Reinach's methods depend largely upon a straining of chance analogies to unwarranted conclusions, loose generalizations, and exaltation of mere hypotheses into demonstrated facts.—"Religion and Medicine," by Charles Vidal is favorably reviewed as a noteworthy pronouncement upon sexual hygiene.

Recent Events.

France.

The labor agitations which have been the cause of so much trouble to France and from which there is a prospect of still further disturbance, find their main source in the General Confederation of Labor. This Confederation is a union of some 3,000 trade and labor unions and was founded fifteen years ago for the legitimate purpose of securing the reduction of the hours of work and for the general improvement of the condition of the workers. It is worthy of mention here that until 1884 the severest restrictions were placed in France upon the formation of unions of working-men, and that these were imposed during the Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century. The advocates of liberty were bitterly opposed to this form of exercising it. The misdoings of the Confederation have led many to propose that the same restrictions should be again placed upon the right to form combinations, or at all events that the Confederation should be destroyed root and branch. This was proposed in the Chamber of Deputies. To this proposal, however, M. Briand, with characteristic moderation, offered a resolute opposition, declaring that it would be a stultification of the policy which had been deliberately adopted by the Chamber, and would involve the punishment of the innocent on account of the misdeeds of some fifteen or twenty agitators who had managed to get control of the organization. The right course to pursue was to punish the individuals who had been guilty of advocating *sabotage* and other unlawful acts, to confer on the unions civil rights which would lead their members to a fuller sense of their responsibility and prevent them from submitting themselves to the tyranny of a few agitators. The liberties conceded under the law of 1884 should be amplified and then the Chamber would see that the good sense of the working-men would assert itself. These views commended themselves to the Chamber which, by a vote of 390 to 73, expressed its

confidence that the government would guarantee and develop the liberties of syndicalism, and at the same time confine the activity of trade and labor associations within the bounds assigned to them by the law. The government is pledged to amend the law of 1884 in the way indicated.

The Pensions Bill, or rather Law, has been again under discussion. It was passed last year, but the way of raising money to pay for the pensions remained to be settled. Some twelve million of workers will be benefited by the Law. It differs from the Old Pensions Law recently passed in England in several respects. It does not give so much to each of the pensioners, but comes into operation five years earlier, at the age of sixty-five, and in some cases as early as fifty-five. Of certain classes of workers it requires contributions on the part of the recipient. Other classes by means of further voluntary contributions may secure a larger pension. It is proposed, but does not seem to have been provided for in the law that additional allowances should be made in proportion to the number of children in the families of the insured. The law comes into force in July. A further measure for the benefit of workmen is contemplated when the financial condition of the country permits. A State system of insurance against illness will then be introduced.

Riots have taken place in Champagne, and large quantities of wine have been destroyed, not out of love of temperance and hatred of drunkenness, but because the price of genuine champagne, it was thought, was being reduced by the introduction of inferior grades for the purpose of adulteration. Troops had to be despatched to the scenes of disturbance. The government recognized the fact that there was a degree of justification for the discontent thus manifested, and has promised measures of relief.

In foreign affairs a certain amount of uneasiness has been manifested as to whether the renewal of good or better relations between Germany and Russia as the result of the interview at Potsdam may not have affected the closeness of the relations between France and Russia. But there seems to be a general acquiescence in the opinion that the alliance between France and Russia has not suffered in the least. The Dutch proposals for the fortification of Flushing are causing some anxiety and may become the subject of important negotiations.

Germany.

The Press has been full to overflowing of discussions about the relations between Germany and Russia, whether any and what change has taken place, and what was its scope and effect. An agreement seems to have been reached between the two countries that Russia will not interfere with Germany in her plans for the railways through Turkey, while Germany for her part will offer no opposition to Russian projects for railways in Persia. Whether anything else has been decided has not been disclosed. While no notable change has taken place in Germany's relations to Austria-Hungary, a question has arisen between the two countries which remains unsettled. Germany is bent upon imposing duties on shipping passing along certain rivers; this, if carried into effect, would seriously affect the commerce of Austria. The authorities of the latter country have declared that on no account will such an imposition be allowed. On the other hand the union between the two countries has been accentuated by the proposal of an eminent authority in Austria for altering the banking arrangements of the Austro-Hungarian Bank in such a way that Germany may have access to its reserves—a privilege than which none would be more highly prized by Germany.

The proposed Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine has met with much criticism, and little hope is expressed by some of its passing into law. In the eyes of some, it gives too much, of others, too little. It has enemies on both sides. The Chancellor of the Empire, however, has hopes of its passing, and it is now being considered by a Committee of the Reichstag.

Austria-Hungary.

The Austrian Cabinet has been reconstructed with the same Premier at its head—Baron von Bienerth.

The Slav elements have been increased in number, and this has enraged all the German Parties who are bitterly opposed to all domination except that of themselves. For Slavs of all kinds Germans have no little contempt. And as the former are becoming more and more numerous the recent predominance of the German element is in danger of being lost—a thing hard to be borne. Some look upon the new arrange-

ment of the Cabinet as marking the transition to the natural predominance of Slav influences. The Polish demands which were the cause of the recent crisis are conceded—it being promised by the new ministry that the canal laws in Galicia and Bohemia will be revised.

It would appear from the amount of the subscriptions to the Hungarian Loan which the French government refused to sanction, that there was no reason at all why the Central Powers should ever again seek French help, when to all appearances they have at their command such super-abundant resources. The Loan was for some fifty millions, the subscriptions amounted to more than two thousand nine hundred millions of dollars—sixty times the sum asked for. There are those, however, who think that this was more a political demonstration than a manifestation of financial capacity.

Spain.

The expected revolution has not taken place in Spain, and there is reason to believe that the probability of it was a false alarm. No fundamental change has taken place in the ministry, although there has been a reorganization on a small scale. Señor Canalejas remains at the head with a further lease of power, having sought from the King a renewal of his confidence, based upon the legislative work done during his term of office, and the promise of further reforms. The opposition in the Cortes adopted the most up-to-date methods of obstruction leading to all night sittings. It did not succeed, however, in preventing the passage of the Cadenas Bill, the object of which seems to be to suspend for a time active measures against the religious orders. The Bill, now become a law, forbids the entry into Spain of any fresh communities until the Law of Association which is in preparation shall be passed.

The more extreme of the Republicans at Barcelona, the leader of whom is the eloquent orator, Señor Lerroux, have been covering themselves with disgrace on account of the way in which they managed the municipal affairs of Barcelona. The leader of the Republican *Bloc* in the Council felt it necessary publicly to expel the delinquents from the party. The whole affair has had the effect of discrediting throughout the

country the extreme Republicans and to give strength to the monarchical cause. What effect the frequent strikes that have been taking place at Barcelona will have upon politics it is hard to say; they certainly tend to maintain a spirit of unrest.

The King has been paying a visit to Melilla and the scenes of the recent war. He was cordially received both there, and on his journey to and fro. A surprising change has been wrought in these African possessions of Spain since the war. Unwonted signs of enterprise and business activity are being manifested. There are Spaniards who maintain that Spain's mission is to conquer and civilize Morocco, and who would urge the country to undertake this work. The obstacles, however, are too great and the treaty bonds that hold her are too strong. It would bring her at once into conflict with France, to say nothing of other Powers. It is therefore, however attractive, a thing remote from practical politics.

Portugal.

Events in Portugal have brought to light a state of things which cannot but be distressing to all

who sympathize with a country so long under exclusively Catholic influences. That the King should have been expelled with scarcely a hand having been raised to save him shows how slight a hold monarchy had upon the country. Those, however, who remembered how small was the effort to punish the assassins of his father and brother were not surprised at the general indifference; but even the better informed did not expect that the public would have tolerated and indeed have rejoiced in the glorification of these assassins. At the beginning of the year, however, there was inaugurated at Lisbon the "Revolution Museum" at the opening of which four Ministers and various representatives of the authorities were present, as well as large numbers of the general public. In this Museum there was one hall designated "The Regicides' Hall." This contained the cloak worn by one of the assassins of King Carlos and the Crown Prince, and the weapons which were made use of, and these were decorated with wreaths and flowers. Attempts have been made to deny the truth of this outrage to common decency, but to no effect.

Both sides in fact have been engaged in the futile attempt to conceal the real state of things, and to deceive the world. Reports were spread by Royalists that disaffection towards the Republic was widespread both in the army and the navy, and that the workingmen were putting forth impossible claims. There seems, indeed, to have been some truth in the latter statement, for there have been a great many strikes, not, however, in all cases without justification. The demand of the assistants in stores, for example, that they should not be required to work more than twelve hours a day does not seem unreasonable. But that there exists any serious insubordination in the army or the navy is declared, and apparently on good grounds to be a calumnious invention of reactionaries. There also have been repeated demonstrations on the part of the people throughout the country of confidence in the new *régime*—a confidence, however, which is not in all cases deserved. For, to all appearances, no government could have proceeded in a more arbitrary manner. By simple decree it has sought to carry into effect measures which demanded the longest and fullest discussion. To endeavor, for example, to separate Church and State by its own mere decree, shows how little the present authorities have realized what is the meaning of that government by the people which is of the essence of a Republic. The fact that to this proposal the inhabitants of the north of Portugal are offering strong resistance may be a means of teaching the right way in which a Republican form of government should be carried on. The many gross abuses that have grown up under the past *régime* doubtless render reformers eager to effect reforms as soon as possible. But to do this in an arbitrary way, is to perpetuate the worst of the former evils. This is true of the proceedings of the Provisional Government, even when what it has done has been a real reform, as it has been in not a few cases. But several of its decrees are in their very nature acts of the grossest injustice and intolerance. The expulsion of religious, the separation of Church and State, and the divorce law, are indefensible both in themselves and in the manner in which they have been carried out. And so to many who have no objection to the change the prospect is dark.

There is very little expectation, whatever may happen, that the late King Manoel will be restored. It is said on what

should be good authority that only four telegrams were sent from the whole of Portugal to the members of the deposed Royal Family on the occasion of the New Year. Another aspirant to the throne, however, has appeared upon the scene in the person of Dom Miguel of Braganza. Dom Miguel's father, while Regent of Brazil, although heir to the throne of Portugal, placed himself at the head of the revolution which led to the separation of Brazil from Portugal. He became the first Emperor of Brazil, but lost all claim to the crown of Portugal, for even the most ardent legitimist could not bring himself to recognize the right of a revolutionist to reign over him. But what Pedro I. had himself lost, he, in violation of a very venerable philosophical maxim, thought to transmit to his daughter, Dona Maria da Gloria, and succeeded in so doing. It is upon her that King Manoel's right to the throne rests. Dom Miguel the father of the present claimant was persuaded, indeed, to swear fidelity to the new Constitution which was made upon Dona Maria's accession, but as is so often the case when perfunctory oaths are taken, he found a way of evading it. In transmitting the oath to Dom Pedro he enclosed a letter to him in which he declared that he had taken the oath only on condition that it involved nothing detrimental to the fundamental statutes of the Kingdom or to his own rights.

So the present Dom Miguel has no scruple in declaring himself the rightful heir. He does not intend, however, to enter into any conspiracy against the Republic, or to take any active measures to secure the throne. He believes that the present experiment will not succeed, that the country will have to fall back upon the monarchical system, and that if it should wish to do so it would revert to the old Miguelist dynasty. The old Constitution would then be restored—a constitution more democratic in its character than the recent one which gave the Cortes the right to depose the Sovereign and to substitute another, while in many other respects the Parliament had more power. Financial reform, progress, and as much personal freedom as possible, would be his watchword. If the country should call upon him in its approaching hour of need he was ready as a duty to it, to come to its aid, however thorny the path might be.

It is beginning to be realized by some of the members of the government itself that the methods so far adopted have

been despotic and arbitrary. The recognition of this is causing a definite line of cleavage between the advanced Socialist group led by the minister of Justice Senhor Affonso Costa and the Moderates or Conservative Republicans. Bureaucratic despotism, the policy of personal authority, is producing a reaction in favor of toleration, constitutional methods and legality. In favor of the latter there seems to be a steady increasing consensus of opinion calling upon the government to formulate without delay the electoral law which is to regulate the elections to the Constitutional Assembly. The government promises that those elections shall take place not later than April and that they will be *sans violence*. So far as is known the franchise will be restricted to those who are able to read and write.

Turkey. Turkey and its affairs and interests internal and external have for the past two or three months been

the subject of wide and prolonged discussion. When the revolution took place the Young Turks did not receive from Germany or Austria much in the way of sympathy or support. The latter country took, indeed, advantage of the situation to seek her own aggrandizement at the advantage of the Ottoman Empire. But this has not stood in the way of Turkey's throwing herself again into the arms of Germany, nor has it prevented the latter country securing a position of predominance if not equal to at least approaching that which she held in the days of Abdul Hamid. The Potsdam interview between the Tsar and the Kaiser has resulted however in producing a certain distrust as to the policy of Germany and to the suspicion that the interests of the two countries may come into conflict. Russia of course is the great enemy of Turkey, and when the Young Turks learned that arrangements had been made between the Kaiser and the Tsar with reference to the construction of railways within the Turkish dominions and this without consulting the authorities of those dominions, confidence in Germany's policy has considerably diminished. Turkey has been projecting, or at least thinking of, a system of strategical railways on the frontiers of Russia in North Eastern Anatolia. The arrangement made at Potsdam is said to have put a veto upon the construction of those railways

as well as to have secured for Russia a connection between a projected railway to be built in Persia under Russian auspices and the Baghdad railway which is being made by German subjects through Turkey's possession to the Persian Gulf. Action of this kind was altogether incompatible with the ideas entertained by the Young Turks as to the deference due to their country. Explanations have, indeed, been made by Germany but until a complete publication has taken place of the negotiations between Germany and Russia, judgment cannot be passed upon the character of the future relations between the Germany and Austria on the one hand and Turkey on the other.

It is a fact of supreme interest that the scenes of the earliest events recorded in history, of the beginnings of the human race, the territory comprised within the ancient empire of Babylon and Assyria should be in process of being opened up by Western enterprise to the commerce of the world. The Baghdad Railway when finished will pass through Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and through the valley of the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf. And if the projected railway to be made through Persia connecting the Russian system with that of India is carried into execution of which there is good prospect, modern civilization will supplant, or at least affect, the regions once controlled by the unalterable laws of the Medes and Persians. An economical and social change will have been made as well as the political one which is at present on its trial in Turkey and in Persia.

It is impossible, however, not to feel the gravest of doubts about the success of the political experiment which is being made in Turkey. Under the form of constitutional government, proceedings suitable only to a despotism of the rankest kind have taken place. The policy of Ottamanizing the numerous races within the empire has been adopted, and this by force of arms with the result of causing disaffection every where, and open revolt in several regions. It has been found necessary even to call out the reserves, so serious has the state of things become. The resources of the country, or rather the loans which it has been able to raise, are being squandered on the army and the navy instead of being used for the educational needs of the country and the development of its resources. Political prisoners have, it is said, been sub-

jected to various tortures. This however has been denied, and a military court of inquiry has been appointed to investigate the charges. The fact, however, that it is a military court to which the matter has been referred has suggested doubts as to the outcome.

Without any ceremony, followed by no criticism, certain members of the Democratic Party who were accused of publishing attacks on Ministers were arrested and shipped off to an unknown place of exile by a secret Court-martial. It looks as if the leopard could not change his skin, and that the Turk under the best of circumstances must still remain the unspeakable. Rumors indeed were circulated towards the end of January that the mask of constitutionality was to be thrown off and that the War Minister, Shevket Pasha, who has for so long been the dominant influence, was to assume a virtual dictatorship. These have proved so far to be but rumors, and there is still reason to hope that Turkey may emerge from the dangers that threaten and attain some degree at least of political liberty. The foreign relations of Turkey remain very much in *statu quo*, except that with Bulgaria there is a prospect of a Tariff War. The Bulgarians while a part of the Empire enjoyed freedom of trade within its territories, and are said to be chagrined at this result of their independence—the paying of tariff duties. Being a frugal people, they do not like to pay the price, and independence has lost much of the value which they attached to it.

With Our Readers

ALMOST twenty-seven years ago the late Most Reverend P. J. Ryan came to Philadelphia from St. Louis. At that time Archbishop Ryan was in the prime of his intellectual power and his splendid physical strength. From the day of his arrival from the West until the day of his death, there was a marked and progressive development of his influence in the religious and civic life of Philadelphia. The evidence of his high and singular place in the community was seen the moment his serious illness became known. Anxious inquiries flowed into the Cathedral residence from all parts of the world. Messages of sympathy came from the Holy Father, from the President, from the Governor of Pennsylvania, from clergymen of every denomination, from professional men, and from citizens of the highest and humblest stations.

It may be doubted whether any other prelate of the Church in the United States ever enjoyed in a higher degree and to a greater extent than did Archbishop Ryan, the personal affection of the people of all classes, for the esteem of those outside of the Church was but little less fervent than the love and loyalty of his own spiritual children. His dominating personality at every public function, civil or religious, his golden eloquence, the charming simplicity of his character, made the clergy and laity of Philadelphia proud of their distinguished Archbishop.

The fruits of his wise and beneficent administration are seen in the growth of the Diocese of Philadelphia in a quarter of a century and in its present flourishing condition. In 1884 when he became Archbishop of Philadelphia there were 101 parishes, 260 priests, and 58 parish schools. In his Jubilee Year of 1909 there were 247 parishes, not including missions and chapels, 588 priests, and 128 parish schools.

The characteristic traits of Archbishop Ryan were easily recognized and fully appreciated. He always assumed a positive and unqualified attitude towards Catholic education, and always enunciated in the strongest terms that education should embrace religious and moral teaching, and that religion and morality are inseparable.

His prompt and willing acceptance and practical endorsement of every reasonable proposal for the advancement of religion in his diocese was the more remarkable because of a natural, conservative temperament, which, oftentimes, either looks unfavorably upon what is new, or gives it scant consideration.

He exercised a commanding influence upon public opinion in every movement that concerned the social and moral life of the community.

His generous sympathy, his kindly nature, his exquisite tact, his consideration and appreciation of the opinions of those not of the household of the Faith, were potent factors in making Catholicity better understood, and in establishing on a sounder and saner basis the relations between Catholics and non-Catholics. At the same time, his broad tolerance never modified his clear and uncompromising exposition of the doctrines of the Church.

THE following is one of some short papers written by the late Lionel Johnson. The authorship of these essays has only recently and with much labor been ascertained. They were unsigned when published, and appeared, for the most part, in a journal of private circulation that has long since ceased publication, so that they are practically unknown to the reading public. We have fortunately secured a number of them that surely deserve to be widely known, and will publish them in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. [EDITOR.]

ON IRISH POETS WRITING ENGLISH VERSE.

WRITTEN IN 1900 BY LIONEL JOHNSON

That period of Irish decadence and despair which began with the violated Treaty of Limerick, and extended almost to within the memory of living men, saw the gradual decline of Gaelic literature in Ireland. If Goldsmith be our point of departure, and it be possible to collect a body of Irish poetry in English, not unworthy of the name, persistently written from his time to ours, that is certainly not the case if we look back from Goldsmith's time to Strongbow's. As students of such a standard work as Dr. Douglas Hyde's recent *Literary History of Ireland* know but too well, the death-struggle of the Irish tongue was long and magnificent; and an Irish *Corpus Poeticum*, let alone *Literarium* in general, reaching at least down to the age of Goldsmith, would consist, for the vastly greater part, of Gaelic and Latin works. There came a day, sad and, in a measure, shameful to Ireland, glad and altogether shameful to England, when Gaelic speech and literature, dead or dying amongst the wealthier and socially upper classes of Ireland, lingered on only in the hearts and upon the lips of an oppressed peasantry. From those hearts and lips it has never wholly fled, been banished and driven away; nor indeed, has there ever been wanting a succession of Irish scholars, by birth or education raised above the humble level, to whom the national tongue has been a dear possession, and its preservation a sacred duty. That tongue is making to-day, with many signs of success, its last stand. But the last hundred years and more have witnessed, in all branches of literature, and notably in poetry, the rise of Irish writers who, proud of their nationality, have striven to

create in the English speech a body of work veritably Irish in spirit, in influence, and in tone.

For reasons already indicated, and for reasons easily discoverable, English as an instrument of Irish poetry was late in achieving things memorable. The earliest poet of any eminence to shake off the conventionalities of eighteenth-century style—admirable, as, in the hands of such as Goldsmith, they were,—the first to join his English brethren of the “Return to Nature,” of the “Romantic Movement,” to enlarge his imagination and his music, was Moore; to-day almost as undervalued as once he was madly overpraised. And since his day scarce an Irish poet of note, writing in English, has failed to realize that his literary bounden duty is to conjoin with his Irish emotions or themes a handling of the English tongue, which shall at least try to equal that of the approved English poets. Mangan, greatest of them all; Sir Samuel Ferguson and William Allingham; among the living, Mr. Aubrey de Vere and Mr. Yeats, have written their very dissimilar works in this point. They and their best colleagues have not written, do not write a bastard English: poems in an English contaminated with efforts after Irish idiom, are at once bad English and bad Irish. Doubtless, such delightful poets as Callanan and Walsh, to whom a Gaelic turn of phrase comes natural, whilst they possess at the same time a command of pure English, have given us beautiful things; and a certain charming humor often finds excellent expression in that way. But it must be insisted upon that fine English poetry, poetry aiming at the heights of beauty in imagination and in music, conception and style, can be written by English-writing Irishman in an Irish spirit without violating the genius of the English language for verse. It may be intensely deplorable—we think it is—that all the greater poets in modern Ireland have been unable to write their poems in Irish; but it is admirable that they have chaunted the hopes, sorrows, heroisms, legends, myths, beauties, characteristics of Ireland with a purity of style, a mastery of technique, of which no English contemporary need be, or need have been, ashamed.

In this direction the course of Irish poetry has been signally successful, a progressive artistic education or æsthetic training. Consequently with this there has been a renunciation of rhetoric, at no loss of passion and strength. Much of the verse dear to every Irish Nationalist has been avowedly and of necessity rhetorical; as, for example, is the best and most stirring verse of Thomas Davis. But that “white soul” used plain and vigorous verse as part of a national propaganda. He chose to play Tyrtæus for a definite practical aim. Yet Greece, which called Sappho the Tenth Muse, never called Tyrtæus the Second Apollo. Rhetoric, when sincere, is a potent weapon; and to be sincere it should be necessary, the

right thing at the right time and place. The rhetoric of the "Young Ireland" singers was of that kind; but it was not poetry in the highest, and it has beguiled Irish versifiers into writing much that seems an attempt to take Parnassus by sheer storm and Helicon by mere violence. There is in the fiercest poetry, as *Æschylus*, Dante, Hugo knew, a heart and central core of deep sincerity and peace. The noblest poetry, as a rule, is not that which rouses a mass meeting to enthusiasm; and yet the loveliest and most august Irish poetry of our century is steeped in a passion for Ireland.

We have touched upon certain false tendencies and qualities in much modern Irish verse, which one anthologist (Mr. Yeats) has been at pains to avoid in his selections. Such tendencies and qualities are largely inseparable from a prolonged state of national unrest, which throws off an abundance of hasty, unconsidered utterance, and affords something less than the amount and opportunities of leisure required for the cultivation of art. Further, they are natural to a people with imaginative feelings and sympathies widely diffused—a people in which every other man is a potential poet, an actual dreamer, with a spirit readily responsive to things of the spirit. Ireland is full of half-poets; it throws a light over her long difficulties and ancient griefs. But this floating, wandering, intangible spirit of poetry has seldom crystallized into formal art; it has been wont to remain a fugitive and haunting gleam. Such it was even to the marvelous Mangan, whose verse at its brief and rare, but perfect best, is the supreme achievement of Irish literature in this century. And Ireland is too willing to accept, without discrimination or sense of proportion, all that her poets give her; to take the poetic will for the poetic deed; to love any appeal to her emotions more intimately than appeals to the more masculine qualities of the imaginative reason. The imaginative soul of Ireland is hard to stifle under an unsympathetic pedantry; but, equally without doubt, it meets in official quarters with little of that wise encouragement without which the higher mental faculties do not attain to the height of their possibilities.

It may be that many names of her poets are little known in England, it may be that many have a limited celebrity in Ireland. To the average English reader, their themes are often strange and unfamiliar; Irish mythology, history, scenery, seem to him outlandish, and affect neither his heart nor his memory. To many an Irish reader, such things as the majestically and austere philosophic poems of Mr. de Vere come with difficulty; and Moore's melody at its glibbest or some "Young Ireland" drum-beat at its most boisterous, more nearly approaches his notion of Irish poetry; also, he is apt to demand a large supply of easy and immediate sentiment, some simple sprightliness or pathetic prettiness, catching to the fancy and

to the ear. It matters little, being a question of time; the end of Ireland is not yet, and we are disposed to agree with the prophecy recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis, that it will not come "much before the day of Judgment." Without accepting all that enlightened enthusiasts and unenlightened fanatics talk about a Celtic Renaissance, we cannot but feel and know that there are beginning and continuing in Ireland movements, some of them apparently disconnected, which yet work together for an Irish spiritual ennoblement and intellectual enlightenment.

An Ireland wherein no side of culture shall despise or ignore any other, whilst all sides and developments of it become thoroughly national, will be an Ireland regenerate and prepared to retake her ancient place of pride in the commonwealth of civilization. Anglicized, Americanized, Ireland can never be; but, eagerly welcoming her own self-development upon the lines of her proper genius, she can become more richly, finely, effectively Irish than she has been for long years of dissension and obscurity. Towards such a consummation, the Irish poets of this century, each with his individual voice, be it lofty and aloof or homely and heartfelt, have helped the course of Ireland, the "Dark Rosaleen" whom the least Irish-seeming amongst them have served. As Allingham the plaintive, pensive poet of far Donegal has pleaded:

"We're one at heart, if you be Ireland's friend,
Though leagues asunder our opinions tend:
There are but two great parties at the end."

And surely Irish poets do Ireland no disservice, if they labor faithfully to express their Irish imaginings in an English verse worthy to express them; if they strive to make the tongue of "the Saxon" convey somewhat of the joyous or the mournful beauty that is in the indomitable heart of Ireland. Be that as it may, some five or six Irish poets have done it, in poetry that will not pass away until the passing away of Ireland.

WHETHER they look to the betterment of the race, or the good of the individual; the glory of the State, or the spread of God's kingdom on earth; however remote their standpoint, however varied their view, the thought and effort of the wise and good converge to a common center and focus on the child as the corner-stone of the future. To reconstruct life we must build on the child, but, before we have children fit to rear a new order, much of the old order must be torn away.

God alone can read us the riddle of the universe, and solve the problem of life, but God does not coerce. Man may lighten the burden of toil he cannot lift; assuage the poverty he cannot prevent;

lessen the sin he cannot efface, and what he may do, that, as a Christian, he must do.

In the Child-Welfare Exhibit, New York has had before it a great object lesson in the nature and extent of the handicap under which the child of to-day—especially the city child—enters and competes in the race of life. It proposed to show how far this is preventable, "to furnish information of the kind that leads to action," "to point the way to lift the burdens from childish shoulders," to straighten the little back bent with the toil and sin of his elders and give the child a chance to walk upright and look heavenward.

The lessons in this compendium of painstaking research were addressed to every age and every class. To better environment, a higher standard of home was held up to the working man, and to the capitalist it was shown, that to provide this home was a paying investment. The display of foods and fabrics offered to mothers, the practical lesson that "a penny saved is a penny earned," and time given to home-made clothes, and home-made food pays better than sweated work.

One of the strangest comments on our elaborate civilization is the need to teach children how to play. Loss of opportunity has atrophied instinct, and weakened vitality, for nothing quite fills the place of play for the physical development of the child. The willow-plume industry instanced graphically how childhood has been robbed of this opportunity and instinct by the avaricious contractor and the vain consumer. The low wage paid the heads of families engaged in certain kinds of work, is the compelling force which drives mothers and children into these sweated industries. Provision for less work, for more out of door play, less dangerous to life and limb, for indoor recreation less injurious to health and morals, rest as an imperative duty upon all citizens. The Exhibit was fertile in suggestions as to the means.

The bitter cry of the children "visited by the sins of the parents," the statistics of hereditary and preventable disease are an awful arraignment. Hospitals and nuns do much to alleviate the results of sin and neglect. They must be helped to do more; but what means can avail to prevent, unless grace miraculously touches souls deaf to the curse of God and posterity.

Educational achievement and promise were brighter notes. The opportunity for higher education offered by the Public Libraries and Museums of New York calls for more extensive recognition and use, by private and parochial, as well as public schools.

The improvement in methods of relief; the increased facilities for the care and improvement of deformed and defective children; a treatment of delinquents which makes for correction, rather than punishment, and gives the Court guardianship where parents are

mentally or morally dead to their duty of control—all these speak hopefully for future accomplishment. More hopeful still, and of deeper import was the demand for increased religious training for the child. The figures need no comment—52 per cent. of the children attending day schools in New York are not enrolled in any Sunday School, 64 per cent. do not attend any. With the present time allowance, it would take the Protestant child forty-one years to get the equivalent in religion to his mathematics. The Parochial School is the solution offered by Catholics and Lutherans.

Unfortunately, the figures showing the expenditure of the Catholic Church on the child were not shown. They would have made a deep impression.

The Church as Spouse of Christ and a tender Mother has always guarded jealously the rights of the child. She demands for him the great opportunity of life and forbids the life "to be," to be sacrificed to the life "in being." Although upholding the sacred rights of the parent, she takes as her wards the helpless victims of violated rights, gives homes to the homeless, care to the sick, opportunity to the unfortunate, education of mind and soul to the ignorant, correction and vocational equipment to the wayward. The exhibit contained some of her work for Child Welfare in Church, School, Institution, and Home Relief. It is to be regretted that much more of Catholic work for the children of Greater New York was conspicuous by its absence.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Life of the Venerable Gonçalo Silveira, S.J. By Herbert Chadwick, S.J. *Jesus is Waiting.* By Matthew Russell, S.J. 75 cents *Memorabilia; Gleanings from Father Wilberforce's Note Books.* Introduction by F. Vincent, O.P. \$1.10. *Donal Kenny.* By Joseph Guinan. \$1.10 net. *The Apostolate of the Press.* By Charles D. Plater, S.J., M.A. 15 cents net. *The Roman Missal in Latin and English.* \$1.85 net.

JOSEPH SCHAEFER, New York:

The Life of the Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars. Compiled from approved sources. 15 cents. *Litany in Honor of Blessed John B. Marie Vianney, Curé of Ars.* 15 cents per dozen.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

A Manual of English Church History. By Charles Hole, B.A. \$1.25 net. *Individualism.* By Warren Fete, Ph.D. \$1.80. *A Roman Diary.* By T. A. Lacey. \$3 net. *The Doorkeeper and Other Poems.* By John W. Taylor. \$1.25. *Richard Baxter's Self-Review and Stephen's Essay on Baxter.* Edited by the Bishop of Chester. \$1.75 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

William Blake. By G. K. Chesterton. 75 cents net.

THE TORCH PRESS, New York:

Forest and Town. Poems. By Alexander Nicolas de Menil. \$1.25 net.

P. J. KENEDY, New York:

Jesus All Great. By Alexander Gallerani, S.J. Translated by F. Loughan. 50 cents.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

American Corporations. By John J. Sullivan. \$2 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Jews; A Study of Race and Environment. By Maurice Fishberg. \$1.50. *Robert Kimberly.* By Frank H. Spearman. \$1.30 net.

GINN & Co., New York:

The Classic Myths in English Literature and Art. By Charles Mills Gayley.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

- The Jukes, A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease and Heredity.* By Robert L. Dugdale. \$1.50 net. *A Short History of Women's Rights.* By Eugene A. Hecker. \$1.50 net. *Shelburne Essays.* By Paul Elmer More. \$1.25 net. *Incidents of My Life.* By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., New York:

- The Battle of the Wilderness.* By Morris Schaff. \$2 net.

OUTING PUBLISHING CO., New York:

- The Trail of the Tenderfoot.* By Stephen Chalmers. \$1.25 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

- The Oxford Book of Italian Verse.* Chosen by St. John Lucas. \$2.

RUSSEL SAGE FOUNDATION PUBLICATIONS, New York:

- Homestead.* By Byington. \$1.50 net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

- The Lives of the Popes.* Vols. VI., VII. and VIII. By Horace K. Mann. \$3 net per vol. *The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints in the Ancient Church.* By J. P. Kirsch. Translated by J. R. McKee. \$1.35. *A Romance of Old Jerusalem.* By Florence Gilmore. 50 cents. *None Other Gods.* By Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50. *Father Tim.* By Rosa Mulholland. 90 cents net. *Free Will.* By Hubert Gruender, S.J. 50 cents net. *Church Symbolism.* By M. C. Neubarn, O.P. Translated by John Watereus. 75 cents. *Life Through Labor's Eyes.* By George Milligan. 30 cents. *A Papal Envoy During the Reign of Terror.* Edited by the Abbé Bridier. Translated by Frances Jackson. \$3.25. *Catholic Theology.* By D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. \$1.75. *Pat.* By Harold Wilson. 50 cents. *Historic Nuns.* By Bessie R. Belloc. 75 cents. *A Sheaf of Stories.* By Joseph Carmichael. 80 cents. *First National Catholic Congress.* Official Report. \$1.75 net. *Certitude. A Study in Philosophy.* By Aloysius Rother, S.J. 50 cents net. *History of the German People.* Vols. XV. and XVI. By Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. \$6.25 net, both vols. *Messogiorno.* By John Ayscough. \$1.50.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:

- Under the Roof of the Jungle.* By Charles Livingston Bull. \$2.

G. W. THOMPSON & CO., Boston:

- The Little Past: A Cycle of Eight Songs of Child Life.* Words by Josephine P. Peabody. Music by William Spencer Johnson. \$1 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:

- The Broad Highway.* By Jeffery Farnol. \$1.35 net.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:

- Manual of the Episcopal Visitation.* 75 cents. *Report of the Parish Schools.* Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION, Cambridge, Mass.:

- The Child Labor Policy of New Jersey.* By Arthur S. Field, Ph.D. \$1.25.

A. C. MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:

- War or Peace.* By Hiram M. Chitenden, U. S. A. \$1 net.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Berkeley, Cal.:

- The Process of Abstraction.* An Experimental Study. By Thomas Verner Moore, C.S.P. \$1.

BROTHERS OF MARY, Dayton, Ohio:

- Manual of Christian Pedagogy.* 50 cents.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:

- The Shame of It.* An Appeal to the Sense of Decency of Southern Catholics. By Lucian Johnston. 5 cents each. \$2.50 per hundred.

FORBES & CO., Chicago:

- Truth.* Talks with a Boy Concerning Himself. By E. B. Lowry, M.D. 50 cents net.

THE ANGELUS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Detroit:

- Isamal.* By Joseph F. Wynne.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

- Lacordaire and Lamennais.* By Ruben Parsons, D.D. *The Kingdoms of the World.* By Louisa Emily Dobrée. Pamphlets one penny each.

LETOUZEY ET ANÉ, Paris:

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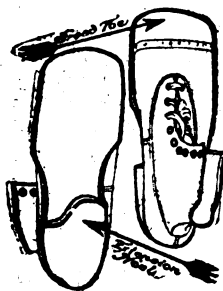
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